THE BEAUTIES OF *SHAKESPEAR:*

REGULARLY SELECTED FROM
EACH PLAY.

WITH A
GENERAL INDEX,
DIGESTING THEM UNDER PROPER HEADS.

ILLUSTRATED WITH
EXPLANATORY NOTES, AND SIMILAR PASSAGES,
FROM ANCIENT AND MODERN AUTHORS.

BY WILLIAM DODD, L.L.D.
LATE OF CLARE-HALL, CAMBRIDGE.

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heav'n to earth, from earth to heav'n,
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name. See *Mid. Night's Dream*, p. 222.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

THE THIRD EDITION WITH LARGE ADDITIONS,
AND THE
AUTHOR'S LAST CORRECTIONS.

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THE

EDITOR'S

ADDRESS.

THE well known and, formerly, much eſteemed Collector of theſe beautiful Paſſages from the Plays of the inimitable *Shakeſpear*, had, during the latter part of his life, made many conſiderable additions to the former editions of this Book; he had finiſhed, his plan, and already got more than one half of it printed, prior to the unfortunate affair which terminated in his death; *a death*, which will, ſo long as a remembrance of it remains in the breaſts of his admirers, as an author, and as a divine, be compaſſionately regretted.

THE large additions to the Collection, as well as to the Notes thereon from various commentators, publiſhed

ſince his former editions, of whoſe obſervations and criticiſms he had availed himſelf, will be readily perceived by the intelligent dramatic Reader, and leaves no other apology to be made by the Editor of this Edition, than an aſſurance to the Purchaſer that it is the very book which the Doctor had in hand, and in the preſs, nearly ready for publication, before his death, with his laſt Improvements, Corrections, and Remarks; and of conſequence there remains not a doubt with the Editor, but that this Edition will have a favourable reception from the Public.

THE

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

PHILIP STANHOPE,

EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

THESE Beauties of a favourite Author, many of which were ſelected for his particular uſe, by an unfortunate but affectionate Tutor, in his early years, are, with all due admiration of that Nobleman, whoſe great regard for ſtrict juſtice, could overcome every tender feeling of grateful compaſſion to the Man who ſpent the prime of his days in the ſervice of his Education,

INSCRIBED by an aſtoniſhed admirer of his ſingular virtues, and his Lordſhip's

MOST OBEDIENT

HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE EDITOR.

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

I SHALL not attempt any labour'd encomiums on *Shakeſpear*, or endeavour to ſet forth his perfections, at a time when ſuch univerſal and juſt applauſe is paid him, and, when every tongue is big with his boundleſs fame. He himſelf tells us;

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To ſmooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To ſeek the beauteous eye of heav'n to garniſh,
Is waſteful and ridiculous exceſs.

And waſteful and ridiculous indeed it would be, to ſay any thing in his praiſe, when preſenting the world

with ſuch a collection of *Beauties*, as perhaps is no where to be met with, and, I may very ſafely affirm, cannot be parallelled from the productions of any other ſingle author, ancient or modern. There is ſcarcely a topic, common with other writers, on which he has not excelled them all; there are many nobly peculiar to himſelf, where he ſhines unrivall'd, and, like the eagle, propereſt emblem of his daring genius, ſoars beyond the common reach, and gazes undazzled on the ſun. His flights are ſometimes ſo bold, frigid criticiſm almoſt dares to diſapprove them; and thoſe narrow minds which are incapable of elevating their ideas to the ſublimity of their author's, are willing to bring them down to a level with their own. Hence many fine paſſages have been condemned in *Shakeſpear*, as *rant* and *fuſtian*, *intolerable bombaſt*, and *turgid nonſenſe*, which, if read with the leaſt glow of the ſame imagination that warm'd the writer's boſom, wou'd blaze in the robes of ſublimity, and obtain the commendations of a *Longinus*. And, unleſs ſome little of the ſame ſpirit that elevated the poet, elevate the reader too, he muſt not preſume to talk of taſte and elegance; he will prove but a languid reader, an indifferent judge, but a far more indifferent critic and commentator. I would not preſume to ſay, this is the caſe with *Shakeſpear*'s commentators; ſince many ingenious men, whoſe names are high in the learned world, are found in that liſt: yet thus much, in juſtice to the Author, muſt be avow'd,

avow'd, that many a critic, when he has met with a paſſage not clear to his conception, and perhaps above the level of his own ideas, ſo far from attempting to explain his author, has immediately condemned the expreſſion as fooliſh and abſurd, and foiſted in ſome footy emendation of his own: a proceeding by no means juſtifiable; for the text of an author is a ſacred thing; 'tis dangerous to meddle with it, nor ſhould it ever be done, but in the moſt deſperate caſes. The beſt of critics will acknowledge, how frequently they have found their moſt plauſible conjectures erroneous; and readings, which once appeared to them in the darkeſt and moſt unintelligible light, afterwards clear, juſt, and genuine; which ſhould be a ſufficient warning to all dealers in ſuch gueſs-work, to abſtain from preſumption and ſelf-ſufficiency. Falſe glory prevails no leſs in the critical, than in the great world: for it is imagined, by many, a mighty deed to find fault with an author's word, that they may introduce an emendation (as they call it) of their own: whereas there is nothing ſo eaſy as to find fault, and alter one word for another; this the very dabblers in learning can do; and after all, it may be ſaid, that a lucky hit is frequently ſuperior to the moſt elaborate and brain-drawn conjecture: there is no true fame in works of this kind: but it is real honour to elucidate the difficulties in an author's text, to ſet forth his meaning, and diſcover the ſenſe of thoſe places which are obſcure to vulgar readers,

readers, and ſtumbling-blocks to the tribe of *emending* critics; a commentator may by this ſhew his judgment and taſte, and better diſplay his knowledge of his author, than by a motley fardel of miſerable and blind conjectures. Nay, indeed, this is the principal buſineſs of every one who preſumes to enter upon the work of commenting: it is but a modern device to explain by altering, and to exchange every word in the text, improper in our *infallible* judgment, for a ſophiſticated reading of our own.

But the editors, critics, and commentators on *Shakeſpear*, have a deal to ſay in behalf of *alteration*, and the abſolute neceſſity of it; they tell you much of their Author's inattention to, and diſregard of his copies; how little care he took of their publication, how mangled, maimed, and incorrect his works are handed down to us. This they urge as a reaſon, why they ſhould ſtrike out every word they cannot comprehend; and thus would they juſtify their barbarous inhumanity of cutting into pieces an author already ſufficiently dilaniated; when one would have imagined, they ſhould have uſed all their endeavours to heal his ſlight wounds, and to pour balm into his ſores; to have amended the viſible typographical miſtakes, and numberleſs plain errors of the preſs: for theſe very plentifully abound in the firſt editions, but they are in general ſo obvious, very little ſagacity is required to diſcern and amend them: nay, indeed, much of the rubbiſh

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hath been cleared away by Mr. *Theobald*, who approved himſelf the beſt editor of *Shakeſpear* that has yet appeared; by a cloſe attention to, and diligent ſurvey of the old editions, and by a careful amendment of thoſe ſlight faults, which evidently proceeded from the preſs, and corrupted the text. As to the many other imaginary fountains of error and confuſion, they may very juſtly be look'd upon, (moſt of them) in the ſame light with Dr. *Bentley*'s fantaſtic editor of *Milton*, the doughty critic, if he thinks proper, may ſupport his combat, and fight manfully, with his dagger of lath, againſt theſe ſhadowy exiſtencies; but the judicious Reader will eaſily diſcover he fights only with ſhadows, and will allow him a triumph over nothing but air, unleſs, he ſhould chance to baffle and conquer himſelf. The whole diſpute then ſeems to reſt here: *Shakeſpear*'s inimitable compoſitions are delivered to poſterity, full of typographical errors, and mangled by the blundering hands of printers, (which none, who conſiders the imperfection of printing amongſt us at that time, and the great diligence that even at the preſent is required to print with tolerable accuracy) will at all be ſurpriſed at; ſo that the buſineſs of an editor ſeems to be a cloſe attention to the text, and careful emendation of thoſe errors: but he ſhould not preſume to alter (and to place theſe alterations in the text as his author's) any paſſages, which are not really flat nonſenſe and contradiction, but only ſuch to his apprehenſion, and unintelligible ſolely to his

his unenliven'd imagination. Mr. *Theobald*, as I before obſerved, has been ſucceſsful enough in this, ſo far as he has gone, but he has left many paſſages untouch'd and unregarded, which were truly difficult, and called for the editor's aſſiſtance; and ſeems to have no notion of the further buſineſs of an editor, than that of explaining obſcure paſſages: 'tis true, he has ſometimes, though rarely, done it.

It is plain then, much work remained for ſubſequent commentators; and ſhall we add, ſtill remains? for though ſucceeded by two eminent rivals, we muſt with no ſmall concern, behold this imperfect editor ſtill maintaining his ground; and with no little ſorrow, obſerve the beſt judges of *Shakeſpear*, preferring *Theobald*'s to any modern edition. The reaſon is obvious: Sir *Thomas Hanmer*, proceeds in the moſt unjuſtifiable method, foiſting into his text a thouſand idle alterations, without ever advertiſing his readers which are, and which are not, *Shakeſpear*'s genuine words: ſo that a multitude of idle phraſes and ridiculous expreſſions, infinitely beneath the ſublimity of this prince of poets, are thrown to his account, and his imperfections, ſo far from being diminiſh'd, number'd ten-fold upon his head. Mr. *Warburton* hath been ſomewhat more generous to us; for, though he has for the moſt part preferred his own criticiſms to the Author's words, yet he hath always too given us the Author's words, and his own reaſons for thoſe criticiſms: yet his conduct

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can never be juſtified for inſerting every fancy of his own in the text, when I dare venture to ſay, his better and cooler judgment muſt condemn the greateſt part of them: what the ingenious Mr. *Edwards* ſays of him ſeems exactly juſt and true: "That there are "good notes in his edition of *Shakeſpear*, I never did "deny; but as he has had the plundering of two "dead men, it will be difficult to know which are "his own, ſome of them, I ſuppoſe, may be, and hard "indeed would be his luck, if among ſo many bold "throws he ſhould have never a winning caſt: but I "do inſiſt that there are great numbers of ſuch ſhameful "blunders as diſparage the reſt, if they do not diſcredit "his title to them, and make them look rather like lucky "hits, than the reſult of judgment *."

For endeavouring, perhaps, to avoid all reflections on Mr. *Warburton* in this work, the Reader will ſometimes condemn me: however, I had rather be blam'd on that head, than for moroſeneſs, and ſnarling ſeverity: and the good-natur'd will conſider that impartiality is the firſt ſtep to true judgment, and candor an eſſential

* See the *Canons of Criticiſm*, the *third edition*, (that always referred to in this work) the 11th and 12th pages of the Preface.

The Reader is deſired likewiſe to obſerve, that the 2d edition of Mr. *Upton*'s *Critical Obſervations* on *Shakeſpear*, is that uſed always by the Editor.

eſſential in the dark work of criticiſm. For my own part, I cannot but read with regret the conſtant jarring and triumphant inſults, one over another, found amidſt the commentators on *Shakeſpear*: this is one of the reaſons that has impeded our arrival at a thorough knowledge in his works: for ſome of the editors have not ſo much labour'd to elucidate their author, as to expoſe the follies of their brethren. How much better would it have been for *Shakeſpear*, for us, and for literature in general, how much more honour would it have reflected on themſelves, had theſe brangling critics ſociably united; and inſtead of putting themſelves in a poſture of defence one againſt another, jointly taken the field, and united all their efforts to reſcue ſo inimitable an Author from the *Gothic* outrage of dull players, duller printers, and ſtill duller editors?

For my own part, in this little attempt to preſent the world with as correct a collection of the fineſt paſſages of the fineſt poet, as I could, it has been my principal endeavour to keep myſelf clear as poſſible from the dangerous ſhelves of prejudice: and I have labour'd to the utmoſt to maintain an exact and becoming candor all through the work, not only becauſe I am well convinc'd, how much my own many imperfections and deficiencies will claim the pardon of the Reader, but becauſe it appears to me highly unbecoming a man and a ſcholar, to blacken another merely for a miſtake in judgment; and becauſe, it is

in

" into his mind ideas more enlarged than the mere " ſounds of the words convey, but on attentive exa- " mination its dignity leſſens and declines, he may " conclude, that whatever pierces no deeper than the " ears, can never be the true ſublime. That, on the " contrary, is grand and lofty, which the more we " conſider, the greater ideas we conceive of it; whoſe " force we cannot poſſibly withſtand; which immedi- " ately ſinks deep, and makes ſuch impreſſion on the " mind as cannot eaſily be worn out or effaced: in a " word, you may pronounce that ſublime, beautiful, " and genuine, which always pleaſes and takes equally " with all ſorts of men. For when perſons of diffe- " rent humours, ages, profeſſions, and inclinations, " agree in the ſame joint approbation of any per- " formance, then this union of aſſent, this combina- " tion of ſo many different judgments, ſtamps an high, " and indiſputable value on that performance, which " meets with ſuch general applauſe." This fine obſervation of *Longinus* is moſt remarkably verified in *Shakeſpear*; for all humours, ages, and inclinations, jointly proclaim their approbation and eſteem of him; and will, I hope, be found true, in moſt of the paſſages which are here collected from him: I ſay moſt, becauſe there are ſome, which I am convinc'd will not ſtand this teſt: the old, the grave, and the ſevere will diſapprove, perhaps, the more ſoft (and as they may call them) trifling love-tales, ſo elegantly breath'd forth, and ſo emphatically extolled by the young,

young, the gay, and the paſſionate: while theſe will eſteem as dull and languid, the ſober *ſaws* of morality, and the home-felt obſervations of experience. However, as it was my buſineſs to collect for readers of all taſtes, and all complexions, let me deſire none to diſapprove, what hits not with their own humour, but to turn over the page, and they will ſurely find ſomething acceptable and engaging. But I have yet another apology to make, for ſome paſſages introduced merely on account of their peculiarity, which to ſome, poſſibly, will appear neither ſublime nor beautiful, and yet deſerve attention, as indicating the vaſt ſtretch, and ſometimes particular turn of the poet's imagination. Others are inſerted on account of the quotation in the note from ſome other author, to ſhew, how fine reflections have been built on a trifling hint of our poet's, and of how much weight is even one of his bullion lines. It would have been no hard taſk for me to have multiplied quotations from *Greek*, *Latin*, and *Engliſh* writers, and to have made no ſmall diſplay of what is commonly called *learning*; but that I have induſtriouſly avoided; and never perplex'd the Reader (or at leaſt as little as poſſible) with the learned languages, always preferring the moſt plain and literal tranſlations, much to his eaſe, though (according to the manner in which ſome judge) leſs to my own reputation. In the notes, many extracts will be found from *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, ſome, and indeed the chief beauties of theſe celebrated authors: I have taken the liberty now and then to diſſent from

in my opinion no ſmall affront to the world to peſter it with our private and inſignificant animoſities, and to ſtuff a book with *querulous* jargon, where information is paid for, and juſtly expected. Indeed, it has ſometimes been impoſſible for me not to take notice, and that with a little ſeverity, of ſome particular *remarks*, in juſtice to truth and my Author: however, for the moſt part I have omitted any thing that might give offence, and where it would have been eaſy for me, according to the cuſtom of modern editors, to have triumph'd and inſulted, have taken no notice of the faults of others, but endeavoured, to the beſt of my judgment, to explain the paſſage. After all, there perhaps remain ſome difficulties, and I think we may venture to pronounce, no ſingle man will ever be able to give the world a compleat and correct edition of *Shakeſpear*. The way is now well pav'd, and we may reaſonably, from the joint endeavours of ſome underſtanding lovers of the Author, expect what we are greatly in need of: thus much, I muſt declare for my own part, that in ſeveral obſcure paſſages in this work, I have received great light by the converſation and conjectures of ſome very ingenious and learned men, whoſe names, were I permitted to mention them, would do high honour to the work, and to whom I thus beg leave to return my moſt hearty and ſincere thanks.

It was long ſince that I firſt propoſed publiſhing this collection; for *Shakeſpear* was ever, of all modern authors,

authors, my firſt and greateſt favourite: and during my relaxations, from my more ſevere and neceſſary ſtudies at college, I never omitted to read and indulge myſelf in the rapturous flights of this delightful and *ſweeteſt child of fancy:* and when my imagination has been heated by the glowing ardor of his uncommon fire, have never failed to lament, that his BEAUTIES ſhould be ſo obſcur'd, and that he himſelf ſhould be made a kind of ſtage for bungling critics to ſhew their *clumſy activity* upon.

IT was my firſt intention to have conſider'd each play critically and regularly through all its parts: but as this would have ſwell'd the work beyond proper bounds, I was obliged to confine myſelf ſolely to a collection of his poetical *Beauties:* and I doubt not, every Reader will find ſo large a fund for obſervation, ſo much excellent and refin'd morality, and I may venture to ſay, ſo much good divinity, that he will prize the work as it deſerves, and pay, with me, all due adoration to the Manes of *Shakeſpear.*

Longinus * tells us, that the moſt infallible teſt of the true *Sublime*, is the impreſſion a performance makes upon our minds, when read or recited. "If," ſays he, "a perſon finds, that a performance tranſports not his "ſoul, nor exalts his thoughts; that it calls not up "into

* See *Longinus* on the *Sublime*, ſect. 7. The tranſlation in the text is from the learned Mr. *Smith.*

THE

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THE

from the ingenious gentlemen, who have lately publiſh'd their works: and cannot but highly commend that good-nature and modeſty, with which they have conducted their remarks. One of them, Mr. *Seward*, hath given us an agreeable preface, wherein he ſets forth the merits of his authors, and ſeems very deſirous to place them in the ſame rank with *Shakeſpear:* but alas! all his generous efforts in their cauſe, are but fruitleſs, and all his friendly labours unavailing. For we have but to read a play of each, and we ſhall not a moment heſitate in our judgment. However, ſo kind a partiality to his authors, is by no means blameable, but on the contrary highly commendable.

As to the other paſſages in the notes, they are in general ſuch as are not commonly known and read, which ſort it would have been eaſy to have multiplied: indeed, there appears ſo little judgment in thoſe who have made general collections from the poets, that they merit very ſmall notice, as they are already too low for cenſure.

THERE are many paſſages in *Shakeſpear*, ſo cloſely connected with the plot and characters, and on which their beauties ſo wholly depend, that it would have been abſurd and idle to have produced them here: hence the Reader will find little of the *inimitable Falſtaff* in this work, and not one line extracted from the *Merry Wives of Windſor*, one of *Shakeſpear*'s beſt, and moſt juſtly admired comedies: whoever reads that play, will

will immediately ſee, there was nothing either proper or poſſible for this work: which, ſuch as it is, I moſt ſincerely and cordially recommend to the candor and benevolence of the world: and wiſh every one that peruſes it, may feel the ſatisfaction I have frequently felt in compoſing it, and receive ſuch inſtructions and advantages from it, as it is well calculated, and well able to beſtow. For my own part, better and more important things henceforth demand my attention, and I here, with no ſmall pleaſure, take leave of *Shakeſpear* and the critics; as this work was begun and finiſh'd, before I enter'd upon the ſacred function in which I am now happily employ'd, let me truſt, this juvenile performance will prove no objection, ſince graver, and ſome very eminent members of the church, have thought it no improper employ, to comment, explain and publiſh the works of their own country poets.

WILLIAM DODD.

Weſt-Ham, March 17, 1752.

THE

THE BEAUTIES OF SHAKESPEAR.

I.

All's well that ends well.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A good Diſpoſition greatly aſſiſtant to a good Education.

I HAVE thoſe hopes of her good, that her education promiſes: her diſpoſition ſhe inherits, which makes fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity; they are virtues and traitors too: in her they are the better for her ſimpleneſs; ſhe derives her honeſty, and achieves her goodneſs. (1)

Moderate

(1) The meaning of this paſſage, according to Mrs. *Griffiths*, is, "that a derived virtue, which implies a natural good diſpoſition, affords conſiderable aſſiſtance to a good edu-

Moderate Lamentation and exceſſive Grief.

Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead: exceſſive grief the enemy to the living.

Advice.

Be (2) thou bleſt, *Bertram*, and ſucceed thy father,
In manners as in ſhape; thy blood and virtue
Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodneſs
Share with thy birth-right. Love all; truſt a few;
Do

education; that accompliſhments, without ſuch a foundation, are a diſadvantage to the poſſeſſors, as but tending to their condemnation and reproach; that the innocence and ſimplicity of *Helena*'s mind and heart made uſe of no arts, but left her talents to the natural effect of their own operations; and that though a good diſpoſition may be inherited, virtues muſt be purchaſed.—" Virtues *in an unclean mind are virtues and traitors too*,"—i. e. ſays *Johnſon*, " eſtimable and uſeful qualities, joined with evil diſpoſition, give that evil diſpoſition power over others, who by admiring the virtue are betrayed to the malevolence." The *Tatler*, mentioning the ſharpers of his time, obſerves that ſome of them are men of ſuch elegance and knowledge, that " a young man who falls into their way is *betrayed* as much by his judgment as his paſſions."

(2) *Be thou*, &c.] See the advice of *Polonius* to his ſon in *Hamlet*, Act 1. Sc. 3. *Hector*'s prayer for *Aſtyanax* is not unlike this.

> Grant him like me to purchaſe juſt renown,
> To guard the *Trojans* to defend the town,
> Againſt his country's foes the war to wage,
> And riſe the *Hector* of the future age.
>
> *Pope's Iliad.* B. 6. v. 606.

And in like manner *Æneas* exhorts his ſon to the imitation of his father's virtues—

> *Diſce, puer, virtutem ex me, verumque laborem.*
>
> True toil and virtue, learn, my ſon, from me.
>
> *Trapp.*

And

Do wrong to none; be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than uſe; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for ſilence,
But never tax'd for ſpeech. What Heaven more will
That thee may furniſh, and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head!

Too ambitious Love.

I am undone; there is no living, none,
If *Bertram* be away. (3) It were all one,

That

And *Ajax* in *Sophocles* ſays to his ſon;

May'ſt thou, my ſon, in all things, ſave his fortune,
Succeed and imitate thy father.

I cannot help remarking the excellency of *Shakeſpear's* advice, both here from the mother, and in *Hamlet*, from the father, and how preferable it is, to that abſurd and extremely improper counſel, which *Otway*, in his *Orphan*, has put into the mouth of the old and dying *Acaſto*, Act 3. p. 35.—In the fifth line of the text, *Be able*, &c.—the meaning is—"rather be able to revenge yourſelf on your enemy in ability than in the uſe of that ability: have it in your power to revenge, but ſhow yourſelf god-like in not uſing that power." Quære if we ſhould not read the third line

Contend for empire in thee! THEN thy goodneſs
Share with thy birth-right.

That thee may furniſh, laſt line but one, means, "that may help thee with more and better qualifications."

(3) *It were* &c.] i. e. "*Bertram* is ſo greatly ſuperior to, and ſo far above me, I might as well hope to wed any particular ſtar as him: ſo that I muſt be contented, with ſharing his radiance and reflected light, that is, his preſence, and the pleaſure of being in his company, and not hope to be comforted in his ſphere, or taken to the warmth of his embraces." *Adam* (in *Paradiſe-Loſt* B. 8. 425.) ſaying man was to beget *like of his like*, adds;

——which requires
Collateral love, and deareſt amity,

That I ſhould love a bright particular ſtar,
And think to wed it, he is ſo above me!
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Muſt I be comforted, not in his ſphere.
Th'ambition in my love thus plagues itſelf;
The hind, that wou'd be mated by the lion,
Muſt die for love. (4) 'Twas pretty, tho' a plague,
To ſee him every hour; to ſit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table: heart, too capable
Of every line and trick of his ſweet favour!
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Muſt ſanctify his relics.

A paraſitical, vain Coward.

(5) I know him a notorious liar;
Think him a great way fool, ſolely a coward;
Yet

which, as *Newton* obſerves, is well explained by,

To have thee *by my ſide*
Henceforth an individual ſolace dear.

And the ſon of God is ſaid, in book the 10th to riſe

From his radiant ſeat
Of high *collateral* glory.

Trick, line 13. is an expreſſion taken from *drawing*, and is frequently uſed by *S.* for the air, or that peculiarity in a face, voice, or geſture, which diſtinguiſhes it from any other:

He hath a *Trick* of *Cœur de Lion's* face.
King John.

(4) *'Twas* &c.] So the pretty *Jailor's daughter* in the *Two Noble Kinſmen*, ſpeaking of *Palemon*, in the ſimplicity of her love-ſick heart, ſays,

To ſit and hear him
Sing in an evening,—what a heav'n it is?
And yet his ſongs are ſad ones.

(5) *I know* &c.] In page the 14th, ſee *Parolles'* own confeſſion; in another part of the play, it is ſaid of him, "the

Yet theſe fix'd evils ſit to fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's ſteely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind: with all full oft we ſee
Cold wiſdom waiting on ſuperfluous folly. (6)

The Remedy of Evils generally in ourſelves.

(7) Our remedies oft in ourſelves do lie,
Which we aſcribe to heav'n. The fated ſky
Gives us free ſcope; only, doth backward pull
Our ſlow deſigns, when we ourſelves are dull.

Im-

" the *fellow has* a deal of that too much, which holds him much to have." A good explanation of the latter lines.

(6) *Cold*] for naked; and *ſuperfluous* for over-cloathed. Whence the propriety of the antitheſis. *W.*

Laſeu in the laſt ſcene of the ſecond Act, ſays admirably of *Parolles*, " There can be no kernel in this light nut: the ſoul of this man is in his cloaths: truſt him not in matter of heavy conſequence: I have *kept of them tame*, and know their natures." *Solely* a *coward*, means, *wholly*, *entirely*, that *alone* and abſolutely.

(7) *Our* &c.] Our author in this paſſage beautifully oppoſes the commonly-received notions of *fate* and *neceſſity*, by obſerving that " the remedies of thoſe evils are generally in ourſelves, which we falſely aſcribe to heaven, which gives us in all things freedom to act, and by no means lays us under any compulſive neceſſity." By the *fated ſky*, he means, " heaven tax'd with this imputation of fate;" which he obſerves is a falſe and miſtaken notion; 'tis no uncommon thing with *Shakeſpear* to make participles in this manner. *Milton*'s beautiful lines on this ſubject may perhaps not be unſeaſonable.

They therefore as to right belong'd,
So were created, nor can juſtly accuſe
Their maker, or their making, or their fate,
As if predeſtination over-ruled
Their will, diſpos'd by abſolute decree
Or high foreknowledge: they themſelves decreed
Their own revolt, not I: if I foreknew,
Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,
Which had no leſs prov'd certain unforeknown.

(8) Impoſſible be ſtrange attempts to thoſe
That weigh their pain in ſenſe: and do ſuppoſe
What hath been, cannot be. Whoever ſtrove
To ſhew her merit, that did miſs her love?

SCENE II. *Character of a noble Courtier, by an old Cotemporary.*

KING. I would I had that corporal ſoundneſs now
As when thy father and myſelf in friendſhip
Firſt tried our ſoldierſhip! He did look far
Into the ſervice of the time, and was
Diſcipled of the braveſt. He laſted long;
But on us both did haggiſh age ſteal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father. In his youth
He had the wit, which I can well obſerve
To-day in our young Lords; but they may jeſt,
Till their own ſcorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour, (9)

So

So without leaſt impulſe or ſhadow of fate,
Or aught by me immutable foreſeen,
They treſpaſs, authors to themſelves in all
Both what they judge and what they chooſe.
B. 3. 111.

See *King Lear*, on this head, Act 1. Sc. 2.

(8) *Impoſſible* &c.] i. e. New attempts ſeem impoſſible to thoſe, who eſtimate their *labour* or enterprizes by ſenſe: and believe, that nothing can be, but what they ſee before 'em. *J.*

(9) *Hide their levity* &c.] i. e. "Cover petty faults with great merits." This is an excellent obſervation: jocoſe follies and ſlight offences are only allowed by mankind in him that overpowers them by great qualities.—*Honour* is not dignity of birth or rank, but acquired reputation. The meaning of the text here, is, "There was in his *dignity of manner nothing contemptuous*, and *in his keenneſs of wit nothing bitter*. If *bitterneſs* or *contemptuouſneſs* ever *appeared*, they had been *awakened* by ſome injury not of a man

So like a courtier; no contempt or bitterneſs
Were in him: pride and ſharpneſs if there were,
His equal had awak'd them: and his honour,
Clock to itſelf, knew the true minute, when
Exception bid him ſpeak, and at that time
His tongue obeyed the hand. (10) Who were below him
He us'd as creatures of another place,
And bow'd his eminent tops to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praiſe he humbled: ſuch a man
Might be a copy to theſe younger times;
Which, followed well, would demonſtrate them now
But goers backward.
Would I were with him!—He would always ſay—
(Methinks I hear him, now; his plauſive words
He ſcattered not in ears; but grafted them
To grow there, and to bear) *Let me not live*—
—Thus his good melancholy oft began,
On the cataſtrophe and heel of paſtime,
When it was out—*Let me not live*, quoth he,
After my flame lacks oil; to be the ſnuff
Of younger ſpirits, whoſe apprehenſive ſenſes
All but new things diſdain; whoſe judgments are
Mere fathers of their garments, whoſe conſtancies
Expire before their faſhions—This he wiſhed.

I,

man below him, but of his *equal*." This is the complete image of a well-bred man, and ſomewhat like this Voltaire has exhibited his hero *Lewis* XIV, See *J.* Mrs. *G.* obſerves, "that this paſſage contains a moſt beautiful character of a gallant ſoldier and virtuous courtier, with ſome juſt ſtrictures on the deficiency of theſe qualities, in the ſucceeding generation. There is a charming mixture of the *old man* and the *old friend* in it! The ſelf-interruptions are admirably ſuited to the ſtyle of the former—a narrative old man! what age, what ſex, what character, ſtation, or office of life eſcapes the touches of *Shakeſpear's* plaſtic hand!"

(10) *His tongue obeyed* &c.] That is, "the *hand* of his honour's clock ſhewed the true minute when exception, &c."

I, after him, do after him wiſh too,
—Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,—
I quickly were diſſolved from my hive
To give ſome labourer room.

SCENE III. *Diffidence of our own Merits.*

Madam, the care I have had to even (11) your content I wiſh might be rather found in the calendar of my paſt endeavours; for then we wound our modeſty, and make foul the cleanneſs of our deſervings, when of ourſelves we publiſh them.

Idolatrous Worſhip.

——Thus, Indian like
Religious in mine error, I adore
The ſun: that looks upon his worſhipper,
But knows of him no more!

ACT II. SCENE I.

Mean Inſtruments often ſucceſsful.

What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
Since you ſet up your reſt 'gainſt remedy.
He that of greateſt works is finiſher,
Oft does them by the weakeſt miniſter;
So holy writ in babes hath judgment ſhewn,
When judges have been babes; great floods have flown
From ſimple ſources; and great ſeas have dry'd;
(12) When miracles have by the greateſt been deny'd.
Oft expectation fails and moſt oft there,
Where moſt it promiſes; and oft it hits
Where hope is coldeſt, and deſpair moſt ſits.

SCENE

(11) *To even*] i. e. To keep pace with. To act up to your deſires.

(12) *When miracles* &c.] That is, ſays *Steevens*, "miracles have continued to happen, when the wiſeſt people have been writing againſt and denying them."

SCENE III. *Philoſophical Infidels ſcoffed.*

They ſay, miracles are paſt; and we have our philoſophical perſons, to make modern and familiar things ſupernatural and cauſeleſs.

Honour due to perſonal Virtue, not to Birth.

Strange is it, that our bloods, (13)
Whoſe colour, weight, and heat, pour'd out together,
Would quite confound diſtinction, yet ſtand off
In difference, ſo mighty. If ſhe be
All that is virtuous, ſave what thou diſlik'ſt,—
A poor phyſician's daughter, thou diſlik'ſt
Of virtue for a name. But do not ſo——
(14) From loweſt place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed.

Where

(13) *That our bloods* &c.] *S.* probably alludes to that fine, emphatical, and comfortable declaration in Acts, Ch. 17. v. 26.

(14) *From* &c.] There cannot be a finer ſatire, or one written with greater force of argument, or propriety of expreſſion, than this on the falſe notions of *Honour*: the reader will do well to conſult the 8th ſatire of *Juvenal* on this occaſion, where he will find ſeveral paſſages greatly ſimilar to *S.* *Euripides* has a fine ſentiment in his *Electra* on this topic,

> Will ye not then be wiſe, nor ever learn,
> What wiſdom dictates? by their lives alone,
> To eſtimate mankind, and let their deeds
> Be the ſole teſt of true nobility.

I take the meaning of the lines "Good alone," &c. to be "a good action, conſider'd ſimply in itſelf, and by itſelf, is and will be ever good, without the addition of any title or name to it; and a vile or bad action is, and ever will be vile and bad:" that is, it is not in the power of honours and titles to change the real merit of actions, virtue and vice being fixt and ſtedfaſt, and unalterably the ſame.—She *is young, wiſe, fair*, l. 14. ſo the king a little before ſays,

Where great addition ſwells, and virtue none,
It is a dropſied honour; good alone
Is good, without a name; vileneſs is ſo:
The property, by what it is, ſhou'd go,
Not by the title. She is young, wiſe, fair;
In theſe, to nature ſhe 's immediate heir;
And theſe breed honour: That is honour's ſcorn,
Which challenges itſelf as honour's born,
And is not like the ſire. Honours beſt thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our fore-goers: the mere word 's a ſlave
Debaucht on every tomb, on every grave;
A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb,
Where duſt and damn'd (15) oblivion is the tomb
Of honour'd bones indeed.

A Coward's Brag.

(16) Well, thou haſt a ſon that ſhall take this diſgrace off me; ſcurvy, old, filthy Lord! Well—I muſt be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I 'll beat

All that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath eſtimate,
Youth, beauty, wiſdom:

on which here again he particularly dwells, as they are the three prime ingredients in every woman; *wiſe*, undoubtedly carries the idea of *good* in it; for whoever has true wiſdom, cannot but be *good*. It would be endleſs to quote the paſſages in our beſt writers on this univerſal topic: I ſhall therefore refer my readers to their own obſervation, and only point out one little piece from *Waller*, the politeneſs of which, and ſimilarity of the arguments to theſe in *S.* will, I doubt not, render it agreeable. See *Fenton's Waller* (p. 102.) To *Zelinda*.

(15) *Damned*] i. e. *Reproachful* to the living, who neglect monumental inſcriptions to the meritorious dead.
Mrs. *G.*

(16) *Well, thou* &c.] This the poet makes *Parolles* ſpeak alone; and this is nature. A coward would endeavour

beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an' he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of———I'll beat him, an' if I could but meet him again.

ACT III. SCENE II.

Declining Affection.

I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no ſtomach.

Self Accuſation of too great Love.

Poor lord! is't I
That chaſe thee from thy country, and expoſe
Thoſe tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-ſparing war? And is it I
That drive thee from the ſportive court, where thou
Waſt ſhot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of ſmoaky muſkets? O you leaden meſſengers,
That ride upon the violent ſpeed of fire,
Fly with falſe aim; (17) pierce the ſtill-moving air,
That ſings with piercing, do not touch my lord!
Whoever ſhoots at him, I ſet him there:
Whoever

vour to hide his poltroonery even from himſelf. An ordinary writer would have been glad of ſuch an opportunity to bring him to a confeſſion. *W.*

(17) *Pierce* &c.] This in the editions before *W.* has been always read,

Move the ſtill *piercing* ear
That ſings with piercing.

I think his emendation muſt be approved.

Laodamia in *Ovid's* epiſtles, tells her huſband;

Remember, when for fight thou ſhalt prepare
Thy *Laodamia* charg'd thee, have a care,
For what wounds thou receiv'ſt are given to her.

And

Whoever charges on his forward breaſt,
I am the caitiff that do hold him to it:
And tho' I kill him not, I am the cauſe
His death was ſo effected. Better 'twere,
I met the rav'ning lion, when he roar'd
With ſharp conſtraint of hunger: better 'twere
That all the miſeries, which nature (18) owes,
Were mine at once. (19) No, come thou home, *Rouſſillon*,
Whence honour but of danger wins a ſcar,
As oft it loſes all. I will be gone:
My being here it is, that holds thee hence.
Shall I ſtay here to do it? No, no, although
The air of Paradiſe did fan the houſe,
And angels offic'd all! I will be gone;
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
To conſolate thine ear.

SCENE

And ſhe thus intreats his enemies;

Ye gen'rous *Trojans*, turn your ſwords away
From his dear breaſt; find out a nobler prey:
Why ſhou'd you harmleſs *Laodamia* ſlay?

But *Helena*, in this play, begs the enemies to ſpare her lover, not becauſe they wou'd kill her, but becauſe ſhe plung'd him into theſe dangers: how tender and delicate the reflection!

(18) *Owes.*] It may be proper once for all to obſerve, that *S.* and the old authors frequently uſe this word in the ſenſe of *own*; as Mr. *Edwards* has obſerved the tranſlators of the Bible do alſo.

And he that *oweth* the houſe ſhall come, *&c. Levit.* xiv. 35.
And ſo ſhall the *Jews* bind the man, that *oweth* this girdle. *Acts* xxi. 11.

(19) *No, come, &c.*] See *Falſtaffe's* catechiſm, firſt part of *Henry* IV. Act 5. So *Maſſinger*:

This military art
I grant to be the nobleſt of profeſſions:
And yet (I thank my ſtars for 't) I was never
Inclin'd to learn it, ſince this *bubble honour*
(Which is indeed the *nothing* ſoldiers fight for,
With the loſs of limbs or life) is in my judgment,
Too dear a purchaſe. *Pict.* Act 1. Sc. 2.

SCENE V. *A Maid's Honour.*

The honour of a maid is her name, and no legacy is ſo rich as honeſty.

Advice to young Girls.

(20) Beware of them, *Diana:* their promiſes, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all thoſe engines of luſt, are not the things they go under: many a maid hath been ſeduced by them; and the miſery is, example, that ſo terribly ſhews in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that diſſuade ſucceſſion, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope, I need not to adviſe you further. But, I hope, your own grace will keep you where you are, tho' there were no farther danger known, but the modeſty which is ſo loſt.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

Cuſtom of Seducers.

Ay, ſo you ſerve us,
'Till we ſerve you: but when you have our roſes,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourſelves,
And mock us with our bareneſs. (21)

Chaſ-

(20) *Beware*, &c.] The reader will find a good explanation of, and comment on this paſſage in *Hamlet*, where *Laertes* is counſelling *Ophelia* on the love of *Hamlet*. See Act 1. Sc. 5. "*Are not the things* they *go under*," *they*, doubtleſs, refers to things, and then the meaning is, "theſe things (their promiſes, &c.) are not the real things whoſe names they go under: for which their names would make them paſs: they are not true and ſincere, they are not what they ſeem, nor any other than appearances." *Hanmer* and *Warburton*, thinking *they* refer'd to the *perſons*, not the *things*, alter'd the paſſage; the one leaving out *not*, the other changing it to *but*.

(21) *And mock*, &c.] There is a pretty obſervation made by *Helena* in Sc. 4. which may not be unapplicable here:

Chaſtity.

(22) Mine honour's ſuch a ring;
My chaſtity's the jewel of our houſe,
Bequeathed down from many anceſtors;
Which were the greateſt obloquy i' th' world
In' me to loſe.

SCENE. III. *Mix'd Character of human Nature.*

1ſt L. How mightily, ſometimes, we make us comforts of our loſſes!

2nd L. And how mightily, ſome other times, we drown our gain in tears! the great dignity that his (23) valour hath here acquired for him, ſhall at home be encountered with a ſhame as ample.

1ſt L. The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together; our virtues wou'd be proud, if our faults whipt them not; and our crimes would deſpair, if they were not cheriſh'd by our virtues.

Cowardly Braggart.

Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great,
'Twould burſt at this. Captain I'll be no more,
But I will eat, and drink, and ſleep, as ſoft
As captain ſhall; ſimply the thing I am
Shall make me live. Who knows himſelf a braggart,
Let him fear this; for it will come to paſs,
That every braggart ſhall be found an aſs.
Ruſt, ſword! cool, bluſhes! and, *Parolles*, live,
Safeſt in ſhame! being fool'd, by fool'ry thrive:
There's place and means for every man alive. (42)

SCENE

But Oh! ſtrange men,
That can ſuch ſweet uſe make of what they hate,
When ſaucy truſting of the cozen'd thought,
Defiles the pitchy night!

(22) *Mine*, &c.] See *Coriolanus*, Act 5. S. qr. and n.
(23) *His*] i. e. *Bertram's*.
(24) See p. 4. and 10.

SCENE V. *Courteous Feathers.*

There 's a dozen of them, with delicate fine hats, and moſt courteous feathers, which bow the head and nod at every man.

ACT V. SCENE III.

The Raſhneſs of Youth excuſed.

I beſeech your majeſty to make it
Natural rebellion done, in the blaze of youth,
When oil and fire, too ſtrong for reaſon's force
O'erbear it and burn on.

What's loſt moſt valued.

Praiſing what is loſt,
Makes the remembrance dear.

Againſt Delay.

(25) Let 's take the inſtant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'ſt decrees
Th'

(25) *Let's*, &c.] *In much ado*, &c. Act 1. Sc. 2. he ſays, "he meant to take the preſent time by the top." We have many beautiful paſſages on this topic in the ancients, adviſing againſt delay, and exhorting to the enjoyment of the preſent moment.

Sapias (ſays *Horace*) *vina liques, & ſpatio brevi*
Spem longam reſeces; dum loquimur, fugerit invida
Ætas; carpe diem, quam minimum credule poſtero.
Od. 13. l. 3.

Be wiſe, and ſee the goblet crown'd;
Let winged life's contracted round
Your mighty expectations bound!
Even while we ſpeak, time fleets away,
Too envious, and rebukes delay:
Take, take the inſtant by the top,
Nor vainly truſt the morrow's flattering hope.

In

Th' inaudible and noiſeleſs foot of time
Steals, ere we can effect them.

Excuſe for unreaſonable Diſlike.

At firſt
I ſtuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durſt make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impreſſion of mine eye enfixing,
Contempt his ſcornful perſpective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour;
Scorn'd a fair color, or expreſs'd it ſtol'n;
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a moſt hideous object: thence it came,
That

In like manner *Juvenal*,

Feſtinant decurrere velox
Floſculus anguſtæ miſeræque breviſſima vitæ
Portio; dum bibimus, dum ſerta, unguenta, puellas,
Poſcimus, obrepit *non* intellecta *ſenectus*. Sat. 9. v. 126.

My full-blown youth already fades apace,
Of poor ſhort life the very ſhorteſt ſpace:
While melting pleaſures in our arms are found,
While lovers ſmile, and while the bowl goes round,
Old age *creeps* on us, ere we *think it nigh*. *Harvey.*

And *Perſius*,

Indulge genio, carpamus dulcia: noſtrum eſt
Quod vivis, cinis, & manes, & fabula fies:
Vive memor leti, fugit hora; *hoc quod loquor inde eſt.*
Sat. 3. v. 151.

Indulge, and to thy genius freely give;
For not to live at eaſe, is not to live:
Death ſtalks behind thee, and each *flying hour*
Does ſome looſe remnant of thy life devour.
Live, while thou liv'ſt: for death will make us all
A name, a nothing, but an old wife's tale.
Dryden.

The *obrepit non intellecta ſenectus* of *Juvenal*, and the laſt line of *Perſius*, tho' both very beautiful, are nothing equal to the *inaudible and noiſeleſs foot of time*.

That ſhe whom all men prais'd, and whom myſelf
Since I have loſt, have lov'd, (26) was in my eye
The duſt that did offend it.

Impe-

(26) *Since I have loſt, have lov'd,*] This ſentiment will be found frequently recurring, and better expreſt: the *King* enlarging upon it in the very next ſpeech, ſays,

Our raſh faults
Make trivial price of ſerious things we have,
Not knowing them until we know their grave.
Oft our diſpleaſures to ourſelves unjuſt,
Deſtroy our friends, and after weep their duſt:
Our own love, waking, cries to ſee what's done,
While ſhameful hate ſleeps out the afternoon.

General Obſervation.

The ſtory of *All's well that ends well*, or as I ſuppoſe it, ſays *Farmer*, to have been ſometimes call'd, *Love's Labour Wonne*, is originally indeed the property of *Boccace*, but it came immediately to *Shakeſpear*, from *Painter's Gilletta of Narbon*, in the firſt volume of the *Palace of Pleaſure*, 4to. 1598 p. 282. *Steevens* adds, that *Shakeſpear* is indebted to the novel only for a few leading circumſtances in the graver parts of the piece: the comic buſineſs appears to be entirely of his own formation. And with theſe gentlemen *Capell* agrees.—*Johnſon* obſerves of this play, that "it has many delightful ſcenes, tho' not ſufficiently probable, and ſome happy characters, tho' not new or produced by any *deep* knowledge of human nature. (See the note Act 2. Sc. 3. p. 10 on a *Coward's Brag.*) *Parolles* is a boaſter and a coward, ſuch as hath always been the ſport of the ſtage, but perhaps never raiſed more laughter, or contempt, than in the hands of *S.* *Parolles* has many of the lineaments of *Falſtaff*, and ſeems to be the character which *S.* delighted to draw, a fellow, who had more wit, than virtue. Though juſtice required he ſhould be detected and expoſed; yet *his vices fit to fit in him*, that he is not at laſt ſuffered to ſtarve."

"I cannot reconcile my heart to *Bertram*: a man noble without generoſity, and young without truth: who marries

Impediments ſtimulate.

As " all impediments in fancy's courſe
Are motives of mere fancy."

marries *Helen* as a coward, and leaves her as a profligate: when ſhe is dead by his unkindneſs, ſneaks home to a ſecond marriage, is accuſed by a woman whom he has wronged, defends himſelf by falſhood, and is diſmiſſed to happineſs."

But with reſpect to *Shakeſpear's* characters, it ſhould at all times be remembered, that he draws *human nature*, as it is; and gives us the *real* and conſequently *mixt* characters of life; and not the *perfect*, and therefore *ideal* characters of fancy and romance.

There are ſome paſſages in Act 1. Sc. 1 and 3, which tho' replete with wit, and ſuitable enough to the characters which deliver them, I have omitted; as alſo in *As you like it*, Act 3. Sc. 3. as they might be thought too ludicrous for a work of this nature. *Virginibus puerisque canto.*

II.

As you like it.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Misfortune of neglected Education.

For my part, he keeps me ruſtically at home, or, to ſpeak more properly, ſtays (1) me here at home, unkept; for call you that keeping, for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the ſtalling of an ox? His horſes are bred better, for beſides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for which the animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Beſides this nothing that he ſo plentifully gives me, the ſomething that Nature gave me, his own countenance ſeems to take from me. He lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines (2) my gentility with my education.

Noble-minded Youth.

Yet he's gentle; never ſchooled, and yet learned; full of noble device, and of all ſorts enchantingly beloved (3)

SCENE

(1) *Stays*] *Warburton* reads *ſties*.

(2) *Mines*] i. e. Undermines. On this paſſage Mrs. *G.* obſerves well, "that men are often more ſedulous in training the brutes of their kennels, their mews and their ſtables, than they ſeem to be about the heirs of their blood, their fortunes, or their honours. In ſad truth may it be ſaid, that we ſeldom meet with a jockey, a huntſman, or a ſportſman, who is half ſo *well-bred* as his horſes, hawks, or hounds."

(3) *Beloved*] This paſſage contains a perfect and ſtriking deſcription of our author's own character.

SCENE II. *The Uſe of juſt Satire.*

Celia. Enough! Speak no more of him; you'll be whipt for taxation one of theſe days.

Touchſtone. The more pity, that fools may not ſpeak wiſely, what wiſe men do fooliſhly.

Celia. By my troth, thou ſayeſt true; for ſince the little wit, that fools have, was ſilenced, (4) the little foolery, wiſe men have, makes a great ſhow.

Modeſty and Courage in Youth.

I beſeech you puniſh me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confeſs me much guilty, to deny ſo fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wiſhes go with me to my trial; wherein if I be foil'd, there is but one ſham'd that was never gracious; if kill'd, but one dead that is willing to be ſo. I ſhall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only

(4) *Silenced*] Alluding to the *Jeſters*, that were formerly entertained by kings, and were the only courtiers who were allowed to ſpeak their minds. *This office has been long aboliſhed*, ſays Mrs. *G.* who obſerves on the paſſage before us, that as there are many vices in morals, injurious to ſociety, which the laws have not ſtigmatized, or poſſibly cannot ſufficiently provide againſt, the reprehenſions of ſatire, under proper reſtrictions, may perhaps be deemed a neceſſary ſupplement to legiſlation. The moſt worthleſs perſon would chooſe to ſin in ſecret, as not being able to endure the being rendered an object of public deteſtation, or ridicule: the fear of being *pointed* at, has often laid a reſtraint on vice, in which ſenſe the *finger* may be ſaid to be ſtronger than the *arm*. *Othello* pathetically deſcribes ſuch a ſituation:

——But alas! to make me
A fixed figure for the hand of ſcorn,
To point his ſlow unmoving finger at!

See the note on Act 2. Sc. 7.

only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better ſupplied, when I have made it empty.

Female Curioſity for Sights and Diverſions ridiculed.

Clown. Thus men may grow wiſer every day! It is the firſt time that ever I heard that breaking of ribs was ſport for ladies! (5)

SCENE III. *Decorum in Women.*

Roſalind. Oh, how full of briars is this working-day world!

Celia. They are but burs, couſin, thrown upon thee, in holiday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them. (6)

Play

(5) *Breaking*, &c.] This is ſpoken by the clown on the invitation given by the courtier, to the ladies to come to the wreſtling: and is a fine ſtroke at that curioſity, which too often carries females to ſpectacles indelicate and improper for them. Dr. *Young* has thus ſtrongly ſatirized this unbecoming propenſity:

Britannia's daughters, much more *fair*, than *nice*,
Too fond of admiration, loſe their price:
Worn in the public eye, give cheap delight
To throngs; and tarniſh to the ſated ſight!
As unreſerv'd and beauteous as the ſun,
Thro' every ſign of vanity they run;
Aſſemblies, parks, *coarſe feaſts in city halls*,
Lectures and trials, plays, committees, balls,
Wells, Bedlams, executions, Smithfield-ſcenes,
And fortune-tellers caves, and lions dens;
Taverns, Exchanges, Bridewells, drawing-rooms,
Inſtallments, pillories, coronations, tombs,
Tumblers, and funerals, puppet-ſhows, reviews,
Sales, races, rabbets, and (ſtill ſtranger) pews!
Univerſ. Paſſion, Sat. 5. at the beginn.

(6) *Catch them*] A *Lady* obſerves, that "this is a very proper hint to *women*, not to deviate from the preſcribed rules and decorums of their ſex. Whenever they venture to ſtep the leaſt out of *their walk* in life, they are too generally apt to *wander aſtray*."

Play Fellows.

We (7) have ſtill ſlept together;
Roſe at an inſtant; learn'd, play'd, eat together;
And whereſoe'er we went, like *Juno's* ſwans,
Still we went coupled, and inſeparable.

Fond youthful Friendſhip.

Celia. Oh my poor *Roſalind*, where wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine—
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.
Roſalind. I have more cauſe.
Celia. Thou haſt not, couſin,
Prythee be cheerful, know'ſt thou not, the Duke
Has baniſh'd me, his daughter?
Roſalind. That he hath not.
Celia. No? Hath not? *Roſalind* lacks then the love
Which toucheth me that thou and I are one:
Shall we be ſundered? Shall we part, ſweet girl?
No, let my father ſeek another heir!
Therefore deviſe with me, how we may fly;
Whither to go, and what to bear with us;
And do not ſeek to take your change upon you,
To bear your griefs yourſelf, and leave me out:
For by this heaven, now at our ſorrows pale,
Say what thou can'ſt, (8) I'll go along with thee.

Beauty.

(7) See in the *Midſummer Night's Dream*, a beautiful paſſage on this ſubject, Act 3. Sc. 1. and the note. See alſo *Winter's Tale*, Act 1. Sc. 1.

(8) *Say what thou*, &c.] Nothing can be more tender, generous, and affecting than the declarations of friendſhip between theſe two young ladies, who had been bred up in infancy together. The preſent paſſage deſerves to be parallell'd by that following from the 2d ſcene:

" *Celia.* I pray thee, *Roſalind*, ſweet my coz, be merry.
Roſalind. Dear *Celia*, I ſhow more mirth than I am miſtreſs of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unleſs you

Beauty.

(9) Beauty provoketh thieves ſooner than gold.

Woman in a Man's Dreſs.

(10) Wer't not better,
Becauſe that I am more than common tall,
That

could teach me to forget a baniſh'd father, you muſt not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleaſure.

Celia. Herein I ſee thou loveſt me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy baniſhed father, had baniſhed thy uncle, the Duke my father, ſo thou hadſt been ſtill with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; and ſo wouldſt thou, if the truth of thy love to me were ſo righteouſly tempered, as mine is to thee.

Roſalind. Well, I will forget the condition of my eſtate, and rejoice in yours.

Celia. You know, my father hath no child but me, nor none is like to have, and, truly, when he dies, thou ſhalt be his heir; for what he hath taken away from thy father per force, I will render thee again in affection.—By mine honour, I will—and when I break that oath, let me turn monſter—Therefore, my ſweet *Roſe*, my dear *Roſe*, be merry."

(9) *Beauty*, &c.] The ſecond brother in *Comus* largely expatiates on this thought,

> But beauty, like the fair *Heſperian* tree,
> Laden with blooming gold, hath need the guard
> Of dragon watch with uninchanted eye,
> To ſave her bloſſoms and defend her fruit
> From the raſh hand of bold incontinence.
> You may as well ſpread out the unſun'd heaps
> Of miſer's treaſure by an outlaw's den,
> And tell me it is ſafe, as bid me hope
> Danger will wink on opportunity,
> And let a ſingle helpleſs maiden paſs
> Uninjur'd———*&c.*

(10) See *Merchant of Venice*, Sc. 5. Act 3. and *Much ado about nothing*, Act 4. Sc. 3. and n. and *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, p. 144. *Johnſon's* edit.

That I did ſuit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-ax (11) upon my thigh,
A boar-ſpear in my hand, and (in my heart,
Lie there what hidden woman's fears there will)
I' ll have a ſwaſhing and a martial outſide;
As many other (12) manniſh cowards have,
That do outface it with their ſemblances.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Solitude preferred to a Court Life, and the Advantages of Adverſity.

Now my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old cuſtom made this life more ſweet
Than that of painted pomp? (13) Are not theſe woods
More free from peril, than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of *Adam*,
The ſeaſon's difference; as the icy phang,
And churliſh chiding of the winter's wind;
Which,

(11) a *Curtle-ax*] i. e. *Cutlace*, or broad ſword, ſays *J.*

(12) *Manniſh* &c.] *Upton* in his *remarks on the three plays of* Ben Johnſon, (p. 92.) obſerves the word *mankind* or *manniſh*, which we meet with in old authors, has not been ſufficiently explained. "*Man*, beſides its well-known ſignification in the language of our forefathers, ſignified *wickedneſs*. *Somner*, *man*, *homo*, a man. *Item facinus*, *ſcelus*, *nefas*, *&c*. *Manful*, *nefandus*, *ſceleſtus*, *quaſi ſcelerum plenus*." Having thus ſeen its original ſignification, let us now turn to our old poets; and thus *Chaucer* uſes it in the man of *Love's Tale*,

Fie, *Manniſh*, fie.

Shakeſpear, in *As you like it*,

As many other *manniſh* cowards have.

Fairfax,

See, ſee this *mankind* ſtrumpet, ſee, he cried,
This ſhameleſs whore."———

(13) See *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act 5. Sc. 4.

Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I ſhrink with cold, I ſmile, and ſay,
" This is no flattery;" theſe are counſellors,
That feelingly perſuade me what I am.
(14) Sweet are the uſes of adverſity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in ſtones, and good in every thing.
I would not change it!

Amiens. Happy is your grace,
That can tranſlate the ſtubbornneſs of fortune
Into ſo quiet and ſo ſweet a ſtyle!

Reflections on a wounded Stag, and on the melancholy Jaques.

(15) Come, ſhall we go and kill us veniſon?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,

Being

(14) *Sweet* &c.] *Lucretius* tells us, *adverſity* teaches us beſt what we are, and moſt feelingly ſhews us ourſelves.

Men in adverſity moſt plain appear,
It ſhews us really what, and who they are:
Then from the lips truth undiſſembled flows,
The maſk falls off, and the juſt features ſhows. B. 3.

It was the current opinion in *S's.* time, that in the head of an old toad was to be found a ſtone or pearl to which great virtues were aſcribed. This ſtone has been often ſought, but nothing has been found more than accidental or perhaps morbid indurations of the ſkull.—In a book call'd " A Green Foreſt, or a Natural Hiſtory, &c. by John Maplett, 1567," is the following account of this imaginary gem: " In this ſtone is apparently ſeene vere often the verie forme of a tode, with deſpotted and coloured feete, but thoſe uglye and defuſedly. It is available againſt envenoming." See *J.* and *St.*

(25) I have never met with any thing that pleaſed me more than theſe humane reflections on the poor *native burghers* of the foreſt (as *S.* calls them); beſide the

Being native burghers of this deſart city,
Should, in their old confines, with forked heads,
Have their round haunches goar'd.

1ſt Lord.

reflections, the deſcription of the wounded ſtag is moſt admirable, and the moralizing of that ſingular character *Jaques* too juſt, and too true a picture of the world: I know no author that ſhews a more tender and feeling heart on ſubjects of this kind than *Thomſon*; in his *Seaſons* we have a deſcription of a hunted ſtag, which well deſerves to be compared with this:

He ſweeps the foreſt oft; and ſobbing ſees
The glades mild-opening to the golden day:
Where in kind conteſt with his butting friends,
He wont to ſtruggle, or his loves enjoy.
Oft in the full-deſcending flood he tries
To loſe the ſcent and lave his burning ſides:
Oft ſeeks the herd; the watchful herd, alarm'd,
With ſelfiſh care avoid a brother's woe.
What ſhall he do? His once ſo vivid nerves,
So full of buoyant ſpirit, now no more
Inſpire the courſe: but fainting breathleſs toil
Sick, ſeizes on his heart: he ſtands at bay,
And puts his laſt weak refuge in deſpair.
The big round tears run down his dappled face,
He groans in anguiſh, while the growling pack,
Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting cheſt,
And mark his beauteous chequer'd ſides with gore.
See *Autumn*, v. 445.

Thomſon had very great maſters to follow, and indeed he ſeems to have profited from them. *Virgil* ſpeaks finely of the ſtag wounded by *Aſcanius*, which one would imagine *S.* had in his eye.

To his lov'd home the wounded beaſt repairs;
Bloody and groaning enters his known ſtall,
Like one imploring, and with plaintive noiſe,
Fills all the houſe. *Trapp's Virg. Æn.* 7. v. 661.

I choſe to give Dr. *Trapp's* tranſlation, becauſe moſt literal, none of the others ſeeming to have approached near the beauty of *Virgil*. But the *author* from whom *Thomſon* has improved his deſcription moſt, is *Vanier*, who in the laſt

1*ſt Lord.* Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy *Jaques* grieves at that;
And in that kind ſwears you do more uſurp
Than doth your brother that hath baniſhed you.

To

book of his *Prædium Ruſticum*, gives an elegant and pathetic deſcription of the death of a ſtag: he ſpeaks of his ſtanding at bay, and *putting his laſt weak refuge in deſpair*: and very tenderly deſcribes the poor beaſt, at laſt flying to the vain aſſiſtance of tears.

Æger enim, vitæ poſita ſpe, cervus inertes
Confugit ad lachrymas; & flexo poplite, frontem
Arboream demittit humi, vitamque precatus
Suppliciter, triſtes immurmurat ore querelas, &c.

Now faint and breathleſs in deſpair he tries
The aid of tears which fruitleſs ſwell his eyes:
In vain his weak and wearied knees he bends,
In vain his ſuppliant branching head deſcends;
He prays for life, with unavailing groans,
While ſobs his burſting heart with deep-drawn groans.

See B. 16. p. 317.

There is a fine picture of *rural melancholy* in the *Philaſter* of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, which deſerves to be compared with this. In *Jaques* we ſee a beautiful inſtance of *philoſophic tenderneſs*, in the following of *Innocence forlorn*.

——I have a boy,
Sent by the gods I hope, to this intent,
Not yet ſeen in the court; hunting the buck
I found him ſitting by a fountain-ſide,
Of which he borrow'd ſome to quench his thirſt,
And paid the nymph again as much in tears:
A garland lay by him, made by himſelf
Of many ſeveral flowers, bred in the bay,
Stuck in that myſtic order that the rareneſs
Delighted me: but ever, when he turn'd
His tender eyes upon them, he would weep,
As if he meant to make them grow again.
Seeing ſuch pretty, helpleſs innocence
Dwell in his face, I aſk'd him all his ſtory.
He told me that his parents gentle died,

To day my lord of *Amiens*, and myſelf,
Did ſteal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whoſe antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor ſequeſtered ſtag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languiſh: and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth ſuch groans,
That their diſcharge did ſtretch his leathern coat
Almoſt to burſting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent noſe
In piteous chace; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy *Jaques*,
Stood on th'extremeſt verge of the ſwift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke. But what ſaid *Jaques?*
Did he not moralize this ſpectacle?

1ſt Lord. O yes, into a thouſand ſimilies.
Firſt, for his weeping in the needleſs ſtream;
Poor deer, quoth he, thou mak'ſt a teſtament
As worldlings do, giving thy ſum of more
To that which had too much. Then being alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;
'Tis right, quoth he, thus miſery doth part
The flux of company. Anon a careleſs herd,
Full of the paſture, jumps along by him,

And

Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,
Which gave him roots, and of the cryſtal ſprings
Which did not ſtop their courſes: and the ſun,
Which ſtill he thank'd him, yielded him his light.
Then took he up his garland, and did ſhew
What every flower, as country people hold,
Did ſignify; and how all, order'd thus,
Expreſt his grief, and to my thoughts did read
The prettieſt lecture of his country art,
That could be wiſh'd, ſo that methought, I could
Have ſtudied it.———

See *Diſſertation on the Character of* Jaques *at the end of the play.*

And never ſtays to greet him: ay, quoth *Jaques*,
Sweep on, you fat and greaſy citizens,
'Tis juſt the faſhion; wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?
Thus moſt invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life: ſwearing, that we
Are mere uſurpers, tyrants, and what's worſe,
To fright the animals, and kill them up,
In their aſſign'd and native dwelling-place.

D. ſ. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

Amiens. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the ſobbing deer.

D. ſ. Show me the place;
I love to cope (16) him in theſe ſullen fits
For then he's full of matter.

Scene III. *Conſpicuous Virtue expoſed to Envy.*

Adam. What my young maſter? oh my gentle maſter,
Oh my ſweet maſter! O you memory (17)
Of old Sir *Rowland!* why what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, ſtrong, and valiant?
Why would you be ſo fond to overcome
The bony priſer of the humorous duke?
Your praiſe is come too ſwiftly home before you.
Know you not, maſter, to ſome kind of men (18)
Their graces ſerve them but as enemies?

No

(16) *To cope him*] i. e. To encounter him; to engage with him. *J.*

(17) *You memory*] i. e. Memorial. *S.* as well as *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, often uſe the word in this ſenſe. The wreſtler is called *bony* to characteriſe his ſtrength and bulk. So *Milton* ſays, Giants of *mighty bone*. See *W.* and *J.*

(18) Every reader is ſenſible of the beautiful ſimplicity of theſe ſpeeches, and the whole fine character of honeſt *Adam* in this play: I cannot give a better comment upon it than

No more do yours; your virtues, gentle maſter,
Are ſanctified and holy traitors to you.

Oh!

the following extract from that judicious performance the *Actor*, (p. 43. firſt edit.) "*S.* has given us many inſtances in which *ſenſibility* alone will do; in which power of voice or propriety of figure are not wanting, but if the player have only *feeling* in himſelf, he will make every body elſe feel with him ſufficiently. The character of the old ſervant *Adam* is of this kind: and had not good fortune rather than judgment thrown it into the the managers way, to give this part to Mr. *Berry*, perhaps they nor we had ever known, that in his proper walk, he is one of the beſt players of his time. When we ſee that honeſt veteran come upon the ſtage, his low condition, and his venerable locks, give us no room to expect elocution from him: all that we require in a character like this, is nature; and its utmoſt merit is the being ſtrongly felt by the performer: we did not know how ſtrongly it was poſſible for us to be affected, only by ſeeing that an actor was ſo, till this perſon entering with his young maſter, warn'd him from the houſe of his treacherous and tyrannic brother; and told him the danger of being too meritorious in ſuch a place of wickedneſs; [*Know you not, maſter*, &c.]——The poet has with great art introduced the old man's reaſon for loving this his young maſter, preferable to the elder and richer ſon, by making him call him the *memory of old Sir* Rowland. We are ſtrongly affected by the honeſty and friendſhip of this venerable ſervant, as he delivers to him, without much ornament, the cautions above mentioned: but how are our hearts ſtruck within us, when to the deſpair of his young maſter, on the thought of his flying to miſery and want, from the tyranny of his cruel brother, he anſwers——*But do not ſo*, &c.——The unfeigned tears that trickled down the player's cheeks, as he delivered this generous and noble ſpeech, were accompanied with thoſe of every ſpectator: and the applauſe that ſucceeded theſe, ſhewed ſufficiently the ſenſe of the audience, and ſpoke in the ſtrongeſt terms the praiſes of that ſenſibility, that feeling, which we are ſo earneſtly recommending to every other player."

The reader will find two characters that deſerve to be compared with this of *Adam*; the one in that excellent comedy,

Oh! what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

Reſolved Honeſty.

Orlando. What, would'ſt thou have me go and beg my food?
Or with a baſe and boiſterous ſword enforce
A thieviſh living on the common road?
This I muſt do, or know not what to do—
Yet this I cannot do, do how I can;
I rather will ſubject me to the malice
Of a diverted (19) blood, and bloody brother.

Gratitude in an old Servant.

Adam. But do not ſo; I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I ſav'd under your father,
Which I did ſtore, to be my foſter nurſe
When ſervice ſhould in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown.
Take that; and he that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the ſparrow,
Be comfort to my age! here is the gold;
All this I give you, let me be your ſervant:
Tho' I look old, yet I am ſtrong and luſty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood:
Nor did I with unbaſhful forehead woo
The means of weakneſs and debility:
Therefore my age is as a luſty winter,
Froſty but kindly; let me go with you,

I'll

medy, the *Captives of Plautus*, the other in the *Funeral*, or *Grief A-la-mode*, of Sir *Richard Steele*. See particularly the third ſcene of the ſecond act of the *Captives*, and of the *Funeral*, Act. 4. almoſt at the beginning, where *Truſty* comes to his lord's lodgings.

(19) *Diverted*], i. e. Eſtranged; turned out of the courſe of nature.

I'll do the ſervice of a younger man,
In all your buſineſs and neceſſities.
Orlando. Oh! good old man, how well in thee appears
The conſtant ſervice of the antique world,
When ſervants ſweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the faſhion of theſe times,
Where none will ſweat, but for promotion;
And having that, do choak their ſervice up,
Even with the having. (20) It is not ſo with thee—
But, poor old man, thou prun'ſt a rotten tree,
That cannot ſo much as a bloſſom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and huſbandry———
But come thy ways, we'll go along together,
And ere we have thy youthful wages ſpent,
We'll light upon ſome ſettled low content.
Adam. Maſter, go on; and I will follow thee,
To the laſt gaſp, with truth and loyalty—
From ſeventeen years till now almoſt fourſcore (21)
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At ſeventeen years many their fortune ſeek,
But at fourſcore, it is too late a week;
Yet fortune cannot recompenſe me better,
Than to die well, and not my maſter's debtor.

SCENE IV. *Lover deſcribed.*

(22) O thou did'ſt then ne'er love ſo heartily.
If thou rememb'reſt not the ſlighteſt folly,
That ever love did make thee run into;
Thou haſt not lov'd———
Or if thou haſt not ſate as I do now,
Wearying the hearer in thy miſtreſs' praiſe,
Thou

(20) *With the having*] Even with the *promotion* gained by ſervice is ſervice extinguiſhed. *J.*

(21) *Fourſcore*] He ſays in another place, "*Is old dog* my reward? Moſt true, I have loſt my teeth in your ſervice." See ſcene 6 and 7.

(22) *O thou*, &c.] See *Love*, Act 5. Sc. 2. of this play.

Thou haſt not lov'd——
Or if thou haſt not broke from company
Abruptly, as my paſſion now makes me,
Thou haſt not lov'd. (23)———

Modern Mode of Curteſy ridiculed.

Jaques. Well, then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you; but that they call compliments, is like the encounter of two dog-apes. And when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks for it.

SCENE VI. *Pathetic Scene betweem* Adam *and* Orlando.

Adam. Dear maſter, I can go no further, I die for food! Here lie I down, and meaſure out my grave. Farewell, kind maſter!

Orlando. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? live a little; comfort a little; chear thyſelf a little. If this uncouth foreſt yield any thing ſavage, I will be either food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my ſake, be comfortable, (24) hold death a while at the arm's end. I will be here with thee preſently; and if I bring thee not ſomething to eat, I'll give thee leave to die; but if thou dieſt before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well ſaid—thou look'ſt cheerly; and I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou lieſt in the bleak air. Come, I will

(23) *Thou haſt not lov'd*] See *Touchſtone's* humorous remarks, immediately following, on the ſame ſubject, and page 66 of Miſs *Aikin's* poems. *Johnſon* thinks, that from this paſſage *Suckling* took the hint of his ſong,

Honeſt Lover, whoſoever
If in all thy love there ever, *&c. &c.*
See *Sir J. Suckling's Poems.*

(24) *Comfortable*] i. e. Comforted.

will bear thee to ſome ſhelter, and thou ſhalt not die for the lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this deſert. Cheerly, good *Adam*, cheerly.

SCENE VII. *Deſcription of a Fool, and his Morals on the Time.*

Jaques. As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down, and baſk'd him in the ſun,
And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms—
In good ſet terms—and yet a motley fool.
Good morrow, fool, quoth I; *no Sir,* quoth he,
(25) *Call me not fool, till heaven hath ſent me fortune:*
And then he drew a dial from his poak,
And looking on it with lack-luſtre eye,
Says, very wiſely, *It is ten o'clock:*
Thus may we ſee, quoth he, *how the world wags:*
'Tis but an hour ago ſince it was nine;
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
And ſo from hour to hour we ripe and ripe;
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,

My

(25) *Call me,* &c.] *Fortuna favet fatuis, fortune favours fools,* is an old and well-known ſaying, *Publius Syrus* has it,

Fortuna, nimium quem fovet, ſtultum facit.
Whom fortune favours much, ſhe makes a fool;

which has much the ſame ſatirical turn as the line quoted in our author. *Ben Johnſon,* who is ever alluding to ſome ſort of learning or other, has ſeveral paſſages like this (as Mr. *Upton* has ſhewn)

Fortune, *that favours fools,* theſe two ſhort hours
We wiſh away. *Prologue to the Alchemiſt.*

And in *Every man out of his Humour*;

Sog. Why, who am I, Sir?
Mac. One of thoſe that *fortune favours.*
Car. The periphraſis of a fool. Act 1. Sc. 2.

My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools ſhould be ſo deep contemplative:
And I did laugh, ſans intermiſſion,
An hour by his dial.

Duke. What fool is this?

Jaques. O worthy fool! one that hath been a courtier, (26)
And ſays, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder-biſcuit
After a voyage, he hath ſtrange places cramm'd
With obſervation, the which he vents
In mangled forms: O! that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat!

A Fool's Liberty of Speech.

Duke. Thou ſhalt have one.

Jaques. It is my only ſuit: (27)
Provided that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion, that grows rank in them,
That I am wiſe. I muſt have liberty
Withal; as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I pleaſe; for ſo fools have:
And they that are moſt galled with my folly,
They moſt muſt laugh. And, why, Sir, muſt they ſo?
The

(26) See Act 5. Sc. 2. p. 57. In almoſt all of *S's.* plays we find a *fool* or *clown*, that is, a *licenſed* or domeſtic jeſter: which we are not to wonder at, ſince *fools* were, at that time, maintain'd in all great families, to keep up merriment in the houſe. In the picture of Sir *Thomas More's* family, by *Hans Holbein*, the only ſervant repreſented is *Patiſon*, the *fool*. This is a proof of the familiarity to which they were admitted, not by the great only, but by the wiſe.—In ſome plays, a ſervant or ruſtic of remarkable petulance and freedom of ſpeech, is likewiſe call'd a clown.—See *Johnſon* and the note p. 20.

(27) *Suit*] A quibble on the word, as meaning not only *dreſs*, but *petition*.

The why is plain, as way to pariſh-church:
He, whom a fool doth very wiſely hit,
Doth very fooliſhly, although he ſmart,
Not to ſeem ſenſeleſs of the bob. If not, (28)
The wiſe man's folly is anatomized,
Even by the ſquandering glances of the fool.
Inveſt me in my motley; give me leave
To ſpeak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanſe the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke. Fie on thee—I can tell what thou wouldſt do.

Jaques. What, for a counter, wou'd I do but good?

Duke. Moſt miſchievous foul ſin in chiding ſin:
For thou thyſelf haſt been a libertine,
As ſenſual as the brutiſh ſting itſelf:
And all the imboſſed ſores and headed evils,
That thou with licence of free foot haſt caught,
Wou'dſt thou diſgorge into the general world.

An Apology for Satire.

Jaques. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the ſea,
Till that the very very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I ſay, the city woman bears
The coſt of princes on unworthy ſhoulders?
Who can come in, and ſay, that I mean her;
When ſuch a one as ſhe, ſuch is her neighbour?
Or what is he of baſeſt function,
That ſays, his bravery is not of my coſt;
(Thinking, that I mean him) but therein ſuits

His

(28) *If not*, &c.] "Unleſs men have the prudence not to appear touched with the ſarcaſms of a jeſter, they ſubject themſelves to his power, and the wiſe man will have his folly *anatomized*, that is, *diſſected*, and *lay'd open*, by the *ſquandering glances* or *random ſhots* of a fool". *J.* who for *ſting* in l. 24 would read *ſly*.

His folly to the metal of my ſpeech.
There then, how then? What then? Let me ſee, wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him; if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himſelf; if he be free,
Why, then, my taxing like a wild-gooſe, flies
Unclaim'd of any man.

Diſtreſs prevents Ceremony.

The thorny point
Of bare diſtreſs, hath ta'en (29) from me the ſhew
Of ſmooth civility.

A tender Petition and Reply.

Orlando. Speak you ſo gently? pardon me, I pray you:
I thought that all things had been ſavage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of ſtern commandment. But whate'er you are,
That in this deſert inacceſſible,
Under the ſhade of melancholy boughs,
(30) Loſe and neglect the creeping hours of time?
If ever you have look'd on better days;
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
If ever ſat at any good man's feaſt;
If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,
(31) And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied—
Let gentleneſs my ſtrong enforcement be;

In

(29) *Hath ta'en*] *J.* propoſes *torn*, which is doubtleſs more elegant.

(30) *Loſe*, &c.] *An ſecretum iter & fallentis ſemita vitæ,*
Hor. Ep. 18. l. 1.

Or a ſafe private quiet, which betrays
Itſelf to eaſe, and cheats away the days. *Pooley.*

(31) *And*, &c.] *Non ignara mali miſeris ſuccurrere diſco.*
Acquainted with misfortune, I have learn'd,
To pity and to ſuccour the diſtreſs'd.
Trapp Æn. 1. v. 755.

In the which hope, I bluſh, and hide my ſword.
Duke. True it is (32) that we have ſeen better days,
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,
And ſate at good mens' feaſts; and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that ſacred pity hath engendered;
And therefore ſit you down in gentleneſs,
And take, upon command, what help we have,
That to your wanting may be miniſtered.
Orlando. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary ſtep
Limp'd, in pure love; till he be firſt ſuffic'd,
Oppreſs'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit!

The World compared to a Stage.

Thou ſeeſt we are not all alone unhappy—
This wide and univerſal theatre
Preſents more woeful pageants, than the ſcene,
Wherein we play.
Jaques. (33) All the world's a ſtage
And all the men and women merely players;
They

(32) *True it is*, &c.] This ſpeech affords a fine example of repetition. See *Milton's* Paradiſe Loſt, B. 4. ver. 640. In the ſixth line of the duke's ſpeech, *J.* would read *demand* inſtead of *command*: but the meaning is, "take, at your own *command*, or *pleaſure*:" all is at your *command*, agreeable to the common phraſeology of hoſpitable civility. When *Orlando* comes in with *Adam*, the duke ſays—ſet down your *venerable burden*—in which *S.* no doubt alluded to that line of *Ovid*,

——Patremque
Fert humeris, *venerabile onus*, Cythereius heros.

(33) *All the*, &c.] This compariſon of life to a ſtage-play, has been no uncommon one with the poets and other authors long before *S's.* time; but, I believe, we may

They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being ſeven ages. At firſt the infant,
Muling and puking in the nurſe's arms:

And

may challenge all that went before him, and all that have ſucceeded him, to equal the beauties of this ſpeech. Plays, before his time, were frequently divided into ſeven acts:—*Shakeſpear* has many paſſages to ridicule the falſe notions of military honour: ſee the foregoing play, p. 12. and n. 19. where *Maſſinger* has uſed this very expreſſive word—the *bubble honour*. *Warburton* obſerves upon the word *modern*, that *S.* uſes it in the double ſenſe that the *Greeks* uſed καινος, both for *recens* and *abſurdus*; though *Johnſon* thinks, that the meaning is, that the juſtice is full of *old* ſayings and *late* examples. *Steevens* ſays, *modern* means *trite*, *trifling*, and *not to the purpoſe*, and is a word in the uſe of which *S.* is very licentious. See of this play Act 4. Sc. 1,

Betray themſelves to modern cenſure.

On the word *Pantaloon*, *W.* obſerves, that *S.* alludes to that general character in the *Italian* comedy called *Il Pantalone:* who is a thin, emaciated old man, in ſlippers, and well deſigned, in that epithet, becauſe *Pantalone* is the only character that acts in ſlippers.—In the fragments aſcribed to *Solon*, there is a paſſage, (preſerved by *Philo* and *Clemens Alexandrinus*,) where he divides the life of man into ten parts or ſtages, which being ſomething in the manner, though greatly inferior to our author, I have here rendered from the *Greek*.

Παις μεν ανηϐος εων ετι νηπιος, ερκος οδοντων, &c.

The firſt ſeven years of wretched human breath,
Is almoſt wholly ſpent in cutting teeth:
And after ſeven more playful, uſeleſs years,
The riſing dawn of manhood juſt appears:
In the third age our limbs to ſwell begin,
And the beard blackens on the briſtly chin:
In the fourth age, at luſty twenty-eight,
Our active pow'rs, and vigour are at height;

And

And then, the whining ſchool-boy with his ſatchel,
And ſhining morning face, creeping like ſnail
Unwillingly to ſchool. And then, the lover;
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his miſtreſs' eyebrow. Then, the ſoldier:
Full of ſtrange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, ſudden and quick in quarrel;
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the canon's mouth. And then, the juſtice
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes ſevere, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wiſe ſaws and modern inſtances,
And ſo he plays his part: the ſixth age ſhifts
Into the lean and ſlipper'd pantaloon,
With ſpectacles on's noſe, and pouch on's ſide;
His youthful hoſe well ſav'd, a world too wide
For his ſhrunk ſhank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again towards childiſh treble, pipes,
And whiſtles in his ſound. Laſt ſcene of all,
That ends this ſtrange eventful hiſtory,
Is ſecond childiſhneſs, and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, ſans eyes, ſans taſte, ſans every thing.

SCENE

And in the fifth to marriage we incline,
Children to raiſe, and propagate our line:
The ſixth, our minds to buſineſs we apply,
And keep on worthy deeds unwearied eye:
Never is judgment ſo divinely ſtrong,
So wiſe the heart or eloquent the tongue,
As during both the ſeventh and eighth grave ſtage:
But all our powers the ninth declining age
Renders remiſs: if to the tenth, we ſave
Weak life, we then drop mellow'd to the grave.

SCENE X. *Ingratitude, A Song.*

1.

Blow, blow, thou winter-wind,
Thou art not ſo unkind,
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not ſo keen,
(34) Becauſe thou art not ſeen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Freeze,

(34) *Becauſe*, &c.] The ingenious Mr. *Edwards*, in his *Canons of Criticiſm*, (p. 54. the laſt edition) obſerves "this paſſage is certainly faulty, and perhaps it cannot be reſtored as *S.* gave it." I am ſorry to diſſent from a man who underſtands this author ſo well, but muſt own there appears no great difficulty in the paſſage. The author is comparing ingratitude to the north-wind, which he ſays "is not ſo unkind as man's ingratitude:" neither is its tooth ſo keen, [the pain given by it ſo great] as that given by the *tooth* or *bite* of ingratitude, for this reaſon, becauſe it is not ſeen, [it is not an object of our ſenſes as the miniſters of ingratitude are, which renders the pain they give us more ſenſible, as they are preſented to our view.] "Your breath, indeed, is very rude, but the pain occaſioned by it is not ſo keen as that occaſioned by ingratitude, becauſe you are no object of our ſenſes: you hurt us, but we ſee you not: the ungrateful man is before us, and therefore galls us the more." A very judicious gentleman, who, upon my propoſing the paſſage to him, was entirely of my opinion, afterwards ſent me the following ſhort explanation, which I the rather add, as a paſſage, which Mr. *Edwards* doubts, deſerves the exacteſt care.

"The bite of the winter-wind," ſays he, "is not ſo piercing, becauſe *inviſible*, as the wounds inflicted by man's ingratitude," *q. d.* the *former* inflicts a tranſient pain on the body, but the *latter* affects the mind with laſting anguiſh.—To explain it by another metaphor, a blow given by a *ſtranger*, or received from an *unſeen hand*, will not *pain* (i. e. *afflict*) me ſo much as a blow given me by a friend."

Quære would not the laſt line run better and be more expreſſive thus,

As friend *rememb'ring* not?

2.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter ſky,
Thou doſt not bite ſo nigh,
As benefits forgot:
Tho' thou the waters warp, (35)
Thy ſting is not ſo ſharp,
As friend remembred not.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Shepherd's Life.

Corin and Touchſtone.

Corin. And how like you this ſhepherd's life, Mr. *Touchſtone?* (36)

Touchſtone. Truly ſhepherd, in reſpect of itſelf, it is a good life; but in reſpect that it is a ſhepherd's life, it is nought. In reſpect that it is ſolitary, I like it very well; but in reſpect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in reſpect that it is in the fields, it pleaſeth

(35) *The waters warp.*] "The ſurface of the waters, ſo long as they remain unfrozen, is apparently a perfect plane; whereas when they are frozen, this ſurface deviates from its exact flatneſs, or *warps*. This is remarkable in ſmall ponds, the ſurface of which, when frozen, forms a regular concave: the ice on the ſides riſing higher than the middle."

Kenrick.

(36) *And how like you*, &c.] No ſituation in life is ſatisfactory to us: there is ſomething we like in all, but none, which we would chooſe to take up with *for better for worſe*. This impatience, this diſſatisfaction in the mind of man, proclaims aloud, that this world was never deſign'd as our place of reſt; and to refer us to *the grave*, is but infidel mockery ſurely. "I am well aware," ſays Mrs. *G.* "that after ſo ſerious a reflection, a paſſage ſo gay as that above, may be deemed too ſlight an illuſtration of the remark: but as it gave riſe to it, I ſhall make no farther apology; for even a ſtraw is an argument of Providence to the contemplative mind."

pleaſeth me well; but in reſpect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a ſpare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much againſt my ſtomach.

A Shepherd's Philoſophy.

—I know the more one ſickens, the worſe at eaſe he is; and he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends; that the property of rain is to wet; and fire to burn: that good paſture makes fat ſheep: and that a great cauſe of the night is lack of the ſun, and that he that hath learned no wit by nature or art may complain of good breeding, (37) or comes of a very dull kindred.

Clown. Such a one is a natural philoſopher.

Character of an honeſt and ſimple Shepherd.

Sir, I am a true labourer; (38) I earn that I eat; get that I wear; owe no man hate; envy no man's happineſs; glad of other mens' good: content with my harm; and the greateſt of my pride is, to ſee my ewes graſe and my lambs ſuck.

A Lover's Impatience.

Roſalind. Od's my complexion! doſt thou think, though I am capariſoned like a man, that I have a doublet

(37) *Good breeding.*] i. e. The want of good breeding. *Warburton* would read *groſs breeding*.

(38) *Sir, I am a true,* &c.] This ſhepherd ſays of himſelf in Act 2. Sc. 4. very poetically and almoſt in the language of *Virgil*, Ecl. 3. ver. 32,

> But I am ſhepherd to another man
> And do not ſheer the fleeces that I graze:
> My maſter is of churliſh diſpoſition,
> And little wrecks to find the way to heaven
> By doing deeds of hoſpitality.

doublet and hoſe in my diſpoſition? One inch of delay more is a South-Sea-off diſcovery. (39) I pr'ythee, tell me, who is it? quickly, ſpeak apace: I would that thou could'ſt ſtammer, that thou might'ſt pour this conceal'd man out of thy mouth as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd, bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I pr'ythee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

* * * * *

Alas the day! what ſhall I do with my doublet and hoſe?—What did he when thou ſaw'ſt him? What ſaid he? How looked he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he aſk for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when ſhalt thou ſee him again? Anſwer me in one word.

Celia. You muſt borrow me *Garagantua's* (40) mouth firſt; 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's ſize: to ſay ay, and no, to theſe particulars, is more than to anſwer in a catechiſm.

It is as eaſy to count atomies, as to reſolve the propoſitions of a lover.

Different Computations of Time, humorouſly deſcribed.

Roſalind. I pray you what is 't o'clock?

Orlando.

(39) *One inch*, &c.] *Johnſon* would read this—*Every inch* of delay more is a SOUTH-SEA DISCOVERY: i. e. every delay, however ſhort, is as tedious and irkſome as the longeſt voyage, as a voyage of diſcovery on the *South-Sea*. How much voyages to the *South-Sea*, on which the *Engliſh* had then firſt ventured, engaged the converſation of that time, may be eaſily imagined.

(40) Garagantua's *mouth*.] "*Roſalind* requires nine queſtions to be anſwered *with one word*. *Celia* tells her, that a word of ſuch magnitude is too big for any mouth, but that of *Garagantua* the giant of *Rabelais*." *J.*

Orlando. You ſhould aſk me what time o' day,—there's no clock in the foreſt.

Roſalind. Then there's no true lover in the foreſt, elſe, ſighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of Time, as well as a clock.

Orlando. And why not the ſwift foot of Time? Had not that been as proper?

Roſalind. By no means, Sir. Time travels in divers paces, with divers perſons.—I'll tell you whom Time trots withal, whom Time ambles withal, whom Time gallops withal, and whom he ſtands ſtill withall.

Orlando. I pr'ythee, whom doth he trot withal?

Roſalind. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage and the day it is ſolemnized. If the interim be but a ſe'ennight, Time's pace is ſo hard, that it ſeems the length of ſeven years. (41)

Orlando. Whom ambles Time withal?

Roſalind. With a prieſt that lacks latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one ſleeps eaſily, becauſe he cannot ſtudy; and the other lives merrily, becauſe he feels no pain: the one lacking the burden of lean and waſteful learning; and the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury. Theſe Time ambles withal.

Orlando. Whom doth he gallop withal?

Roſalind. With a thief to the gallows; for tho' he go ſoftly as foot can fall, he thinks himſelf too ſoon there.

Orlando. Who ſtays it withal?

Roſalind. With lawyers in the vacation, for they ſleep between term and term; and then they perceive not how Time moves.

A Lover

(41) *Seven years.*] In *Much ado*, &c. Act 2. Sc. 1. he ſays "Time goes on crutches, till Love have all his rites."

A Lover deſcribed.

A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and ſunken, which you have not; an unqueſtionable (42) ſpirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not;——but I pardon you for that; for ſimply your having no beard is a younger brother's revenue——then your hoſe ſhould be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your ſleeve unbuttoned, your ſhoe untied, and every thing about you demonſtrating a careleſs deſolation: but you are no ſuch man, you are rather point-device in your accoutrements, as loving yourſelf, than ſeeming the lover of any other.(43)

SCENE III. *Humorous Remark on Beauty, Honeſty and Homelineſs.*

Clown. Honeſty coupled to beauty is to have honey ſauce to ſugar! and to caſt away honeſty upon a foul ſlut, were to put good meat in an unclean diſh.

SCENE IV. *A Lover's Reſentment.*

Enter Roſalind and Celia.

Roſalind. Never talk to me (44)—I will weep.

Celia.

(42) *An unqueſtionable ſpirit.*] i. e. A ſpirit not *inquiſitive*, a mind indifferent to common objects, and negligent of common occurrences.—This ſhe mentions, as *Orlando* had been curious in his enquiries of her.—*S.* here uſes a paſſive for an active mode of ſpeech: ſo in a former ſcene, "*the Duke* is too *diſputable*, for me," that is, too *diſputatious*. *J.* Another commentator aſks, may not unqueſtionable mean, *unwilling to be converſed with?*

(43) *Any other*] See the paſſage and note p. 32.

(44) *Never talk*, &c.] The abrupt commencement of this dialogue leads us to ſuppoſe, that it is but the continuation of one they had engaged in before their appearance in

Celia. Do, I pr'ythee; but yet have the grace to conſider tears do not become a man.

Roſalind. But have I not cauſe to weep?

Celia. As good cauſe as one would deſire, therefore, weep.

Roſalind. His very hair is of the diſſembling colour.

Celia. Something browner than *Judas's*.—Marry, his kiſſes are *Judas's* own children.

Roſalind. No, faith, his hair is of a good colour.

Celia. An excellent colour, your cheſnut hair was ever the only colour.

Roſalind. And his kiſſing is as full of ſanctity, as the touch of holy beard.

Celia. He hath bought a pair of caſt lips of *Diana*; a nun of *Winter's* ſiſterhood kiſſes not more religiouſly; the very ice of chaſtity is in them.

SCENE V. *Scornful Love.*

Silvius. The common executioner,
Whoſe heart the accuſtom'd ſight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But

in this ſcene, in which *Celia* had been endeavouring to quiet *Roſalind's* fears, upon her lover's having broke his promiſe of meeting her, and whether from being tired with her obſtinacy, or reſolving to try her ſincerity, ſhe here ſeems to join in her reſentment, by agreeing with her in every thing; which has an effect very natural in all ſuch caſes, that the plaintiff immediately becomes defendant, whenever the perſon beloved happens to be cenſured by any one elſe but themſelves.

Hermione ſays,

My heart, tho' full of rage, was free from malice,
And all my anger but exceſs of love.

"The danger of interfering between man and wife, I ſhould hope ariſes from this principle. Reſentments may interrupt affection, but they muſt riſe to ſomething more, to cancel one that ever has been thoroughly conceived." Mrs. *G.*

But firſt begs pardon; Will you ſterner be
Than he that eyes, (45) and lives by, bloody drops?
Phœbe. I would not be thy executioner:
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'ſt me, there is murder in mine eye;
'Tis pretty, ſure, and very probable,
That eyes,—that are the frail'ſt and ſofteſt things,
Who ſhut their coward gates on atomies,—
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart,
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:
Now counterfeit to ſwoon; why, now fall down;
Or if thou can'ſt not, O, for ſhame, for ſhame,
Lie not, to ſay mine eyes are murderers.
Now ſhew the wound mine eye hath made in thee:
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some ſcar of it; lean but upon a ruſh,
The cicatrice and capable impreſſure
Thy palm ſome moment keeps: but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
Nor, I am ſure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt to any.
Silvius. O dear *Phœbe*,
If ever (as that ever may be near)
You meet in ſome freſh cheek the power of fancy
Then ſhall you know the wounds inviſible
That Love's keen arrows make.

Scorn retorted.

Od's my little life!
I think ſhe means to tangle mine eyes too.
No, faith, proud miſtreſs, hope not after it;
'Tis not your inky brows, your black ſilk hair,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
That

(45) *That eyes and lives by.*] Thus *Capell:* and the ſecond line ſhews the truth of the reading "*the ſight of death* makes hard." This is commonly read, *that dies and lives by.*

That can entame my ſpirits to your worſhip.
You fooliſh ſhepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy ſouth, puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thouſand times a properer man,
Than ſhe a woman: 'Tis ſuch fools as you
That makes the world full of ill-favoured children.
'Tis not her glaſs, but you, that flatters her
And out of you ſhe ſees herſelf more proper
Than any of her lineaments can ſhow her.
But, miſtreſs, know yourſelf; down on your knees
And thank heaven, faſting, for a good man's love:
For I muſt tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can, you are not for all markets.
Cry the man mercy, love him, take his offer;
(46) Foul is moſt foul, being foul to be a ſcoffer.

Tender Love.

So holy, and ſo perfect is my love,
And I in ſuch a poverty of grace,
That I ſhall think it a moſt plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harveſt reaps: looſe now and then
A ſcatter'd ſmile, and that I'll live upon.

Real Love diſſembled.

Think not, I love him, though I aſk for him;
'Tis but a peeviſh boy;—yet he talks well:—
But

(46) *Foul*, &c.] i. e. The ugly ſeem moſt ugly, when they are ſcoffers as well as ugly. This is a juſt thought, ſays Mrs. *G.* and it would be well if it were more attended to. No perſons have a right to cenſure others, who are not free from blame themſelves: this maxim if extended to the ſtrictneſs of it, would ſilence all ſcandal, detraction, and reproach; and indeed it has been often obſerved, that the moſt faultleſs, are generally the leaſt ſevere. Heaven has more mercy than men.

But what care I for words? Yet words do well,
When he, that ſpeaks them, pleaſes thoſe that hear.
It is a pretty youth;—not very pretty;—
But ſure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him:
He'll make a proper man; the beſt thing in him
Is his complexion: and faſter than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall;—yet for his years he's tall;
His leg is but ſo ſo; and yet 'tis well;
There was a pretty redneſs in his lip,
A little riper, and more luſty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas juſt the difference
Betwixt the conſtant red and mingled damaſk.
There be ſome women, *Silvius*, had they mark'd him
In parcels, as I did, wou'd have gone near
To fall in love with him; but for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cauſe to hate him than to love him;
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He ſaid mine eyes were black, and my hair black;
And, now I am remembred, ſcorn'd at me:
I marvel, why I anſwer'd not again;
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The different Sorts of Melancholy.

Jaques. I have neither the ſcholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the muſician's, which is fantaſtical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the ſoldier's, which is ambition; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all theſe. But it is a melancholy of my own, compounded of many ſimples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the ſundry contemplation of my

my travels, on which my often rumination wraps me in a moſt humorous (47) ſadneſs.

Conceited Traveller ridiculed.

Roſalind. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reaſon to be ſad: I fear you have ſold your own lands to ſee other mens'; then, to have ſeen too much and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.—Farewell, Monſieur traveller! Look you liſp and wear ſtrange ſuits; diſable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almoſt chide God for making you that countenance you are, or I will ſcarce think you have ſwam in a gondola. (48)

Punctuality in Love.

Break an hour's promiſe in love! He that will divide a minute into a thouſand parts, and break but a part of the thouſandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be ſaid of him, that *Cupid* hath clap'd him o' the ſhoulder, but I 'll warrant him heart-whole.

Marriage

(47) *Humourous.*] i. e. Humourſome. See *Roſalind's* reply, next paſſage; where taking advantage of the word *travels*, ſhe gives a deſcription of the *Alamode Pilgrims* of *S's* times, which may anſwer as well for the faſhionable emigrants of our owh days. Mrs. *G.*

(48) *Swam in a gondola.*] i. e. at *Venice*: *Venice* was at that time the polite goal, as *Paris* is at preſent; and like the latter, was the ſeat of all licentiouſneſs, where the young *Engliſh* waſted their fortunes, debaſed their morals, and ſometimes loſt their religion.—The faſhion of travelling, which prevailed very much in our author's time, was conſidered by the wiſer men as one of the principal cauſes of corrupt manners. It was therefore gravely cenſured by *Aſcham* in his *Schoolmaſter*, and by biſhop *Hall* in his *Quo Vadis*; and is here and in other paſſages ridiculed by *S. J.*

Marriage alters the Temper of both Sexes.

Say a day, without the ever: no, no, *Orlando*, men are *April* when they woo, *December* when they wed: maids are *May* when they are maids, but the ſky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a *Barbary* cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot againſt rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my deſires than a monkey. I will weep for nothing, like *Diana* in the fountain; and I will do that, when you are diſpoſed to be merry. I will laugh like a hyen, (49) and that when you are inclined to ſleep.

Cupid *(or Love's)* Parentage.

No, that ſame wicked baſtard of *Venus*, that was begot of Thought, conceiv'd of Spleen, and born of Madneſs, that blind, raſcally boy, that abuſes every one's eyes, becauſe his own are out, let him be judge, how deep I am in love.

SCENE III. *A fine Deſcription of a ſleeping Man, about to be deſtroyed by a Snake and a Lioneſs.*

(50) Under an oak, whoſe boughs were moſs'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity;
A wretched,

(49) *Like a hyen.*] The bark of the hyena very much reſembles a loud laugh. *St.*

(50) *Under*, &c.] I do not remember ever to have met a more pictureſque deſcription than the preſent: the old oak, the wretched man, the gilded ſnake, juſt approaching the opening of his mouth, gliding away at the ſight of *Orlando*, the poſture of the lioneſs, whoſe fury and hunger the author amazingly augments by telling us, *her udders were all drawn dry*, and her lying in expectation of the man's waking, are all imagined and expreſſed with the greateſt ſtrength of fancy, and

A wretched, ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay ſleeping on his back; about his neck
A green

and beauty of diction. In *Virgil's Gnat* there is a charming deſcription of a ſerpent about to ſting a ſleeping man, which, as I think *Spencer* has a good deal heightened it, I ſhall ſubjoin in his tranſlation.

For at his wonted time, in that ſame place,
An huge great ſerpent, all with ſpeckles pide,
To drench himſelf in mooriſh ſlime did trace,
There from the boiling heat himſelf to hide:
He, paſſing by with rolling wreathed pace,
With brandiſht tongue the emptie ayre did pride,
And wrapt his ſcalie boughs with fell deſpight,
That all things ſeem'd appalled at his ſight.

Now more and more having himſelf unroll'd,
His glittering breaſt he lifteth up on hie,
And with proud vaunt his head aloft doth hold:
His creſt above ſpotted with purple die,
On everie ſide did ſhine like ſcalie gold,
And his bright eyes glauncing full dreadfully,
Did ſeem to flame out flakes of flaſhing fire,
And with ſtern looks to threaten kindled yre:

Thus wiſe long time he did himſelf diſplace
There round about, when at the laſt he ſpide
Lying along before him in that place,
That flocks grand captaine, and moſt truſtie guide:
Eftſoones more fierce in viſage and in pace
Throwing his firie eyes on every ſide,
He cometh on, and all things in his way,
Full ſternly rends, that might his paſſage ſtay.

Much he diſdains, that any one ſhould dare,
To come into his haunt; for which intent
He inly burns and 'gins ſtraight to prepare
The weapons, which to him nature had lent;
Felly he hiſſeth, and doth fiercely ſtare,
And hath his jaws with angry ſpirits rent,
That all his track with bloodie drops is ſtained,
And all his folds are now in length outſtrained.

A green and gilded ſnake had wreath'd itſelf,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth, but ſuddenly
Seeing *Orlando*, it unlink'd itſelf,
And with indented glides did ſlip away,
Into a buſh; under which buſh's ſhade
A lioneſs, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like watch
When that the ſleeping man ſhould ſtir: for 'tis
The royal diſpoſition of that beaſt
To prey on nothing that doth ſeem as dead.

Converſion.

I do not ſhame
To tell you what I was, ſince my converſion
So ſweetly taſtes, being the thing I am.

ACT

The word *indented* in the text, is of the ſame derivation as *indenture*. *Indentata* (ſays *Skynner*) *ſeu denticula*, i. e. *acuminatim forma dentium inciſa*——*notched*, and going in and out like the teeth of a ſaw. *Milton*, in his fine deſcription of the ſerpent, B. 9. v. 496. applies the word in the ſame manner to the motion of the ſerpent.

Not with *indented* wave
Prone on the ground

I do not doubt but *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* had an eye on the latter fine lines in the text when they wrote

Can this *couch'd* lion,
Tho' now he licks and locks up his fell paws,
Craftily humming like a cat to cozen you,
But, when ambition whets him, and time fits,
Leap to his prey, and ſeiz'd once, ſuck it's heart out?
Bloody Brother, Act 2. Sc. 1.

ACT V. SCENE II.

Love.

Phœbe. (51) Good ſhepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Silvius. It is to be made all of ſighs and tears:
It is to be made all of faith and ſervice;
It is to be all made of fantaſie,
All made of paſſion, and all made of wiſhes:
All adoration, duty and obſervance;
All humbleneſs, all patience and impatience:
All purity, all trial, all obſervance.

A com-

(51) *Good*, &c.] In the 33d and 46th pages the reader will find two deſcriptions of a lover; I deferr'd taking notice of them, till I came to this paſſage, that they might be all compared together, and with what *Speed* gives us of his love-ſick maſter, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and the following very pretty one, given of *Philaſter*, by his faithful *Bellario*, in the latter end of the ſecond act of *Philaſter*.

——If it be love
To forget all reſpect of his own friends,
In thinking on your face; if it be love,
To ſit croſs-arm'd and ſigh away the day,
Mingled with ſtarts, crying your name as loud
And haſtily as men i' th' ſtreets do fire;
If it be love to weep himſelf away,
When he but hears of any lady dead,
Or kill'd becauſe it might have been your chance:
If when he goes to reſt, (which will not be)
'Twixt ev'ry pray'r he ſays, he names you once,
As others drop a bead, be to be in love;
Then, madam, I dare ſwear he loves you

The repetition of—*if it be love*, is not unlike that in the 32d page, *Thou haſt not lov'd*. Neither is the deſcription unlike that well-known one in the firſt act of the *Eunuch* of *Terence*;

In amore hæc omnia inſunt vitia, &c.

Roſalind, in the third act, deſcribes, with great beauty and ſpirit, the fantaſtic nature of love—" He was to imagine

Common Apology of fine Singers ridiculed.

Shall we clap into 't roundly, without hawking or ſpitting, or ſaying we are (52) hoarſe; which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

SCENE IV. *The Uncertainty of Opinion in Anxiety.*

Duke. Doſt thou believe, *Orlando*, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promiſed?

Orlando.

me, ſays ſhe, his love, his miſtreſs; and I ſet him every day to woo me: at which time I, being but a mooniſh youth, would grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking: proud, fantaſtical, apiſh, ſhallow, inconſtant, full of tears, full of ſmiles; for every paſſion ſomething, and for no paſſion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the moſt part cattle of this colour: wou'd now like him, now loath him: then entertain him, then forſwear him: now weep for him, then ſpit at him; that I drove my ſuitor from his mad humour of love to a living humour of madneſs; which was to forſwear the full ſtream of the world, and to live in a nook, merely monaſtick: and thus I cur'd him—and this way will I take upon me to waſh your liver as clear as a ſound ſheep's heart, that there ſhall not be one ſpot of love in it!"—*S.*—as his female moraliſt obſerves, and in obſerving ſupplies a mutual apology for *our* producing ſo many paſſages on the topic of *love*—deſcribes no paſſion more frequently or more poetically than that of love: and as it is the one, which by its deſpotiſm in our youthful years, often forms the deſtiny of our future life, and holds ſo immediate a relation to morals, we ſhould ſuffer no paſſage to go unnoticed, however humorouſly or ludicrouſly expreſſed, which either defines its nature or remarks upon its effects.

(52) *Saying we are*, &c.] This is exactly ſimilar to the well-known paſſage in *Horace*. Lib. 1. Sat. 3.

Omnibus hoc vitium eſt Cantoribus, inter amicos
Ut nunquam inducant animum cantare rogati, &c.

Orlando. I ſometimes do believe, and ſometimes do not, As thoſe that fear, they hope, and know they fear. (53)

A Courtier.

(54) If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a meaſure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politick with my friend, ſmooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had three quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Honeſty in low Life.

Rich honeſty (55) dwells like a miſer, Sir, in a poor houſe, as your pearl in your foul oyſter.

Duelling ridiculed.

Jaques. But for the ſeventh cauſe; how did you find the quarrel on the ſeventh cauſe?

Touchſtone. Upon a lye ſeven times removed; as thus, Sir,—I did diſlike the cut of the courtier's beard; he ſent me word, if I ſaid his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was. This is called the retort courteous. If I ſent him word again, it was not well cut, he would ſend me word, he cut it to pleaſe himſelf. This is called the quip modeſt. If again,

(53) *Know they fear.*] Dr. *Johnſon* reads,

As thoſe that fear with hope, and hope with fear.

Or,

As thoſe that fear, they hope, and now, they fear.

(54) *If any man*, &c.] Lord *Cheſterfield*, in his letters, has given ſome deſcriptions of *Courtiers*, and of the neceſſary accompliſhments, &c. to make ſuch kind of *tame animals*, which admirably ſuit with this deſcription of *S's*.

(55) *Rich honeſty*, &c.] Men who pretend to know the world, are apt to join in the above ſatire upon mankind, by ſaying what I am ſorry to repeat, that if we were to ſeek for honeſty, we muſt look for it, as the clown hints, among the middle ranks of life. Mrs. *G.*

again, it was not well cut, he diſabled my judgment. This is called the reply churliſh. If again, it was not well cut, he would anſwer, I ſpake not true. This is called the reproof valiant. If again, it was not well cut, he would ſay, I lye. This is called the countercheck quarrelſome. And ſo, the lye circumſtantial, and the lye direct.

Jaques. And how oft did you ſay his beard was not well cut?

Touchſtone. I durſt not go farther than the lye circumſtantial, nor durſt he give me the lye direct; ſo we meaſured ſwords, and parted. (56)

Jaques.

(56) *Meaſured ſwords*, &c.] This probably was an ancient uſage, to ſee whether the combatants had entered the liſts upon equal terms of chivalry.—In *Fletcher's Queen of Corinth* is a ſimilar paſſage to this before us.

Has he familiarly
Diſliked your yellow ſtarch, or ſaid your doublet
Was not exactly frenchified? or drawn your ſword,
Cried 'twas ill mounted? has he given the *lye*
In *circle*, or *oblique*, or *ſemicircle*,
Or *direct parallel*; you muſt challenge him.

The poet has, in this ſcene, rallied the mode of formal duelling, then ſo prevalent, with the higheſt humour and addreſs: nor could he have treated it with a happier contempt, than by making his clown ſo knowing in the forms and preliminaries of it. The particular book here alluded to is a very ridiculous treatiſe of one *Vincentio Saviolo*, intitled, *Of Honour and honourable Quarrels*, in quarto, printed by *Wolf*, 1594. The firſt part of this tract he entitles, *A diſcourſe moſt neceſſary for all gentlemen that have in regard their honours, touching the giving and receiving the* LYE, *whereupon the* DUELLO *and the* COMBATO *in divers forms doth enſue; and many other inconveniencies, for lack only of true knowledge of honour, and the* RIGHT UNDERSTANDING *of words, which here is ſet down.* In the chapter of *conditional lies*, ſpeaking of the particle IF, he ſays,—*Conditional lies be ſuch as are given conditionally, thus,*—IF *thou haſt ſaid ſo or ſo, then thou lieſt. Of theſe kind of lies, given in this*

Jaques. Can you nominate in order, now, the degrees of the lye?

Touchſtone. O, Sir, we quarrel in print, by the book, as you have books for good manners. I will name you the degrees. The firſt, the retort courteous; the ſecond, the quip modeſt; the third, the reply churliſh; the fourth, the reproof valiant; the fifth, the countercheck quarrelſome; the ſixth, the lye with circumſtance; and the ſeventh the lye direct. All theſe you may avoid, but the lye direct; and you may avoid that too, with an If. I knew when ſeven juſtices could not make up a quarrel; but when the parties met themſelves, one of them thought but of an If; as, If you ſaid ſo, then I ſay ſo: and they ſhook hands and ſwore brothers. Your If is the only peace-maker; much virtue in If.

SONG.

this manner, often ariſe much contention, whereof no ſure concluſion can ariſe. By which he means, they cannot proceed to cut one another's throat, while there is an *If* between. Which is the reaſon of *S's* making the clown ſay, *I knew when ſeven juſtices could not make up a quarrel; but when the parties themſelves were met, one of them thought but of an* IF, as, "if you ſaid ſo, then I ſaid ſo;" *and they ſhook hands, and ſwore brothers. Your* IF *is the only peace-maker; much virtue in* IF. *Caranza* was another of theſe authentic anthors upon the duello. *Fletcher*, in his laſt act of Love's Pilgrimage, ridicules him with much humour. See *Warburton.*—*Steevens* obſerves, that he had ſeen one of the *books for good manners*, ſpoken of in the text; and that it is intitled, "The Book of Nurture, or Schole of good Manners, for men, ſervants, and children, with *ſtans puer ad menſam*;" black letter, without date. *Malta*, ſays Mrs. *G.*, is the only place now where the old *Gothic* chivalry is ſtill preſerved, and where duelling is eſtabliſhed by law.

SONG. On Matrimony.

Wedding (57) is great *Juno's* crown,
O bleſſed bond of board and bed!
'Tis *Hymen* peoples every town,
High wedlock then be honoured:
Honour, high honour and renown,
To *Hymen*, god of every town.

(57) *Wedding* &c.] "I ſhall conclude my remarks on this play, with a ſong, which contains *my favourite moral*, ſays Mrs. *G.*"—and no wonder. This paſſage is very ſimilar to the *Felices ter & amplius* of *Horace*, Lib. 1. Ode 13. which take in the words of *Francis*:

Thrice happpy they in pure delights,
Whom love with mutual bond unites:
Unbroken by complaints or ſtrife,
Even to the lateſt hours of life.

General Obſervation.

"A novel, or rather, paſtoral romance, intitled, "*Euphues, golden Legacy*," written in a very fantaſtical ſtyle, by Dr. *Thomas Lodge*, and by him firſt publiſhed in the year 1590, in 4to. is the foundation of *As you like it*: beſides the fable, which is pretty exactly followed, the outlines of certain principal characters may be obſerved in the novel: and ſome expreſſions of the noveliſt—(few, indeed, and of no great moment) ſeem to have taken poſſeſſion of *S's* memory, and from thence crept into his play, ſays *Capell*.—"The fable is wild and pleaſing. But I know not," ſays *Johnſon*, "how the ladies will approve the facility, with which both *Roſalind* and *Celia* give away their hearts. To *Celia* much may be forgiven for the heroiſm of her friendſhip.—The character of *Jaques* is natural and well preſerved.—The comic dialogue is very ſprightly, with leſs mixture of low buffoonery, than in ſome other plays: and the graver part is elegant and harmonious.—By haſtening to the end of this work, *S.* ſuppreſſed the dialogue between the uſurper and the hermit, and loſt an opportunity of exhibiting a moral leſſon, in which he might have found matter worthy of his higheſt powers."—"It may be obſerved, with concern," ſays *Steevens*," that amidſt the general feſtivity at the cloſe of the play,

play, *S.* has forgot *old Adam*, whoſe fidelity ſhould have entitled him to notice, as well as to that happineſs, which he muſt neceſſarily have found on the return of fortune to his maſter.—The reader may perhaps be ſorry alſo to take his leave of *Jaques*, who appears to have no ſhare in the general joy, and remains behind unreconciled to ſociety. He has, however, filled with a gloomy ſenſibility the ſpace allotted to him in the piece, and preſerves that reſpect to the laſt, which is due to him, as an amiable ſolitary moraliſt, and a conſiſtent character—well worthy that ſerious inveſtigation, which the reader will be pleaſed to find given to ſo ſingular a perſonage, in the following agreeable diſſertation from Mr. *Richardſon's* ingenious *Analyſis*."

ESSAY

ESSAY

On the Character of the Melancholy Jaques.

JAQUES is exhibited to us in extraordinary circumſtances, and in a ſituation very romantic.

1ſt. Lord. To-day my Lord of Amiens and myſelf, &c. See p. 28.

The moſt ſtriking character in the mind of Jaques, according to this deſcription, is extreme ſenſibility. He diſcovers a heart ſtrongly diſpoſed to compaſſion, and ſuſceptible of the moſt tender impreſſions of friendſhip: for, he who can ſo feelingly deplore the abſence of kindneſs and humanity, muſt be capable of reliſhing the delight annexed to their exerciſe. But ſenſibility is the ſoil where nature has planted ſocial and ſweet affections: by ſenſibility they are cheriſhed, and grow mature. Social diſpoſitions produce all thoſe amiable and endearing connections which alleviate the ſorrows of human life, adorn our nature, and render us happy. Now Jaques, avoiding ſociety, and burying himſelf in the lonely foreſt, ſeems to act inconſiſtently with his conſtitution. He poſſeſſes ſenſibility; ſenſibility begets affection; and affection begets the love of ſociety. But *Jaques* is unſocial. Can theſe inconſiſtent qualities be reconciled? Or has *S.* exhibited a character of which the parts are incongruous, and diſcordant? In other words, how happens it that a temper diſpoſed to beneficence, and addicted to ſocial enjoyment, becomes ſolitary and moroſe? Changes of this kind are not unfrequent: and, if reſearches into the origin or cauſe of a diſtemper can direct us in the diſcovery of an antidote or of

a remedy, our preſent enquiry is of importance. Perhaps, the exceſs and luxuriancy of benevolent diſpoſitions blighted by unkindneſs or ingratitude, is the cauſe that, inſtead of yielding us fruits of complacency and friendſhip, they ſhed bitter drops of miſanthropy.

Averſion from ſociety proceeds from diſlike to mankind, and from an opinion of the inefficacy, and uncertainty of external pleaſure. Let us conſider each of theſe apart: let us trace the progreſs by which they eſtabliſhed themſelves in the mind of *Jaques*, and gave his temper an unnatural colour.

I. The gratification of our ſocial affection ſuppoſes friendſhip and eſteem for others; and theſe diſpoſitions ſuppoſe in their object virtues of a correſponding character: for every one values his own opinion, and fancies the perſon to whom he teſtifies eſteem actually deſerves it. If beneficent affections, ardent and undiſciplined, predominate in our conſtitution, and govern our opinions, we enter into life ſtrongly prepoſſeſſed in favour of mankind, and endeavour, by a generous and diſintereſted conduct, to render ourſelves worthy of their regard. That ſpirit of diffuſive goodneſs, which eloquent and benign philoſophy recommends, but without ſucceſs, to men engaged in the commerce of the world, operates uncontrouled. The heart throbs with aſtoniſhment and indignation at every act of injuſtice, and our bowels yearn to relieve the afflicted. Our beneficence is unlimited: we are free from ſuſpicion: our friendſhips are eagerly adopted; they are ardent and ſincere. This conduct may, for a time, be flattered: our fond imaginations may heighten every trivial act of complacency into a teſtimony of unfeigned eſteem. And thus, deceived by deluſive appearances, we become ſtill more credulous and profuſe. But the fairy viſion will ſoon vaniſh: and the novice who vainly truſted to the benevolence of mankind, will ſuddenly find himſelf alone and deſolate, in the midſt of a ſelfiſh and deceitful world: like

like an enchanted traveller, who imagines he is journeying through a region of delight, till he drinks of ſome bitter fountain, and inſtantly, inſtead of flowery fields and meadows, he finds himſelf deſtitute and forlorn, amid the horrors of a dreary deſart.

It ſeems an invariable law in the conduct of our paſſions, that, independent of the object they purſue, they ſhould yield us pleaſure, merely by their exerciſe and operation. It is known by experience, that the pain of diſappointed paſſion is not ſolely occaſioned by our being deprived of ſome deſirable object, but by having the current of the mind oppoſed; ſo that the excited paſſion recoils exaſperated upon the heart. The anguiſh of this ſituation is ſtrongly expreſſed by Seneca, "In anguſto incluſae cupiditates ſine exitu "ſeipſas ſtrangulant." There can be no doubt, that anger, malice, and all the malevolent and irregular paſſions, independent of their fatal conſequences, leave the mind in a ſtate of anxiety and diſorder. One ſhould therefore imagine, that ſatisfaction would ariſe from their being repulſed, and that men would felicitate themſelves for a recovery ſo eſſential to their repoſe. Reaſon, and ſelf-love may conſider it in this view, and our ſenſe of propriety may hinder us from complaining; but the heart is ſecretly dejected, and the unbidden ſigh betrays us. The gloom, however, is ſoon diſperſed. Yet it proves that the mind ſuffers more when its operations are ſuddenly ſuſpended, than when it languiſhes in a ſtate of liſtleſs inactivity. Thus, our benevolent intentions, conſidered merely as principles of action, partaking of the ſame common nature with other paſſions and abilities, if their tenor is interrupted, produce anxiety.

But the peculiar character of theſe diſpoſitions renders the anguiſh occaſioned by their ſuſpenſion more exquiſitely painful. They are of a ſoft exhilarating nature, they elevate and enlarge our conceptions, they refine our feelings, they quicken our ſenſibility, and ſtimulate our love of pleaſure; they diffuſe joy

and ſerenity through the ſoul, and, by a delightful illuſion, give every thing around us a ſmiling and enlivened aſpect. To a mild and benevolent temper, even inanimate objects, the beauties of nature, the ſkies, the groves, and the fountains, communicate unuſual pleaſure, and of a quality too refined to be reliſhed by vulgar and malignant ſpirits. But, proportioned to the delight annexed to the exerciſe of ſocial affections, is the pain ariſing from their ſuſpenſion.

Social affections confer happineſs, not only by the feelings they excite in us, but by procuring us the friendſhip and eſteem of others. Adequate returns of tenderneſs are eſſential to their exiſtence. By diſdain and indifference they languiſh; they render us anxious, and deſponding.

Other advantages leſs immediate, and which concern our fortune and external circumſtances, often depend on the benevolence and ſincerity of our friends. For, though it is contrary to the rules of prudence, and the maxims of the world, to repoſe ſuch entire confidence in the virtue of mankind as to render it poſſible for them to injure or ruin us; yet there are caſes of ſtrong neceſſity that mock reſerve; and there are inſtances of men ſo unſuſpecting, or ſo improvident, as to allow themſelves, by exceſſive facility, to be over-reached and undone.

The diſappointments of ſocial affection may give us uneaſineſs of another kind: they may offend againſt the good opinion we are apt to entertain of ourſelves; a principle rivetted in our conſtitution, uſeful and neceſſary in itſelf, but, by diſpoſing us to overweening conceit, liable to be perverted.

Pain and uneaſineſs give riſe to ſorrow; and ſorrow varies according to the ſources from which it flows: it is "either *gentle and languiſhing*," or "embittered with rancour and animoſity."

When the uneaſineſs ariſes from the ſudden and untoward ſuſpenſion of our emotions, or from the diſappointment

pointment of ſome ardent affection, it is of "a mild and dejected nature." It may diſpoſe us to remonſtrate, but not to inveigh. It is modeſt and unaſſuming. It even induces us to think indifferently of ourſelves, and by laying the blame on our own unworthineſs, to excuſe the inattention or diſdain of others.

Perhaps I was void of all thought,
Perhaps it was plain to foreſee,
That a nymph ſo complete would be ſought,
By a ſwain more engaging than me.

Sorrow of this tender complexion, leading us to complain, but not to accuſe, and finding remonſtrances and complaint ineffectual, retires from ſociety, and ponders its woe in ſecret.

Ye woods, ſpread your branches apace,
To your deepeſt receſſes I fly;
I would hide with the beaſts of the chace,
I would vaniſh from every eye.

The ſtate of mind produced by theſe emotions, is exhibited to us with uncommon tenderneſs and ſimplicity by *Orlando*. "If I be foiled, there is but one "ſhamed that was never gracious: if killed, but one "dead that is willing to be ſo: I ſhall do my friends "no wrong, for I have none to lament me: the world "no injury, for in it I have nothing: only in the "world I fill up a place which may be better ſup-"plied when I have made it empty." See p. 20, &c.

But, when ambition, avarice, or vanity are concerned, our ſorrow is "acrimonious and mixed with "anger." If, by truſting to the integrity and beneficence of others, our fortune be diminiſhed, or not augmented as we expected; or if we are not advanced and honoured agreeably to our deſires, and the idea we had formed of our own deſert, we conceive ourſelves injured. Injury provokes reſentment, and reſentment moves us to retaliate. Accordingly, we retaliate: we inveigh againſt mankind: we accuſe them

them of envy, perfidy, and injuſtice. We fancy ourſelves the apoſtles or champions of virtue, and go forth to combat and confound her opponents. The celebrated *Swift*, poſſeſſing uncommon abilities, and, actuated by ambition, flattered his imagination with hopes of preferment and diſtinguiſhed honour; was diſappointed, and wrote Satires on human nature. Many who declaim with ſolemn ſorrow and prolixity againſt the depravity and degeneracy of mankind, and overcharge the picture of human frailty with ſhades of the gloomieſt tincture, imagine themſelves the elected heroes of true religion, while they are merely indulging a ſplenetic humour.

On comparing the ſorrow excited by repulſed and languiſhing affection, with that ariſing from the diſappointment of ſelfiſh appetites, melancholy appears to be the temper produced by the one, miſanthropy by the other. Both render us unſocial; but melancholy diſpoſes us to complain; miſanthropy to inveigh. The one remonſtrates and retires: the other abuſes and retires, and ſtill abuſes. The one is ſoftened with regret: the other virulent and fierce with rancour. Melancholy is amiable and benevolent, and wiſhes mankind would reform: miſanthropy is malignant, and breathes revenge. The one is an object of compaſſion; the other of pity.

Though melancholy rules the mind of *Jaques*, he partakes of the leaven of human nature, and, moved by a ſenſe of injury and diſappointment,

> Moſt invectively he pierceth through
> The body of the country, city, court.

Inſtigated by ſentiments of ſelf-reſpect, if not of pride, he treats the condition of humanity, and the purſuits of mankind, as inſignificant and uncertain. His invectives, therefore, are mingled with contempt, and expreſſed with humour. At the ſame time, he ſhews evident ſymptoms of a benevolent nature: he is intereſted in the improvement of mankind, and inveighs,

not

not entirely to indulge reſentment, but with a deſire to correct their depravity.

Duke. What, you look merrily?

Jaques. A fool, a fool, I met a fool in the forreſt,
A motley fool: &c. See p. 34.

This mixture of melancholy and miſanthropy in the character of *Jaques* is more agreeable to human nature than the repreſentation of either of the extremes; for a complete miſanthrope is as uncommon an object as a man who ſuffers injury without reſentment. Mankind hold a ſort of rank, and are in general too good for the one, and too bad for the other. As benevolence and ſenſibility are manifeſt in the temper of *Jaques*, we are not offended with his ſeverity. By the oddity of his manner, by the keenneſs of his remarks, and ſhrewdneſs of his obſervations, while we are inſtructed, we are alſo amuſed. He is preciſely what he himſelf tells us, "often wrapped in a moſt hu-"mourous ſadneſs." See p. 51. His ſadneſs, of a mild and gentle nature, recommends him to our regard; his humour amuſes.

A picture of this kind ſhews the fertility of *S's* genius, his knowledge of human nature, and the accuracy of his pencil, much more than if he had repreſented in ſtriking colours either of the component parts. By running them into one another, and by delineating their ſhades where they are gradually and almoſt imperceptibly blended together, the extent and delicacy of his conceptions, and his amazing powers of execution are fully evident. Violent and impetuous paſſions are obvious, their colours are vivid, their features ſtrongly marked, they may eaſily be diſcerned and eaſily copied. But the ſenſibility of the ſoul flows out in a variety of emotions and feelings, whoſe impulſes are leſs apparent, and whoſe progreſs and operation may eſcape the notice of ſuperficial obſervers; but whoſe influence in governing the conduct, and faſhioning the tempers of mankind, is more extenſive than

than we are apt to imagine. Affections and paſſions which gain an aſcendant in the ſoul by ſilent and unobſerved approaches, which, inſtead of impelling, ſeduce, and are not perceptible in the geſtures or countenances till they have eſtabliſhed a peculiar habit or temper, are repreſented to us by thoſe only whom nature has diſtinguiſhed; and whom, by rendering them exquiſitely ſuſceptible of every feeling, ſhe has rendered ſupremely happy, or miſerable beyond the common lot of humanity. To men of this character, endowed with lively imaginations, and a talent of eaſy expreſſion, the moſt delicate emotions and affections of the ſoul ſubmit themſelves, ſuffering them to copy their true appearance, and exhibit them for the profit and pleaſure of mankind: like thoſe aërial agents, the ſylphs, fairies, and other divinities of the poets, that preſide over the ſeaſons, and regulate the progreſs of vegetation, but which can only be rendered viſible by the ſpells and authority of a ſkilful magician.

II. "That *Jaques*, on account of diſappointments in friendſhip, ſhould become reſerved and cenſorious, is conſiſtent with human nature: but is it natural that he ſhould abjure pleaſure, and conſider the world and every enjoyment of ſenſe as frivolous and inexpedient?" Ought he not rather to have recurred to them for conſolation, and to have ſought in them wherewithal to have relieved and ſolaced him? On the contrary, he expatiates with ſatisfaction on the inſufficiency of human happineſs, and on the inſignificance of our purſuits.

All the world's a ſtage, &c. See p. 38, &c.

That the heart, ſorrowful and dejected by the repulſe of an ardent paſſion, is averſe from pleaſure of every kind, has been often obſerved. The mind, in a gay and healthful ſtate, receives hopes and enjoyment from every object around us. The ſame objects, if we languiſh and deſpond, are regarded with diſguſt or indifference. "What path of life would you purſue?"

purſue ?" ſaid *Poſeidippus*, moroſe and out of humour with his condition : " In public you are perplexed with buſineſs and contention : at home, you are tired with cares : in the country you are fatigued with labour : at ſea, you are expoſed to danger : in a foreign land, if rich, you are fearful, if poor, neglected : have you a wife ? expect ſorrow : unmarried ? your life is irkſome : children will make you anxious : childleſs, your life is lonely : youth is fooliſh : and grey-hairs feeble. Upon the whole, the wiſe man would chooſe either not to have exiſted, or to have died the moment of his birth." " Chooſe any path of life," replies the chearful *Metrodorus* : " In the forum are profits and wiſe debates : at home, relaxation : in the country, the bounty of nature : the ſea-faring life is gainful : in a foreign land, if wealthy, you are reſpected ; if poor, nobody knows it : are you married ? your houſe is chearful : unmarried ? you live without care : children afford delight : childleſs, you have no ſorrow : youth is vigorous : and old-age venerable. The wiſe man, therefore, would not chooſe but to have exiſted." Moroſe and ſplenetic moments are tranſient ; the ſoul recovers from them as from a lethargy, exerts her activity, and purſues enjoyment : but, in the temper of *Jaques*, moroſeneſs is become habitual : he abandons the world, he contemns its pleaſures, and buries himſelf in a cloiſter. The cauſe of this exceſſive ſeverity requires a particular explanation.

Among the various deſires and propenſities implanted by nature in the conſtitution of every individual, ſome one paſſion, either by original and ſuperior vigour, or by reiterated indulgence, gains an aſcendant in the ſoul, and ſubdues every oppoſing principle ; it unites with deſires and appetites that are not of an oppoſite tendency, it bends them to its pleaſure, and in their gratification purſues its own. The man whoſe governing paſſion is pride, may alſo be

ſocial

ſocial and beneficent, he may love his friends, and rejoice in their good fortune; but, even in their company, the deſire of impreſſing them with an idea of his own importance, forever obtruding itſelf, produces diſguſt and averſion. The ruling paſſion, blended with others, augments their vehemence, and conſequently enhances their pleaſure: for the pleaſure ariſing from the gratification of any paſſion, is proportioned to its force. Moreover, the ſenſations ariſing from the indulgence of the governing principle will neceſſarily be combined with thoſe ariſing from the gratification of other appetites and deſires; ſo intimately combined, that their union is not eaſily diſcerned, but by thoſe who are accuſtomed to reflect on their feelings: yet, by their union, they affect the mind with a ſtronger impulſe than if they were ſeparately excited. Suppoſe the ruling paſſion thwarted: it ceaſes to operate with ſucceſs: the force it communicated to other paſſions is withdrawn; conſequently, their vehemence ſuffers abatement; and, conſequently, the pleaſure they yield is leſſened. By the diſcomfiture and diſappointment of the governing principle, the pleaſure ariſing from its gratification is no longer united with that ariſing from other active but ſubordinate principles: and thus, the pleaſure reſulting from ſubordinate principles, by the failure and abſence of the adventitious pleaſure with which it was formerly accompanied, is ſenſibly diminiſhed. It is, therefore, manifeſt, that, if ſocial and beneficent affections, by gaining a ſuperiority in the conſtitution, have heightened every other enjoyment, and if their exerciſe is ſuſpended by diſappointment, all the pleaſures of ſenſe or of ambition which formerly contributed to our felicity, though in themſelves they are ſtill the ſame; yet, being reft of their better part, of the ſpirit that enlivened them, they ſtrike the mind ſo feebly, as only to awaken its attention to the loſs it hath ſuſtained; and, inſtead of affording comfort, they aggravate our misfortune. We eſtimate their importance,

importance, not as they really are, but as they affect us in our preſent ſtate; we undervalue and deſpiſe them.

We may alſo obſerve, that ſocial and beneficent affections are in their own nature gay and exhilirating; and that, by extending their influence to other paſſions not oppoſed to them, they accelerate their motions and augment their vivacity. They animate, and even inflame the inferior appetites; and where reaſon, and other ſerious principles are not inveſted with ſupreme authority, they expoſe us to the anarchy of unlawful paſſions. There are many inſtances of men betrayed into habits of profligacy and diſſipation, by the influence of their ſocial affections. Theſe men, diſappointed and chagrined with the world, and conſequently, with every pleaſure, to whoſe energy the love of ſociety coutributed, conſider the enjoyments ariſing from inferior appetites, not as they really are, when governed and guided by reaſon, but immoderate and pernicious, agreeably to their own experience. Reformed profligates are in general the moſt eloquent teachers of abſtinency and ſelf-denial. *Polemo*, converted by *Xenocrates* from a courſe of wild extravagance, became eminent in the ſchool of *Plato*. The wiſdom of *Solomon* was, in like manner, the child of folly. And the melancholy *Jaques* would not have moralized ſo profoundly, had he not been, as we are told in the play, a diſſipated and ſenſual libertine.

To the foregoing obſervations, and to the conſiſtency of *Jaques's* character, one thing may be objected: "He is fond of muſic. But ſurely muſic is "an enjoyment of ſenſe; it affords pleaſure; it is "admitted to every joyous ſcene, and augments their "gaiety. How can this be explained?"

Though action ſeems eſſential to our happineſs, the mind never exerts itſelf, unleſs it be actuated by ſome paſſion or deſire. Thinking appears to be neceſſary to its exiſtence; for ſurely that quality is neceſſary,

ceſſary, without which the object cannot be conceived. But the exiſtence of thinking depends upon thoughts or ideas: and, conſequently, whether the mind is active or not, ideas are preſent to the thinking faculty. The motions and laws obſerved by our thoughts in the impreſſions they make on us, vary according as the ſoul may be influenced by various paſſions. At one time, they move with incredible celerity; they ſeem to ruſh upon us with the wildeſt diſorder; and thoſe of the moſt oppoſite character and complexion unite in the ſame aſſemblage. At other times, they are ſlow, regular, and uniform. Now, it is obvious, that their rapidity muſt be occaſioned by the eagerneſs of an impelling paſſion, and that their wild extravagance proceeds from the energies of various paſſions operating at once or alternately. Paſſions, appetites, and deſires are the principles of action, and govern the motions of our thoughts: yet they are themſelves dependent: they depend on our preſent humour, or ſtate of mind, and on our temporary capacity of receiving pleaſure or pain. It is always to obtain ſome enjoyment, or to avoid ſome pain or uneaſineſs, that we indulge the violence of deſire, and enter eagerly into the hurry of thoughts and of action. But, if we are languid and deſponding, if melancholy diffuſes itſelf through the ſoul, we no longer cheriſh the gay illuſions of hope; no pleaſure ſeems worthy of our attention; we reject conſolation, and brood over the images of our diſtreſs. In this ſtate of mind, we are animated by no vigorous or lively paſſion; our thoughts are quickened by no violent impulſe: they reſemble one another: we frequently return to the ſame images: our tone of mind continues the ſame, unleſs a deſire or wiſh intervenes, that our condition were ſome how different; and as this ſuggeſts to us a ſtate of circumſtances and events very different from what we ſuffer, our affliction is aggravated by the contraſt, and we ſink into deeper ſorrow.

Preciſely agreeable to this deſcription, is the character of "melancholy muſic." The ſounds, that is, the ideas it conveys to the mind, move ſlowly; they partake of little variety, or, if they are conſiderably varied, it is by a contraſt that heightens the expreſſion. The idea of a ſound has certainly no reſemblance to that of a misfortune: yet, as they may affect us in a ſimilar manner, it is probable they have ſome common qualities: and thoſe we have endeavoured to ſhow, conſiſt in the manner by which they enter the mind. Slow ſounds, gentle zephyrs, and murmuring ſtreams, are agreeable to the afflicted lover. And the dreary whiſtling of the midnight wind through the crevices of a darkſome cloiſter, cheriſheth the melancholy of the trembling nun, and diſpoſes her to a gloomy and auſtere devotion. So, the deſire of *Jaques* ſeems perfectly ſuited to his character; for the muſic he requires is agreeable to his preſent temper;

Blow, blow, thou winter wind, &c. See p. 41, &c.

Thus we have endeavoured to illuſtrate, how ſocial diſpoſitions, by being exceſſive, and by ſuffering painful repulſe, may render us unſocial and moroſe; how

Goodneſs wounds itſelf,
And ſweet affection proves the ſpring of woe.

If theſe reaſonings have any foundation in nature, they lead us to ſome concluſions that deſerve attention. To judge concerning the conduct of others, and to indulge obſervations on the inſtability of human enjoyments, may aſſiſt us in the diſcipline of our own minds, and in correcting our pride and exceſſive appetites. But to allow reflections of this kind to become habitual, and to preſide in our ſouls, is to counteract the good intentions of nature. In order, therefore, to anticipate a diſpoſition ſo very painful to ourſelves, and ſo diſagreeable to others, we ought to learn, before we engage in the commerce of the world,

"what

" what we expect from ſociety in general, and from " every individual*" But if, previous to experience, we are unable to form juſt judgments of ourſelves and others, we muſt beware of deſpondency, and of opinions injurious to human nature. Let us ever remember, that all men have peculiar intereſts to purſue; that every man ought to exert himſelf vigorouſly in his own employment; and that, if we are uſeful and blameleſs we ſhall have the favour of our fellow-citizens. Let us love mankind; but let our affections be duly chaſtened. Be independent, if poſſible; but not a Stoic.

* Bruyere.

III.

The Comedy of Errors.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Child-bearing prettily expreſt.

Herſelf, almoſt at fainting under
The pleaſing puniſhment that women bear.

SCENE II. *Cheats well-deſcribed.*

They ſay this town is full of cozenage ; (1)
As nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,
Dark-working ſorcerers, that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches, that deform the body,
Diſguiſed cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many ſuch-like liberties of ſin !

Man's

(1) *This town,* &c.] i. e. *Epheſus.* This was the character the ancients give of it. Hence Εφεσια αλεξιφαρμικα was proverbial amongſt them. Thus *Menander* uſes it, and Εφεσια γραμματα in the ſame ſenſe. *W.* who in the third line for *dark-working* propoſes to read *drug-working.* *J.* is for tranſpoſing the epithets, and reading *ſoul-killing ſorcerers,* and *dark-working witches.* I believe the reading as it ſtands is right : *S.* intended a contraſt between the *dark* or *ſecret-working ſorcerers,* who by their vile arts were ſuppoſed to *change the* MIND, to make ideots, and the *ſoul-killing* witches, who were ſuppoſed to ſell or forfeit their own *ſouls,* while they deformed and injured the BODIES of others. *Hanmer* would read in the laſt line, *libertines* for *liberties :* but they muſt have been inattentive to *S's.* ſtyle, who do not know that he frequently uſed the ſubſtantive for the adjective.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Man's Pre-eminence.

Why headſtrong liberty is laſh'd with woe. (2)
There 's nothing ſituate under heaven's eye,
But hath its bound, in earth, in ſea, in ſky;
The beaſt, the fiſhes, and the winged fowls,
Are their male's ſubjects, and at their controuls.
(3) Men, more divine, the maſters of all theſe,
Lords of the wide world, and wild watry ſeas,
Indu'd with intellectual ſenſe and ſouls,
Of more pre-eminence than fiſh and fowls,
Are maſters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Patience,

(2) *Laſhed*] The ſeamen ſtill uſe *laſh* in the ſame ſenſe with *leaſh*. *Lace* was the old Engliſh word for a *cord*, from which verbs have been derived differently modelled by the chances of pronunciation. When the mariner *laſhes* his guns, the ſportſman *leaſhes* his dogs, the female *laces* her cloaths, they all perform the ſame act of faſtening with a *lace* or *cord*. Of the ſame original is the word *windlaſs*, or more properly *windlace*, an engine by which a *lace* or *cord* is wound upon a barrel. *St.*

(3) *Men*, &c.] The reader will find many paſſages in *Milton* on the ſuperiority of man over all the creation.—*Adam* ſays, B. 12. v. 671.

> He gave us only over beaſt, fiſh, fowl,
> Dominion abſolute; that right we hold
> By his donation.

'Tis ſtrange all the editors (except the *Oxford* one) have paſſed over this paſſage, and read, *man* the *maſter*, *lord*, &c. *are maſters*, &c.—The folios might have directed them, which read—*ſouls*, in the plural to make the paſſage grammar—the folio reads too, *wild*, *watry* ſeas—which, as it appears preferable to *wide*, repeated, in which there is no peculiar beauty, I have adopted here; the reader will excuſe my obſerving theſe things, which, though trifling, are nevertheleſs neceſſary, and I have endeavoured to be as conciſe as poſſible. See *Taming of the Shrew*, Act 5.

Patience, eaſier taught than practiſed.

(4) Patience unmov'd, no marvel though ſhe pauſe;
They can be meek, that have no other cauſe:
A wretched ſoul, bruis'd with adverſity,
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much or more we ſhould ourſelves complain.

Defamation.

(5) I ſee, the jewel, beſt enamelled,
Will loſe its beauty: and tho' gold bides ſtill,
That others touch;—yet often touching will
Wear gold. And ſo no man that hath a name
But falſehood, and corruption doth it ſhame.

SCENE II. *Wife's Exhortation on a Huſband's Infidelity.*

Ay, ay. *Antipholis*, look ſtrange and frown,
Some other miſtreſs hath thy ſweet aſpects:
I am not *Adriana*, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou, unurg'd, wouldſt vow,
That never words were muſic to thine ear,
That never object pleaſing in thine eye,
That never touch well welcome to thine hand,
That never meat ſweet-ſavour'd in thy taſte,
Unleſs I ſpake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd to thee.
How

(4) *Patience* &c.] The next line explains this——"No wonder, ſays he, *patience* unaffected by any calamity, untouched by any grief, can pauſe for conſideration, can have leiſure to recollect herſelf, and in imagination exert her virtues;"——See *Much ado about nothing*, Act 5. Sc. 1.

(5) *I ſee*, &c.] *T.* and *W.* have corrected this paſſage judiciouſly; I read in the ſecond line—*And tho'*, —*tho'*, connecting the ſenſe, in my judgment, very properly—"And *tho'* gold indeed bides handling a long time,—*bides ſtill*—*yet* often handling or *touching* will wear even gold itſelf."

How comes it now, my huſband, O, how comes it,
That thou art then eſtranged from thyſelf?
Thyſelf I call it, being ſtrange to me;
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear ſelf's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyſelf from me:
For know, my love, as eaſy may'ſt thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulph,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition, or diminiſhing,
As take from me thyſelf, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Should'ſt thou but hear, I were licentious?
And that this body, conſecrate to thee,
By ruffian luſt ſhould be contaminate?
Would'ſt thou not ſpit at me, and ſpurn at me,
And hurl the name of huſband in my face,
And tear the ſtain'd ſkin off my harlot brow,
And from my falſe hand cut the wedding-ring,
And break it with a deed-divorcing vow?
I know thou canſt; and therefore, ſee, thou do it:
I am poſſeſt with an adulterate blot,
My blood is mingl'd with the crime of luſt;
For if we two be one, and thou play falſe,
I do digeſt the poiſon of thy fleſh,
Being ſtrumpeted by thy contagion.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Reſpect to Decency and the Opinion of the World, an excellent Bulwark to our Virtues.

Have patience, Sir, O, let it not be ſo, (6)
Herein you war againſt your reputation,

And

(6) *Have patience*, &c.] In this paſſage, ſays Mrs. *G.* a ſentiment of great propriety and delicacy is urged, in the perſuading a perſon from the commiſſion of an unſeemly action, even though the thing itſelf might be ſufficiently

And draw within the compaſs of ſuſpect
The inviolated honour of your wife.
Once this—Your long experience of her wiſdom,
Her ſober virtue, years, and modeſty,
Pleadon her part ſome cauſe to you unknown;
And doubt not, Sir, but ſhe will well excuſe
Why at this time the doors are made againſt you.
Be rul'd by me; depart in patience
And let us to the *Tyger* (7) all to dinner.
And, about evening, come yourſelf alone,
To know the reaſon of this ſtrange reſtraint.
If by ſtrong hand you offer to break in,
Now in the ſtirring paſſage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that ſuppoſed by the common rout (8)
Againſt your yet ungalled reputation,
That may with foul intruſion enter in
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead.
(9) For ſlander lives upon ſucceſſion;
For ever hous'd, where it once gets poſſeſſion.

ACT

juſtified in his own breaſt. "A reſpect to decency and the opinion of the world, is an admirable bulwark to our virtues." *Prior* ſpeaks very refinedly on the ſame ſubject:

Beyond the fix'd and ſettled rules
Of vice and virtue in the ſchools,
Above the letter of the law
Which holds our men and maids in awe;
The better ſort ſhould ſet before 'em,
A grace, a manner, a decorum:
Something, that gives their acts a light,
Makes them not only juſt but bright:
And ſets them in that open fame
Which witleſs malice cannot blame.

(7) *Tyger*] A tavern ſo called.

(8) *Suppoſed by*, &c.] That is, the world will be apt to frame ſuppoſitions, &c.

(9) See *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Act 3. Sc. 6. and *Hamlet*, Act 3. Sc. 2.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Documents for Wives, and the ill Effects of Jealouſy.

Abbeſs. Hath he not loſt much wealth by wreck at ſea?
Buried ſome dear friend? Hath not elſe his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A ſin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of theſe ſorrows is he ſubject to?
Adriana. To none of theſe, except it be the laſt;
Namely ſome love, that drew him off from home.
Abbeſs. You ſhould for that have reprehended him.
Adriana. Why ſo I did.
Abbeſs. But not rough enough.
Adriana. As roughly as my modeſty would let me.
Abbeſs. Haply, in private.
Adriana. And in aſſemblies too.
Abbeſs. But not enough.
Adriana. It was the copy of our conference:
In bed, he ſlept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the ſubject of my theme;
In company I often glanced at it:
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.
Abbeſs. And therefore came it, that the man was mad.
The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poiſon more deadly, than a mad dog's tooth.
It ſeems, his ſleeps were hinder'd by thy railing;
And therefore comes it, that his head is light.
Thou ſay'ſt his meat was ſauc'd with thy upbraidings;
Unquiet meals make ill digeſtions;
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred:
And what 's a fever, but a fit of madneſs?
Thou ſay'ſt his ſports were hinder'd by thy brawls.
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth enſue,
But moodie and dull melancholy,

(10) Kinſman to grim and comfortleſs deſpair?
And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop
Of pale diſtemperatures and foes to life.

SCENE II. *Ill Deeds and ill Words, double Wrong.*

'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in your looks at board;
Shame hath a baſtard fame, well managed;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.

Paſſionate Lover's Addreſs to his Miſtreſs.

Sing, ſyren, for thy ſelf, and I will dote;
Spread o'er the ſilver waves thy golden hairs;
And as a bed, I'll take them, and there lie;
And in that glorious ſuppoſition think
He gains by death, that hath ſuch means to die!

Droll

(10) *Kinſman*, &c.] It is objected by the critics againſt this paſſage, that the author makes *melancholy* firſt a *male* and then a *female*; a *kinſman* here, while in the next line, he ſays, at *her* heels; *Warburton*, therefore, at all adventures, condemns it as a *fooliſh interpolation* of ſome *ignorant editor*; and *Hanmer* reads, *akin* to grim. *S.* ſeems to have uſed the word in a general ſenſe for *relation*, and though the word properly ſignifies a *male-couſin*, yet it may expreſs a *couſin* or *relation* in general, as *homo*, though it properly ſignifies man, is not uncommonly applied to woman alſo. See, *As you like it*, p. 24. n. 12. The paſſage may be amended another way; though I think there is no occaſion for it, by reading, And at *their* heels,——*i. e.* the heels of *melancholy* and *deſpair*. In *Capel* we read

——Melancholy, kins-
Woman to grin, &c.

And he obſerves that diviſions of this kind are frequent in *Jonſon*, and other old writers. This ſpeech affords a good example of the *Socratic* mode of arguing. Quere, if the laſt line might not be read better,

Diſtemperatures, the foes to life?

Droll Deſcription of a Kitchen-wench.

Marry, Sir, ſhe's the kitchen-wench, and all greaſe; and I know not what uſe to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a *Poland* winter: if ſhe lives till doom's-day, ſhe'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

Deſcription of a beggarly Conjurer or a Fortune-teller.

(11)———A hungry, lean-fac'd villain,
A meer anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller,
A needy, hollow-ey'd, ſharp looking wretch,
A living dead man: this pernicious ſlave,
Forſooth took on him as a conjurer;
And gazing in my eyes, feeling my pulſe,
And with no face, as 'twere, outfacing me,
Cries out, I was poſſeſt.

Old Age.

Not know my voice! O time's extremity,
Haſt thou ſo crack'd and ſplitted my poor tongue,
In ſeven ſhort years, that here my only ſon
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?
Tho' now (12) this grained face of mine be hid
In

(11) See the deſcription of the apothecary in *Romeo* and *Juliet*, Act 5. Sc. 1.

(12) *This*, &c.] See the old father's reſolute ſpeech in *Much ado about nothing*, Act 4. Sc. 2.

In the two laſt lines there is no need of alteration; the old man ſays—*all theſe old experienced or accuſtomed witneſſes*, (above mentioned) *(I cannot err*, or be miſtaken in them) tell me thou art, *&c.*——I cannot err, ſhould be read in a parentheſis, and the ſenſe is clear. Some

In ſap-conſuming winter's drizzled ſnow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up;
Yet hath my night of life ſome memory;
My waſting lamp ſome fading glimmer left,
My deaf dull ears a little uſe to hear:
All theſe old witneſſes,—I cannot err,—
Tell me, thou art my ſon, *Antipholis*.

would read—*which* or *that* cannot err, to avoid, as they call it, ſo *uncouth* a parentheſis, but an attentive reader will perceive great beauty in the words ſo underſtood.

General Obſervation.

Of this play the "*Menæchmi*" of *Plautus* is moſt certainly the original: yet the poet went not, ſays *Capell*, to the Latin for it, but took up with an *Engliſh* "*Menæchmi*" put out by one *W. W.* in 1595, quarto. This tranſlation—in which the writer profeſſes to have uſed ſome liberties, which he has diſtinguiſhed by a particular mark—is in proſe, and a very good one for the time: it furniſhed *S.* with nothing but his principal incident, as you may in part ſee by the tranſlator's argument, following:

Two twin-borne ſonnes, a *Sicil* marchant had,
Menechmus one, and *Soſicles* the other;
The firſt his father loſt, a little lad,
The grandſire nam'd the latter, like his brother:
This (growne a man) long travel took to ſeeke
His brother and to *Epidamnum* came,
Where th'other dwelt inricht, and him ſo like,
That citizens there take him for the ſame;
Father, wife, neighbours, each miſtaking either,
Much pleaſant error, ere they meet togither.

It is probable that the laſt line ſuggeſted the title of *S*'s. play; "in which," ſays *Steevens*, "we find more intricacy of plot, than diſtinction of character, and our attention is not forcibly engaged, becauſe we can gueſs in great meaſure how it will conclude."

Love's

IV.

Love's Labour loſt.

ACT I. SCENE I.*

A laudable Ambition for Fame and true Conqueſt deſcribed.

King. Let Fame, that all hunt after in their lives
Live regiſter'd upon our brazen tombs;
And then grace us in the diſgrace of death.
When, ſpite of cormorant devouring time
The endeavour of this preſent breath may buy
That honour which ſhall bate his ſcythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors! for ſo you are (1)
That war againſt your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's deſires;—
Our late edict ſhall ſtrongly ſtand in force.
Navarre ſhall be the wonder of the world;
Our court ſhall be a little academe,
Still and contemplative in living arts.
Longaville. I am reſolv'd; 'tis but a three year's faſt;
The mind ſhall banquet, tho' the body pine—
Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankerout the wits.

Dumain.

* *Act*] I follow *Theobald's* and *Capell's* diviſion of this play.

(1) *For ſo you are*, &c.] See Proverbs, c. xvi. v. 32.

Dumain. My loving lord, *Dumain* is mortified: (2)
The groſſer manner of theſe world's delights
He throws upon the groſs world's baſer ſlaves—
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die:
With all theſe living in philoſophy.

Vanity of Pleaſures.

Why, all delights are vain: but that moſt vain,
Which with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain.

On Study.

Study is like the heav'ns glorious ſun,
That will not be deep ſearch'd with ſaucy looks;
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save baſe authority from others books:
Theſe earthly godfathers of heav'ns lights,
That give a name to every fixed ſtar,
Have no more profit of their ſhining nights,
Than thoſe that walk, and wot not what they are.
(3) Too much to know, is to know nought, but fame;
And every godfather can give a name.

Again:

(2) *Is mortified*, &c.] i. e. Not only reſigned to abſtinence, but abſolutely *mortified* by it already.——*With all theſe living*, &c. ſeems to mean, that "He lives with or finds all *theſe*," i. e. *love*, *wealth*, &c. in philoſophy.

(3) *Too much*, &c.] *i. e.* Knowing too much only renders our knowledge ſuperficial: and a deſire after great and univerſal *knowledge*, procures us nothing more than a bare acquaintance with the *fame*, report, or outſide of things, to which, *godfather* like, we give a name, but are utter ſtrangers to every thing elſe concerning them. *Seneca* ſeems to be of the ſame opinion with our author, where he ſays, that "to deſire more knowledge, than is ſufficient "for us here, is intemperance." *S.* however, in this ſcene, beautifully ſtyles *knowledge* an *angel*,—"that *angel*, *knowledge*." This paſſage may be referred to our *author* himſelf, and his *own* ſelf-creating *genius*.

Again:

So ſtudy evermore is overſhot;
While it doth ſtudy to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the things it ſhould:
And when it hath the thing it hunteth moſt,
'Tis won, as towns with fire; ſo won, ſo loſt.

Froſt.

An envious-ſneaping (4) froſt,
That bites the firſt-born infants of the ſpring.

The Folly and Danger of making Vows.

Neceſſity will make us all forſworn,
Three thouſand times within this three years ſpace:
For every man with his effects is born, (5)
Not by might maſter'd, but by ſpecial grace:
If I break faith, this word ſhall ſpeak for me,
I am forſworn on meer neceſſity.

A conceited Courtier, or Man of Compliments.

Our court, you know, is haunted
With a refined traveller of *Spain*;
A man in all the world's new faſhion planted,
That hath a mint of phraſes in his brain:
One, whom the muſic of his own vain tongue
Doth raviſh, like enchanting harmony:
A man of compliments, whom right and wrong
Have choſe as umpire of their mutiny.

This

(4) *Sneaping*] To *ſneap* is a word ſtill uſed in the North, ſignifying to *ſnub*, *chide*, or *rebuke*.

(5) *Effects*] *i. e.* Paſſions. *Johnſon* obſerves, that *Biron*, amidſt his extravagancies, ſpeaks with great juſtneſs againſt the folly of vows; they are made without a ſufficient regard to the variations of life, and are therefore broken by ſome unforeſeen neceſſity. They proceed commonly from a preſumptuous confidence, and a falſe eſtimation of human power.

This child of fancy, that *Armado* hight,
For interim to our ſtudies, ſhall relate
(6) In high-born words the worth of many a knight,
From tawny *Spain*, loſt in the world's debate.
How you delight, my lords, I know not, I,
But, I proteſt, I love to hear him lye;
And I will uſe him for my minſtrelſy.
Biron. *Armado* is a moſt illuſtrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, faſhion's own knight.

SCENE II. *Complete Man.*

Mot. You are a gentleman, and a gameſter, Sir,
Arm. I confeſs both; they are both the varniſh of a complete man. (7)

Quaint Deſcription of Love, by Armado.

Love is a familiar; love is a devil: there is no evil angel, but love. Yet *Samſon* was ſo tempted, and he had an excellent ſtrength: yet was *Solomon* ſo ſeduced, and he had a very good wit: *Cupid's* but-ſhaft is too hard for *Hercules's* club, and therefore too much odds

(6) *In high-born*, &c.] *i. e.* He ſhall relate to us the celebrated ſtories recorded in the old romances, and in their very ſtyle. Why he ſays *from tawny Spain*, is, becauſe theſe romances being of *Spaniſh* original, the heroes and the ſcene were generally of that country; why he ſays, *Loſt in the world's debate* is, becauſe the ſubject of thoſe romances were the Cruſades of the *European* Chriſtians againſt the *Saracens* of *Aſia* and *Africa*. See more reſpecting this character of *Armado* in the *General Obſervations* at the end of the play.

(7) *A complete man*] This deſcription proves that one of the characteriſtics of the preſent age is not quite *ſo modern*, as one might otherwiſe be apt to imagine. *Abbe Le Blanc* ſpeaking of the *Engliſh* paſſion for *gaming*, ſays, "They have a way of getting rich with little pains, or beggaring themſelves with little pleaſure." Mrs. *G.*

odds for a *Spaniard's* rapier. The firſt and ſecond cauſe (8) will not ſerve my turn; the paſſado he reſpects not, the duello he regards not: his diſgrace is, to be called boy; but his glory is, to ſubdue men. Adieu, valour, ruſt, rapier, be ſtill, drum; for your manager is in love, yea, he loveth. Aſſiſt me, ſome extemporal god of rhime, for, I am ſure, I ſhall turn ſonnetteer. Deviſe, wit; write, pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Beauty.

My beauty, tho' but mean,
Needs not the painted flouriſh of your praiſe;
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Nor utter'd by falſe ſale of chapmens (9) tongues,

A Wit.

In *Normandy* ſaw I this *Longaville*,
A man of ſovereign parts he is eſteem'd;
Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms:
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well:
The only ſoil of his fair virtue's gloſs,
(If virtue's gloſs will ſtain with any ſoil)
Is a ſharp wit match'd with too blunt a will;
Whoſe edge hath power to cut, whoſe will ſtill wills
It ſhould none ſpare that come within his power.

Pri. Some merry mocking lord, belike; is't ſo?

Mar.

(8) *Firſt and ſecond*, &c.] See *As you like it*, p. 89. laſt Act.

(9) *Chapmens*] *Chapman* here ſeems to ſignify the *ſeller*, not as now commonly the *buyer*. *Cheap* or *cheaping* was antiently the market, chapman therefore is *market-man*.

The meaning then is, that "the eſtimation of beauty, depends not on the uttering or proclamation of the ſeller, but on the eye of the buyer." *J.*

Mar. They ſay ſo moſt, that moſt his humours know.
Pri. Such ſhort-liv'd wits do wither as they grow. (10)

A merry Man.

A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never ſpent an hour's talk withal.
His eye begets occaſion for his wit,
For every object that the one doth catch
The other turns to a mirth-moving jeſt;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expoſitor)
Delivers in ſuch apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales;
And younger hearings are quite raviſhed;
So ſweet and voluble is his diſcourſe.

SCENE. II. *Faſhionable Coxcombs.*

No, my compleat maſter; but to jigg off a tune, at the tongue's end, canary (11) to it with your feet, humour

(10) *Do wither as they grow.*] This latter part of the character of *Longaville*, is a quality often hurtful to the perſons themſelves, infected with it. It often makes enemies, but never once a friend. Even thoſe, who are the moſt maliciouſly pleaſed with it againſt others, ſtill fear it againſt themſelves. *Sterne's* compariſon of the *jeſter* and *jeſtee* to the *mortgager* and *mortgagee*, is an excellent and juſt alluſion. The one may forget the debt, but the other will not only remember, but exact the penalty when pay-day comes. A *perſonal ſatiriſt* may be likened to a *hatchet-man* ſitting on the arm of a tree, with his face turned to the trunk, and cutting away before him: having diſmembered the branch, he falls himſelf to the ground with it. Mrs. *G.*

In line 3 *well-fitted* ſignifies *well-qualified*: and *match'd with*, line 7, means *combined* or joined with. *J.*

(11) *Canary to it.*] *Canary* was the name of a ſprightly nimble dance, from the *French*. In *All's well that ends well*,

humour it with turning up your eye-lids; ſigh a note and ſing a note; ſometime through the throat, as if you ſwallowed love with ſinging love; ſometime through the noſe, as if you ſnuft up love by ſmelling love; with your hat, pent-houſe like, o'er the ſhop of your eyes; with your arms croſs'd on your thin-belly doublet, like a rabbit on a ſpit; or your hands in your pockets, like a man after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a ſnip and away: theſe are compliments, theſe are humours, theſe betray nice wenches,—that would be betrayed without theſe, and make them men of note, (do you note me) that are moſt affected to theſe.

A comical deſcription of Cupid or Love.

O! and I, forſooth, in love!
I, that have been love's whip;
A very beadle to a humourous ſigh:
A critic: nay, a night-watch conſtable;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal more magnificent.
This whimpled, (12) whining, purblind, wayward boy,
This

well, Act 2. Sc. 1. the king ſays, *Make you dance canary*, with ſprightly fire and force.

Theſe are *compliments* means *accompliſhments*, as in the deſcription of *Armado*, Act 1. *A man of compliments.*

(12) *Whimpled*] The *wimple* was a hood or veil which fell over the face. Had *S.* been acquainted with the *flammeum* of the *Romans*, or the gem which repreſents the marriage of *Cupid* and *Pſyche*, his choice of the epithet would have been much applauded by all the advocates of his learning. In *Iſaiah*, ch. iii. ver. 22. we find, "the mantles, and the WIMPLES, and the criſping pins," and in the *Devil's Charter* to 1607 to *wimple* is uſed as a verb,

——But I *wimple* it,
Either with jewels or a lock of hair. *St.*

Capell reads, and perhaps truly,

This *whimp'ring*, whining, &c.

This (13) *Signior Julio's* giant-dwarf, Dan *Cupid*,
Regent of love-rhimes, lord of folded arms,
Th' anointed ſoverign of ſighs and groans;
Liege of all loiterers and malecontents;

Sole

(13) *Signior Julio's*, &c.] This is the reading of the *folios*; *Warburton* ſays, "by this is meant *youth* in general—" As I apprehend few readers will be ſatisfied with ſuch an explanation, let us ſee what other commentators obſerve. The *Oxford* editor reads *ſenior-junior*, "a criticiſm, *Theobald* tells us, once hinted to him, and which he readily came into; it ſeeming probable, that as there was a contraſt of terms in *giant-dwarf*, ſo there ſhould be in the words immediately preceding them. This *ſenior-junior*, i. e. this *old young man*: and there is indeed afterwards in this play a deſcription of *Cupid*, which ſorts very aptly with ſuch an emendation.

That was the way to make his godhead *wax*,
For he hath been five *thouſand* years a boy.

Though *Theobald* thought this conjecture exquiſitely imagined, he ventured not to diſturb the text, conceiving the author might allude to ſome tale or character in an old play, and he fancies it to be that of *Junius* in the *Bonduca* of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*. This ſhews, that judicious critic not to have had full conviction of the juſtneſs of the conjecture, and he ſeems to have mentioned the character of *Junius*, merely thro' want of a better. *Upton* appears to have hit upon what he wanted: one ſtroke of the pen (ſays he, *Obſervations on Shakeſpear*, p. 231) will ſet to rights this intricate paſſage.

This ſignior *Julio's* giant-dwarf, Dan *Cupid*.

Perhaps this place, and ſome few others of this play, were touched by *S's*. hand, for I cannot perſuade myſelf the play is altogether his own; and he intended to compliment *Signior Julio Romano*, *Raphael's* moſt renowned ſcholar, who drew *Cupid* in the character of a giant-dwarf. This great artiſt our poet mentions in the *Winter's Tale*, Act 5. ——"That rare *Italian* maſter *Julio Romano*——who, had he himſelf eternity, and could put breath into his works, would beguile nature of her cuſtom, ſo perfectly he is her ape."——This obſervation ſeems to carry full conviction.

Sole imperator, and great general
Of trotting 'paritors: (14) (O my little heart)
And I to be a corporal of his file, (15)
And wear his colours! like a tumbler, ſtoop! (15)
What? I love! I ſue! I ſeek a wife!
A woman, that is like a *German* clock, (16)
Still a repairing; ever out of frame,
And never going right, being a watch;
But being watch'd, that it may ſtill go right!

ACT III. SCENE I.

Ill Deeds often done for the Sake of Fame.

A giving hand, though foul, ſhall have fair praiſe—
But come, the bow:—Now mercy goes to kill,
And ſhooting well is then accounted ill.

Thus

(14) *Paritors*] That is, apparitors, who carry out citations from the ſpiritual court; and as they are moſt frequent for fornication, the apparitor is put under *Cupid's* government. *J.*

(15) *File and ſtoop. Warburton.*——Vulg. *Field and hoop.* In defence, however, of the old readings, it is obſerved, that *corporals of the field* are mentioned in *Carew's* Survey of *Cornwall* and by Sir *W. Raleigh*; and that in *Clayton's Martial Diſcipline*, 1591, there is a chapter on the office and duty of a *corporal of the field*, which is ſaid to have been a rank equal to a *captain of horſe*. It is ſuppoſed, that they were diſtinguiſhed by a particular ſaſh or uniform. And for the *tumbler's hoop*—the notion is not, ſays *J.* that the *hoop wears colours*, but that the colours are worn as a *tumbler* carries his *hoop*, hanging on one ſhoulder, and falling under the oppoſite arm.

(16) *A German clock.*] The following extract is taken from a book, called the Artificial Clockmaker, third edition, 1714. "Clock-making was ſuppoſed to have had its beginning in *Germany* within leſs than theſe two hundred years. It is very probable, that our balance-clocks or watches, and ſome other automata might have had their beginning there," &c. See alſo p. 91.—Clocks have not been

Thus will I ſave my credit in the ſhoot:
Not wounding, pity would not let me do 't.
If wounding then it was to ſhew my ſkill,
That more for praiſe, than purpoſe, meant to kill.
And, out of queſtion, ſo it is ſometimes;
Glory grows guilty of deteſted crimes;
(17) When, for fame's ſake, for praiſe, an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart:
As I, for praiſe alone, now ſeek to ſpill
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.

SCENE II. *Quaint Deſcription of Reading.*

(18) Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not repleniſhed; he is only an animal, only ſenſible in the duller parts.

Conceited

been made in *England* much more than 100 years backward. To the inartificial conſtruction of theſe firſt pieces of mechaniſm, executed in *Germany*, we may ſuppoſe *S.* alludes. The clock at *Hampton-Court*, which was ſet up in 1540, is ſaid to be the firſt ever fabricated in *England*. *St.* Perhaps *S.* alludes ſingly to thoſe vile pieces of mechaniſm, carried about the ſtreets, by the *Germans* to this day, and called *cuckoo-clocks*.

(17) *When for fame's—the heart*] The harmony of the meaſure, the eaſineſs of expreſſion, and the good ſenſe in the thought all concur to recommend theſe two lines to the reader's notice, ſays *W.* who in the laſt line would read,

THO' my heart, &c.

But common language ſuppreſſing the particle, the meaning is the ſame with

To whom my heart means no ill. Or,
That which *my heart means no ill* to.

(18) *Sir, he hath*, &c.] So *Congreve* in his *Love for Love*, "Read, ſirrah, and refine your appetite; learn to live upon inſtruction; chew the cud of underſtanding, &c."

Conceited Expreſſions of Knowledge.

Theſe are begot in the ventricle of memory, nouriſhed in the womb of pia mater, and delivered upon the mellowing of occaſion.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Sonnet.

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
('Gainſt whom the world cannot hold argument)
Perſuade my heart to this falſe perjury;
Vows, for thee broke, deſerve not puniſhment.
A woman I forſwore; but I will prove,
(Thou being a goddeſs) I forſwore not thee:
My vow was earthy, thou a heavenly love:
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all diſgrace in me.
Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is;
Then thou fair ſun, which on my earth doſt ſhine,
(19) Exhal'ſt this vapour vow; in thee it is
If broken then; it is no fault of mine
If by me broke: what fool is not ſo wiſe,
To loſe an oath to win a paradiſe?

Another.

On a day (alack the day!)
Love, whoſe month is ever *May*,
Spy'd a bloſſom paſſing fair
Playing in the wanton air:
Thro' the velvet leaves the wind,
All unſeen 'gan paſſage find;

That

(19) *Exhal'ſt*, &c.] I have made a ſlight reformation in the pointing here, which ſeems to give good ſenſe to the paſſage, otherwiſe not quite intelligible. It is commonly read,

Exhal'ſt this vapour vow; in thee it is:
If broken then, it is no fault of mine.

That the lover, ſick to death,
Wiſh'd himſelf the heaven's breath.
Air (quoth he) thy cheeks may blow;—
(20) Air! would I might triumph ſo!
But, alack! my hand is ſworn,
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn.
(21) Vow, alack! for youth unmeet,
Youth ſo apt to pluck a ſweet.
Do not call it ſin in me,
That I am forſworn for thee:
Thou, for whom ev'n *Jove* wou'd ſwear
Juno but an *Ethiope* were:
And deny himſelf for *Jove*,
Turning mortal for thy love.

Commanding

(20) *Air, wou'd I,* &c.] The apoſtrophe to the air, is ſingularly beautiful. 'Tis ſurprizing that an able critic on *S.* not taſting the paſſages, propoſes to read,

Ah, would I, &c.

(21) *Now,* &c.] *Spenſer* ſpeaking of the impoſſibility of *youth's* avoiding love, ſays very beautifully,

For this ſhe gave him warning ev'ry day
The love of women not to entertain;
A leſſon, too too hard for human clay,
From love in courſe of nature to refrain.
B. 3. c. 4. S. 26.

And in *Paſtor Fido*, *Linco* tells the young ſhepherd, that young men, averſe to love, oppoſe the dictates of nature,

Il ciel n' ha dato, &c.

The all-diſpoſing heav'n
To every age hath proper humours giv'n;
And as in old men love abſurdly ſhows,
So young men enemies to love, oppoſe
Nature and heav'n———
Sir *R. Fanſhaw*, Act. 1. Sc. 1.

Commanding Beauty.

——Who ſees the heavenly *Roſaline*
That, like a rude and ſavage man of *Inde* (22)
At the firſt opening of the gorgeous eaſt,
Bows not his vaſſal head, and ſtruken blind
Kiſſes the baſe ground with obedient breaſt?
What peremptory eagle-ſighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majeſty?

The Power of Love.

Why, univerſal plodding priſons up
The nimble ſpirits in the arteries, (23)
As motion and long during action, tires,
The ſinewy vigour of the traveller.

* * * * * *

When would you, my liege,—or you,—or you,—
In leaden contemplation, have found out
(24) Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes
Of beauteons tutors have enrich'd you with?
Other ſlow arts entirely keep the brain;
And therefore finding barren practiſers,
Scarce ſhew a harveſt of their heavy toil:

But

(22) *Man of Inde.*] See *All's well that ends well.* Act 2. Sc. 1.

(23) *Nimble ſpirits in the arteries,*] In the old ſyſtem of phyſic they give the ſame office to the *arteries* as is now given to the nerves; as appears from the name, which is derived from αερα τηρειν. *W.*

(24) *Such fiery numbers,* &c.] Alluding to the diſcoveries in modern aſtronomy, at that time greatly improving, in which the ladies eyes are compared, as uſual, to *ſtars.* He calls them *numbers* referring to the Pythagorean principles of aſtronomy, which were founded on the laws of harmony. So *Warburton*: but *Johnſon* thinks, that *numbers* here means no more than *poetical* meaſures. "Could you,"

But love, firſt learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain;
But with the motion of all elements,
Courſes as ſwift as thought in every pow'r;
And gives to every pow'r a double pow'r,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious ſeeing to the eye;
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind.
A lover's ears will hear the loweſt ſound,
When the ſuſpicious head of theft is ſtopt. (25)
Love's feeling is more ſoft and ſenſible,
Than are the tender horns of cockled ſnails.
Love's tongue proves dainty *Bacchus* groſs in taſte;
For valour, is not love a *Hercules*,
Still climbing trees in the *Heſperides?*
Subtle as *Sphinx*; as ſweet and muſical
As bright *Apollo's* lute, ſtrung with his hair: (26)
(27) And when love ſpeaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes

ſays *Biron*, "by ſolitary contemplation, have attained ſuch poetical fire, ſuch ſpritely numbers, as have been prompted by the eyes of beauty." The aſtronomer by looking too much aloft falls into a ditch."—To the honour of the firſt of theſe commentators, it muſt be allowed, that though his interpretations may ſometimes be forced, he always aims at the *exaltation* of his author's meaning: the latter generally ſtudies to depreſs it. See in his preface a detail of *S's* defects.

(25) *When the ſuſpicious head*, &c.] i. e. A lover in purſuit of his miſtreſs has his ſenſe of hearing quicker than a thief (whoſe head is ſuſpicious, or who ſuſpects every the ſlighteſt ſound he hears) in purſuit of his prey. *W.* Inſtead of *valour* in the fourth line following, *Theobald* would read *ſavour*, to compleat the enumeration of the ſenſes; the poet meant, ſays he, that *Hercules* was allured by the *odour* and *fragancy* of the golden apples.

(26) *Lute ſtrung with his hair.*] Elegantly expreſſing the *ſun-beams*. See *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act 3. Sc. 2.

(27) *And when*, &c.] *Theobald* and *Warburton* have ſo much

Makes heaven drowſy with the harmony.
Never durſt poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with love's ſighs;
O, then his eyes would raviſh ſavage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From womens eyes this doctrine I derive:
They ſparkle ſtill the right *Promethean* fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academies,
That ſhew, contain, and nouriſh all the world;
Elſe none at all in aught proves excellent. (28)

A Pe-

much confuſed this paſſage, by endeavouring to explain what they did not underſtand, that almoſt every one who reads their comment on it, will be equally perplexed. A very judicious gentleman of my acquaintance favoured me with this clear and excellent explication of it.

I read the lines in queſtion,

" And when love ſpeaks, the voice of all the gods
" Makes heaven drouſy with the harmony."

Could the poet pay a finer compliment to love than to ſay, that " when he talk'd, all the reſt of the gods ſeemed to " ſpeak ſuch nonſenſe as was enough to make heaven " drouſy?" There is, I grant you, a critical inaccuracy in the lines, but it is ſuch as is characteriſtical of your author, it is a *Shakeſpeariſm*.

Some would read,

Love ſpeaks (the voice of all) the gods
Makeheaven, &c.

(28) *Proves excellent*] This ſpeech is printed, as in the old copies in *Johnſon* and *Steevens's* edition, where many lines are repeated, and the firſt rough draught is evidently copied. No one can much commend the judgment of the editors. Mrs. *G.* obſerves, that " this ſpeech is very worthy quotation, firſt as it is one of the many fond deſcriptions of love given us by our author: and next, as it ſhews the effects of this paſſion, in higher inſtances, than any of his former ones by urging its advantages to the mind and manners, as well as its operations upon the affections of men: and in this light, it may be conſidered, as a good comment upon the fable of *Cymon and Iphygenia*."

A Pedant's Deſcription of a Coxcomb.

Nat. I praiſe God for you, Sir: your reaſons at dinner have been ſharp and ſententious; (29) pleaſant without ſcurrility, witty without affectation, audacious without impudence, learned without opinion, and ſtrange without hereſy. I did converſe this quondam day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don *Adriano de Armado.*

Hol. Novi hominem tanquam te: his humour is lofty, his diſcourſe peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gate majeſtical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thraſonical: he is too piqued, too ſpruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nat. A moſt ſingular and choice epithet.

[*Pulling out his table.*

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verboſity finer than the ſtaple of his argument. I abhor ſuch fanatical

(29) *Your reaſons at dinner*, &c.] I know not well, ſays *Johnſon*, what degree of reſpect *S.* intends to gain for this vicar, but he has here put into his mouth a finiſhed repreſentation of colloquial excellence. It is very difficult to add any thing to this character of the ſchoolmaſter's table-talk; and perhaps all the precepts of *Caſtiglione* will ſcarce be found to comprehend a rule for converſation ſo juſtly delineated, ſo widely dilated, and ſo nicely limited.

It may be proper to note, that *reaſon* here and in many other places ſignifies *diſcourſe*; that *audacious* is uſed in a good ſenſe for *ſpirited, animated, confident. Opinion* is the ſame with *obſtinacy* or *opinionatretè*; and *affection* as *affectation.* So, in *Twelfth Night, Malvolio* is called an *affection'd aſs. Strange* means *new. Piqued* is thought by ſome commentators to refer to the *beard*, to have which *piqued* or ſhorn to a point, was in our author's time a mark of a traveller affecting foreign faſhions: while others ſay, it alludes to the length of the ſhoes then worn. *Ben Johnſon* ſays,

" Too

fanatical phantaſms, ſuch inſociable and point-device compariſons, ſuch rackers of orthography, as to ſpeak dout, fine, when he ſhould ſay doubt; det, when he ſhould ſay debt; d, e, b, t, not, d, e, t,; he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbour, vocatur, nebour, neigh, abbreviated, ne. This is abhominable, (which he would call abominable) it inſinuateth me of

"Too much *pickedneſs* is not manly."
Diſcover. Vol. 7. p. 116.

See note on the baſtard's ſpeech in *King John*, Act 1. *Inſanie* is a word uſed by the old writers for inſanity.

There is, ſays *Warburton*, very little perſonal reflection in *S.* Either the virtue of thoſe times or the candour of our author, has ſo effected that his ſatire is for the moſt part, general, and as himſelf ſays,

His taxing, like a wild gooſe, flies
Unclaim'd of any man.

The paſſage before us ſeems to be an exception. For by *Holofernes* is deſigned a particular character, a pedant and ſchoolmaſter of our author's time, one *John Florio*, a teacher of the *Italian* tongue, in *London*, who has given us a ſmall dictionary of that language, under the title of "A World of Words," which in his epiſtle dedicatory he tells us, is *of little leſs value than* Stephens's *Treaſure of the Greek Tongue*, the moſt complete work that was ever yet compiled of its kind. In his preface he calls thoſe who had criticiſed his works, *ſea-dogs, or land-critics, monſters of men, if not beaſts rather than men*, &c. and much to the ſame purpoſe. Well, therefore, might the mild *Nathaniel* deſire *Holofernes* to *abrogate ſcurrility*. His profeſſion too is the reaſon, why *Holofernes* deals ſo much in *Italian* ſentences. There is an edition of *Love's Labour loſt*, printed 1598, and ſaid to be *preſented before her Highneſs, this laſt Chriſtmaſs*, 1597. The next year comes out our *John Florio* with his "World of Words" *recentibus odiis*; and in the preface, quoted above, falls upon the comic poet for bringing him upon the ſtage: his preface concludes in theſe words, *The reſolute John Florio*; from the ferocity of this man's temper it was, that *S.* choſe for him the name which

of infanie;—Ne intelligis, domine—to make frantick, lunatick.

Nat. Laus Deo, bone, intelligo.

Hol. Bone?—Bone for bene. *Priſcian* a little ſcratch'd, 'twill ſerve.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Wiſe Men greateſt Fools in Love.

Ri. None are ſo ſurely caught, when they are catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wiſdom hatch'd
Hath wiſdom's warrant, and the help of ſchool,
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

Roſ. The blood of youth burns not with ſuch exceſs
As gravity's revolt to wantonneſs.

Mar. Folly in fools bears not ſo ſtrange a note,
As foolery in the wiſe, when wit doth dote;
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove, by wit, worth in ſimplicity. (30)

Keenneſs

Rabelais gives to his pedant, *Thubel Holoferne*——" In agreement with this, *Farmer* adds, that *Florio* had given the firſt offence. " The plaies," ſays he, " that they plaie in *England*, are neither *right comedies*, nor *right tragedies*, but repreſentations of *hiſtories* without any decorum." The ſcraps of *Latin* and *Italian* are tranſcribed from his works, particularly the proverb about *Venice*, which has been corrupted ſo much. The *affectation of the letter* which argues *facilitie* (ſee Act 3. Sc. 2. with the ſonnet ridiculed by *S.*) is likewiſe a copy of his manner. We meet with much of it in his ſonnets to his patrons.

In *Italie* your Lordſhip well hath ſeen
Their manners, monuments, magnificence,
Their language learnt, in ſound, in ſtyle, in ſenſe,
Prooving by profiting, where you have beene,
To add to fore-learn'd facultie, facilitie.

(30) *To prove*, &c.] That perſons of the beſt underſtandings

Keenneſs of Womens' Tongues.

The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge inviſible,
Cutting a ſmaller hair than may be ſeen,
Above the ſenſe of ſenſe, ſo ſenſible
Seemeth their conference; their conceit hath wings
Fleeter than arrows, wind, thought, ſwifter things.

Ladies maſkt and unmaſkt.

Fair ladies, maſkt, are roſes in their bud;
Diſmaſkt, their damaſk ſweet commixture ſhown,
Are angels, vailing clouds, or roſes blown. (31)

A Lord

ſtandings are generally remarked to be the greateſt fools in love, the ſuperiority of their talents, adding ſtrength to their paſſion, is well noted in this paſſage, " which," ſays *J.* " contains obſervations worthy of a man, who has ſurvey'd human nature with the cloſeſt attention." Mrs. *G.* adds, that though the ladies ſpeak very philoſophically on this ſubject, they might have improved their lecture, by obſerving on as certain a fact, ſtill more extraordinary, which is, that to render a man of ſenſe the compleateſt ſlave in love, he muſt be captivated by a *fool*; provided ſhe has what is generally met with in perſons of that character, a proper proportion of art or cunning.—Senſe is always a match for ſenſe, and can be over-reached by folly only: as there is no danger apprehended to put a man on his guard, the fair one's wiles ſeeming to be all nature, *naïveté*, charming ſimplicity; and 'tis natural to humour thoſe fondlings whom it is thought in vain to reaſon with."

(31) *Are angels, vailing* &c.] " That is," ſays *J.* " letting thoſe clouds, which obſcured their brightneſs, *ſink* before them." *Warburton* would tranſpoſe the lines and read the ſecond,

Are angels veil'd in clouds: are roſes blown
Diſmaſkt, their damaſk, &c.

'*vailing*, which has nothing to do with *veil* or covering,

A Lord Chamberlain or Gentleman Uſher.

This fellow pecks up wit, as pigeons peaſe;
And utters it again, when God doth pleaſe:
He is wit's pedlar; and retails his wares
At wakes, and waſſels, meetings, markets, fairs.
And we that ſell by groſs the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with ſuch ſhow.
This gallant pins the wenches on his ſleeve,
Had he been *Adam*, he had tempted *Eve*.
A' can carve too, and liſp: Why this is he
That kiſs'd his hand away in curteſy;
This is the ape of form, Monſieur the nice,
That when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms: nay he can ſing
A mean moſt mainly; (32) and in uſhering
Mend him who can: the ladies call him *Sweet*;
The ſtairs as he treads on them, kiſs his feet.

This

amongſt the old writers implied *laying aſide*, letting fall, or *quitting*; perhaps from *valeo* to *bid adieu*: or rather the French *avaler*, to *fall down*. *S.* ſeems to uſe it in this ſenſe; then *vail* your ſtomachs, ſays *Catherine* in the *Taming of the Shrew*, laſt ſpeech, and

"Place your hands below your huſband's foot."

And ſo in the Second Part of *Henry* IV. Act 1. Sc. 2. it is ſaid,

The bloody Douglas
Who had three times ſlain, &c.
'Gan VAIL his ſtomach——

(32) *A mean moſt mainly*] The *mean* in muſic is the tenor. So *Bacon*, "the treble cutteth the air ſo ſharp, as it returneth too ſwift to make the ſound equal; and therefore a *mean* or *tenor* is the ſweeteſt." *As white as whale his bone* is a proverbial compariſon, very uſual in the old poets. See *St.* on the two laſt lines. *W.* obſerves, "theſe are two wonderfully fine lines, intimating, that what courts call *manners*, and value themſelves ſo much upon teaching,

as

This is the flower that ſmiles on every one,
To ſhew his teeth as white as whale his bone:
And conſciences, that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongued *Boyet*!

* * * * * *

See where it comes!—Behaviour what wert thou,
Till this man ſhewed thee? and what art thou now?

Elegant Compliment to a Lady.

Fair, gentle, ſweet,
Your wit makes wiſe things fooliſh: when we greet
With eyes beſt ſeeing, heaven's fiery eye,
By light we loſe light: your capacity
Is of that nature, as to your huge ſtore
Wiſe things ſeem fooliſh, and rich things but poor!

Humble Zeal to pleaſe.

(33) That ſport moſt pleaſes, that doth leaſt know how;
When zeal ſtrives to content, and the contents
Dies on the zeal of that which it preſents,
There

as a thing no where elſe to be learnt, is a modeſt, ſilent accompliſhment, under the direction of nature and common ſenſe, which does its office, in promoting ſocial life without being taken notice of. But that when it degenerates into ſhow and parade, it becomes an unmanly, contemptible quality."—This character of *Boyet* is admirably drawn, and preſents us with a true copy of all that inſignificant race, whom God ſeems to create on purpoſe (as a late witty nobleman uſed to ſay) to fill up their petty but *important* offices; Lord Chamberlains, Uſhers, Maſters of ceremonies, &c. &c. See what *Biron* ſays of him again in a ſpeech ſoon after this. The reader will find in *W's* note on this paſſage—*the flower that ſmiles*, &c. ſome excellent and uſeful remarks on the mix'd *metaphor*.

(33) *That ſport*, &c.] See this idea better expreſſed in *Midſummer Night's Dream*, Act 5. Sc. 1.

There form confounded makes moſt form in mirth,
When great things labouring periſh in their birth.

The Effects of Love.

For your fair ſakes have we neglected time,
Play'd foul play with our oaths; your beauty, ladies,
Hath much deform'd us, faſhioning our humours
Even to the oppoſed end of our intents:
And what in us hath ſeem'd ridiculous,—
As love is full of unbefitting ſtrains,
All wanton as a child, ſkipping and vain;
Form'd by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye,
Full of ſtrange ſhapes, of habits, and of forms,
Varying in ſubjects as the eye doth rowl
To every vary'd object in his glance:
Which party-coloured preſence of looſe love,
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
'T hath miſbecom'd our oaths and gravities,
Thoſe heavenly eyes, that look into theſe faults
(34) Suggeſted us to make them: therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewiſe yours.

Trial of Love.

If this auſtere unſociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If froſts, and faſts, hard lodging, and thin weeds,
Nip not the gaudy bloſſoms of your love,
But that it bears this trial, and laſt love; (35)
Then at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge me.

Jeſt

(34) *Suggeſted.*] i. e. Tempted. *J.*
(35) *Laſt love.*] i. e. Still continue to be love, as now.

Jeſt and Jeſter.

Roſ. Oft have I heard of you, my Lord *Biron*,
Before I ſaw you: and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
Full of compariſons, and wounding flouts;
Which you on all eſtates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit:—(36)
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain;—
And therewithal to win me, if you pleaſe,
(Without the which I am not be be won)
You ſhall this twelvemonth ~~term~~, from day to day,
Viſit the ſpeechleſs ſick, and ſtill converſe
With groaning wretches: and your taſk ſhall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
T'enforce the pained impotent to ſmile.

Bir. To move wild laughter in the throat of death,
It cannot be, it is impoſſible:
Mirth cannot move a ſoul in agony.

Roſ. Why, that's the way to choak a gibing ſpirit,
Whoſe influence is begot of that looſe grace
Which ſhallow laughing hearers give to fools:
A jeſt's proſperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it. Then, if ſickly ears
Deaft with the clamours of their own dear (37) groans
Will hear your idle ſcorns, continue then,
And I will have you, and that fault withal;
But if they will not, throw away that ſpirit,
And I ſhall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

Spring.

(36) *That lie*, &c.] There are a thouſand proofs of the imperfect ſtate of this play. The preſent ſpeech ſeems one, which peculiarly belongs to the character of *Longueville* (Act 2. Sc. 1.) and not of *Biron*.

(37) *Dear*] Should be *dere*, ſad, odious, both here and in many other places, ſays *Johnſon*.

Spring. A Song.

When daiſies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-ſmocks all ſilver white,
(38) And cuckow-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight:
The cuckow then on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus ſings he.
Cuckow!
Cuckow! cuckow! O word of fear,
Unpleaſing to a married ear.

When ſhepherds pipe on oaten ſtraws,
And merry larks are ploughmens clocks:
When turtles tread, and rooks and daws;
And maidens bleach their ſummer ſmocks;
The cuckow then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus ſings he,
Cuckow!
Cuckow! cuckow! O word of fear,
Unpleaſing to a married ear.

Winter. A Song.

When icicles hang by the wall,
And *Dick* the ſhepherd blows his nail;
And *Tom* bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail;
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring owl
Tu-whit! tu-whoo!

A merry

(38) *And cuckow-buds*] The ſame gentleman mentioned in page 99, was ſo kind as to oblige me with the following explanation of *Cuckow* or *Cocou-flower*, which is the "*Fragaria ſterilis*, a kind of flower reſembling the ſtrawberry before it ripens, and is of a *yellow hue*, but never bears fruit." *Farmer* would read *Cowſlip-buds*.

A merry note,
While greaſy *Joan* doth keel the pot. (39)

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parſon's ſaw;
And birds ſit brooding in the ſnow,
And *Marian's* noſe looks red and raw;
When roaſted (40) crabs hiſs in the bowl,
Then nighly ſings the ſtaring owl
Tu-whit! tu-whoo!
A merry note,
While greaſy *Joan* doth keel the pot.

(39) *Keel the pot.*] i. e. cools the pot, by ſtirring it with a ladle to prevent its boiling over; or *ſcums* it. So in the *What you will* of *Marſton*,

Faith, *Doricus*, thy brain boils—
Keel it, keel it, or all the fat's in the fire.
See the Commentators.

(40) *Crabs.*] See *Midſummer Night's Dream*, where the expreſſion occurs,

In very likeneſs of a *roaſted crab.*

General Obſervation.

The *fable* of this play, does not ſeem a work entirely of invention: and I am apt to believe, ſays *Capell*, that it owes its birth to ſome novel or other, which may one day be diſcovered. The character of *Armado* has ſome reſemblance to Don *Quixote*; but the play is older than that work of *Cervantes*: of *Holofernes*, another ſingular character, there are ſome faint traces in a maſque of Sir *Philip Sidney's*, which was preſented before Queen *Elizabeth*, at *Wanſtead*: this maſque, called in catalogues *The Lady of May*, is at the end of that author's works, edit. 1627, folio —"In this play," ſays *Johnſon*, "which all the editors have concurred to cenſure, and ſome have rejected as unworthy our poet, it muſt be confeſſed, that there are many paſſages mean, childiſh, and vulgar: and ſome which ought not to have been exhibited, as we are told they were, before a maiden queen. But there are ſcattered throughout

throughout the whole, many ſparks of genius, nor is there any play which has more evident marks of the hand of *S.*" "As bad a play," (ſays *W.* in agreement with what was juſt advanced) as this is, certainly it was *S's*, as appears by many fine maſter-ſtrokes ſcattered up and down :—The character of *Armado* is ſingularly curious. An exceſſive complaiſance is admirably painted in his perſon, who was willing (p. 87.) to make even *right* and *wrong* friends; and to perſuade the one to recede from the accuſtomed ſtubbornneſs of her nature, and wink at the liberties of her oppoſite, rather than he would incur the imputation of ill-breeding in keeping up the quarrel.—He is well and properly ſaid to be of *Spain*, as the old chivalry had not only its origin, but many of its ſubjects from thence. But on this head the reader will find much entertainment in *Warburton's* additional annotation at the end of the play; and in the very ingenious letters of *Hurd* on *Chivalry*. *Armado's* high affectation and vanity are well kept up, and particularly obſervable in his letter Act 1. Sc. 1. and in his ſpeech reſpecting his intimacy with the king, the latter part of the 4th Act, which for the fuller diſplay of his character I will ſubjoin here :

Armado. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman, and my familiar, I do aſſure you, my very good friend. For what is inward between us, let it paſs:—I do beſeech thee, refrain thy courteſy: I beſeech thee, apparel thy head :—and among other importunate and moſt ſerious deſigns, and of great import, indeed, too; but let that paſs;—for I muſt tell thee, it will pleaſe his grace, (by the world) ſometime to lean upon my poor ſhoulder, and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement, with my muſtachio; but, ſweetheart, let that paſs: by the world, I recount no fable: ſome certain ſpecial honours it pleaſeth his greatneſs to impart to *Armado*, a ſoldier, a man of travel, that hath ſeen the world; but let that paſs. The very all as all is, —but, ſweetheart, I do implore ſecrecy—that the king would have me preſent the princeſs, ſweet chuck, with ſome delightful oſtentation, or ſhow, or pageant, or antick, or firework: now, underſtanding that the curate and your ſweet ſelf, are good at ſuch eruptions and ſudden breakings-out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your aſſiſtance.

Meaſure

V.

Meaſure for Meaſure.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Virtue given to be exerted.

THERE is a kind of character in thy life, (1)
That, to the obſerver, doth thy hiſtory
Fully unfold: thyſelf and thy belongings
Are not thine own ſo proper, as to waſte
Thyſelf upon thy virtues, they on thee.
Heav'n (2) doth with us as we with torches do,

Not

(1) *Thy life*] *Johnſon* propoſes to read *look* inſtead of *life*. *Hiſtory* may be taken, ſays he, in a more diffuſe and licentious meaning for *future occurrences*, or the part of life to come. If this ſenſe be received, the paſſage is clear and proper. But *Steevens* well obſerves, that *S.* has a paſſage in *Henry* IV. p. 2. which is the beſt comment on this paſſage, and the old reading.

There is a hiſtory in all mens lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd;
The which obſerv'd a man may prophecy
With a near aim of the main chance of things,
As yet not come to life.

(2) *Heaven*, &c.] See *Matt.* c. v. 14. 16. So in *Paſtor Fido*, our virtues are ſaid to be derived from, and given us by heaven.

Queſta parte di noi, chi intende, e vede,
Non é noſtra virtú, ma vien dal cielo:
Eſſo la dá come a lui piace, e togli.

That

Not light them for themſelves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine iſſues: nor nature never lends
The ſmalleſt ſcruple of her excellence,
But like a thrifty goddeſs, ſhe determines
Herſelf the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and uſe.

Diſlike of Popularity.

I love the people
But do not like to ſtage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not reliſh well
Their loud applauſe and ave's vehement;
Nor do I think the man of ſafe diſcretion
That does affect it. (3)

SCENE

That part of us, by which we ſee and know,
Is not *our* virtue, but deriv'd from heav'n,
That gives it, and can take what it hath given.
Sir *R. Fanſhaw.*

Horace tells us, virtue concealed is of little conſequence,

Paulum ſepultæ diſtat inertiæ
Celata virtus.

And *Perſius* ſays the ſame of knowledge, in that well known quaint line,

Scire tuum nihil eſt, niſi te ſcire hoc ſciat alter.

Science is not ſcience till reveal'd. DRYDEN.

Drayton in his epiſtles (that of king *John* to *Matilda*) has a thought not unlike the latter part of this paſſage.

Fie, peeviſh girl, ungrateful unto nature,
Did ſhe to this end frame thee ſuch a creature,
That thou her glory ſhould'ſt encreaſe thereby?
And thou alone doſt ſcorn ſociety?

To fine iſſues, l. 10. means, to great conſequences; for high purpoſes.

(3) *That does*, &c.] See the firſt ſpeech in Sc. 4.

SCENE III. *Authority.*

Thus can the demi-god, authority,
Make us pay down for our offence by weight,
The words of heav'n ; (4) On whom it will, it will,
On whom it will not, ſo; yet ſtill 'tis juſt.

The Conſequence of Liberty indulged.

Lucio. Why, how now, *Claudio?* whence comes this reſtraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my *Lucio*, liberty:
As ſurfeit is the father of much faſt,
So every ſcope by the immoderate uſe
Turns to reſtraint. Our natures do purſue,
Like rats that raven down their proper bane,
A thirſty evil, and when we drink we die.

Neglected Laws.

This new governor
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties
Which have, like unſcour'd armour, hung by the wall,
So long, that fourteen zodiacks have gone round,
And none of them been worn ; and for a name,
Now

(4) *The words of heav'n*, &c.] The ſenſe of the whole is, ſays *W.* "The demi-god authority makes us pay the full penalty of our offence, and its decrees are as little to be queſtion'd, as the words of heaven which pronounces its pleaſure thus,—"I puniſh and remit puniſhment, according to my own uncontroulable will ; and yet who can ſay, what doſt Thou ?" *Make us pay down for our offence by weight*, is a fine expreſſion to ſignify paying the full penalty: the metaphor is taken from paying money by *weight*, which is always exact, not ſo by *tale* on account of the practice of diminiſhing the ſpecies."—Not content with this explanation, a critic has ingeniouſly enough propoſed to read—the *ſword* of *heaven*, poetically for *authority*, which will ſpare or puniſh as commanded.

Now puts the drowſy and neglected act
Freſhly on me: 'tis ſurely for a name.

Eloquence and Beauty.

In her youth
There is a prone (5) and ſpeechleſs dialect,
Such as moves men; beſides ſhe hath a proſp'rous art
When ſhe wou'd play with reaſon and diſcourſe,
And well ſhe can perſuade.

SCENE IV. *Retired Life.*

My holy Sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd,
And held in idle price to haunt aſſemblies
Where youth, and coſt, and witleſs bravery keeps.

Licentiouſneſs the Conſequeuce of unexecuted Laws.

We have ſtrict ſtatutes, and moſt biting laws
(The needful bits and curbs for headſtrong ſteeds)
Which for theſe fourteen years we have let ſleep;
Even like an o'er-grown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey: now, as fond fathers
Having bound up the threatning twigs of birch
Only to ſtick it in their children's ſight
For terror, not for uſe, in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd than feared: ſo our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themſelves are dead;
And liberty plucks juſtice by the noſe;

The

(5) *A prone.*] This word perhaps means, *humble*, as a prone poſture, is a poſture of ſupplication. *St.* But *J.* not liking this, would read,

There is a prompt and, &c.

Or,

There is a *pow'r* and, &c.

The baby beats the nurſe, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Pardon, the Sanction of Wickedneſs.

For we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permiſſive paſs,
And not the puniſhment.

A ſevere ſaint-like Governor.

(6) Lord *Angelo* is preciſe;
Stands at a guard with envy: ſcarce confeſſes
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than ſtone: hence ſhall we ſee,
If pow'r change purpoſe, what our ſeemers be.

SCENE V. *A Virgin addreſt.*

Hail virgin if you be, (7) as thoſe cheek-roſes
Proclaim you are no leſs!

A religious profeſt.

I hold you as a thing enſky'd, and ſainted;
By your renouncement, an immortal ſpirit,

And

(6) *Lord*, &c.] *Lucio* ſays of him in the next ſcene,

——A man, whoſe blood
Is very ſnow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton ſtings and motions of the ſenſe;
But doth rebate and blunt its natural edge
With profits of the mind, ſtudy and faſt.

Stands at a guard (l. 2.) means, ſtands in terms of defiance. See *Angelo's* character again, in the ſubſequent pages.

(7) *Hail virgin*, &c.] This is very claſſical and too like the *O dea certè* of *Virgil*, to have eſcaped obſervation. See the *Tempeſt*, latter end of the firſt Act, the meeting between *Ferdinand* and *Miranda*.

And to be talk'd with in ſincerity,
As with a ſaint.

Embracing.

Your brother and his lover have embrac'd:
As thoſe that feed grow full; as bloſſoming time
Doth from the ſeedneſs the bare fallow bring
To teeming foyſon; ſo her plenteous womb
Expreſſeth his full tilth and huſbandry.

School-fellows.

Luc. Is ſhe your couſin?
Iſab. Adoptedly, as ſchoolmaids change their names,
By vain, though apt affection. (8)

Reſolution.

(9) Our doubts are traitors;
And make us loſe the good, we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt.

The

(8) *By vain*, &c.] See *As you like it*, p. 22. and *Midſummer Night's Dream*, Act 3. Sc. 3.

(9) *Our*, &c.] So, in favour of fortitude and reſolution, *Medea* (in the tragedy of *Seneca*, ſo called) ſays,

Fortuna fortes metuit, ignavos premit.
Nut. *Tunc eſt probandi, ſi locum* virtus *habet.*
Med. *Nunquam poteſt non eſſe virtuti locus.* Act 2.

———Fortune dreads the brave,
And triumphs o'er the coward.
N. She is then
Moſt aptly to be tried, when there is room
For reſolution.
M. There never can want room and opportunity
For reſolution to exert itſelf.

The Prayers of Maidens effectual.

Go to lord *Angelo*,
(10) And let him learn to know, when maidens ſue,
Men give like gods! but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as truly theirs
As they themſelves would owe them.

ACT II. SCENE I.

All Men frail.

Angelo. We muſt not make a ſcare-crow of the law,
Setting it up to ſcare the birds of prey,
And let it keep one ſhape till cuſtom make it
Their perch and not their terror.
Eſca. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruiſe to death: alas, this gentleman,
Whom I would ſave, had a moſt noble father.
(11) Let but your honour know,
(Whom

(10) *And*, &c.]——Lift her from the earth;
Why do you let her kneel ſo long? Alas!
Madam, your beauty uſes to command,
And not to beg. *A King and no King*, Act 3.

(11) *Let*, &c.] This is a fine remark, and worthy the attention of all thoſe who reflect vehemently on the offences of others, and never remember the frailty and imperfection of their own nature: like thoſe ſo ſeverely condemned by our bleſſed Saviour, "who could obſerve the mote in their brother's eye, but perceived not the beam in their own." Our excellent author well knowing, that notwithſtanding this, the offences of others were no juſtification of our own, has added a fine anſwer to this ſpeech, to obviate that objection.

The *Oxford* editor reads the laſt line in the text,

Err'd in this point, you cenſure now in him.

(Whom I believe to be moſt ſtrait in virtue,)
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time coher'd with place, or place with wiſhing;
Or that the reſolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd the effect of your own purpoſe;
Whether you had not ſometime in your life
Err'd in this point, which now you cenſure him,
And pull'd the law upon you.

Angelo. (12) 'Tis one thing to be tempted, *Eſcalus*,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, paſſing on the pris'ner's life,

May

But *S.* very frequently omits the ſmaller particles, as above, ——I not deny, for I do not deny. In *Julius Cæſar*,

And now, *Octavius*,
Liſten great things, for, to *great things*.

And here *you cenſure him*, for *in* him, beſides a thouſand more paſſages.

To *fear* the birds, l. 2. means to *affright*, to *terrify*. *S.* often uſes it in this ſenſe. *Fall*, l. 7. is uſed in the ſenſe of *ſuffer to fall*. So in *As you like It*,

The executioner
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck.

Know, l. 9. is to *examine*, to take *cognizance*. See *St.*

(12) *'Tis one thing*, &c.] So *Horace* obſerves, that the faults of others are no juſtification of our *own*.

But have you, Sir, no vices of your own?
That I have vices, frankly I confeſs,
But of a different kind, and ſomewhat leſs.
Mænius on abſent *Nevius* vents his ſpleen;
And do you think your follies are unſeen?
Another anſwers,——No. I well perceive,
Quoth *Mænius*, but a kind indulgence give
To my own faults. This is a fooliſh love,
And vitious; which our cenſure ſhould reprove;
For wherefore, while you careleſsly paſs by
Your own worſt vices with unheeding eye,
Why ſo ſharp-ſighted in another's fame,
Strong as an eagle's ken, or dragon's beam.
Francis, Sat. 3. B. 1. v. 28.

May in the ſworn twelve have a thief or two,
Guiltier than him they try: what's open made to juſtice,
That juſtice ſeizes on. What know the laws
That thieves do paſs on thieves? 'Tis very (13) pregnant,
The jewel that we find, we ſtoop, and take it,
Becauſe we ſee it: but what we do not ſee
We tread upon and never think of it.
You may not ſo extenuate his offence;
For I have had ſuch faults: but rather tell me,
When I that cenſure him to ſo offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial.

Mercy frequently miſtaken.

Mercy is not itſelf that oft looks ſo;
Pardon is ſtill the nurſe of ſecond woe. (14)

SCENE II. *Not to be too haſty in Actions irremediable.*

Under your good correction, I have ſeen
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.

Bad Actions already condemned, the Actors to be puniſhed.

Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it!
Why, every fault's condemn'd, ere it be done:
Mine

(13) *'Tis very pregnant,* &c.] "'Tis *plain* we muſt act with bad, as well as with good; we puniſh the faults, as we take the advantages, which lie in our way, and what we do not ſee, we cannot note." *For I have had ſuch,* &c. means, *becauſe,* by reaſon that I have had ſuch faults. *For* is often uſed in this ſenſe. See *J.*

(14) See *Henry* V. Act 2. Sc. 2.

Mine were the very cypher of a function,
To find the faults, whoſe fine ſtands in record,
And let go by the actor!

Mercy in Governors recommended.

(15) No ceremony that to great ones longs,
Not the king's crown nor the deputed ſword,
The marſhal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half ſo good a grace,
As mercy does. If he had been as you,
And you as he, you would have ſlipt like him;
But he, like you, would not have been ſo ſtern.

The Duty of mutual Forgiveneſs.

——Alas! alas!
(16) Why, all the ſouls that are, were forfeit once.
And he, that might the 'vantage beſt have took,
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If he which is the top of judgment, ſhould
But judge you as you are? Oh! think on that;
And

(15) See *Merchant of Venice*, Act 4. Sc. 2. and n.

(16) *Why, all*, &c.] There is a paſſage in the *Bloody Brother* of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* like this, from the mouth of a young lady too.

——You are a god above us,
Be as a god then, full of ſaving mercy;
Mercy, Oh mercy, Sir, for his ſake mercy,
That when your ſtout heart weeps, ſhall give you pity,
Act 2.

And a little further it is ſaid, (as in the foregoing paſſage from *S.*) *Mercy becomes a prince and guards him beſt.* *W.* obſerves of the two laſt lines, that the thought in them is fine, and finely expreſt; the meaning is, "That mercy will add ſuch a grace to your perſon, that you will appear as amiable as *man*, come freſh out of the hands of his creator."

And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

Unprepared Death.

Iſab. To-morrow? O, that's ſudden! ſpare him,
ſpare him:
He's not prepar'd for death! Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of ſeaſon; ſhall we ſerve heaven
With leſs reſpect than we do miniſter
To our groſs ſelves? Good, good, my lord, bethink
you
Who is it that hath dy'd for this offence?
— There's many have committed it. (17)
Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath
ſlept:
Thoſe many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If he, the firſt that did th' edict infringe,
Had anſwer'd for his deed: now 'tis awake;
Takes note of what is done; and like, a prophet,
Looks in a glaſs, (18) that ſhews what future evils
(Or new, or by remiſſneſs new conceiv'd
And ſo in progreſs to be hatch'd and born)
Are

(17) *Many have*, &c.] So the provoſt ſays, at the beginning of the ſcene,

Alas
He hath offended but as in a dream,
All ſects, all ages, ſmack of this vice; and he
To die for it!

Iſabella touches it more delicately and in character,

There is a vice, that I do moſt abhor,
And moſt deſire ſhould meet the blow of juſtice;
For which I would not plead, but that I *muſt*, &c.

(18) *Like a prophet*, &c.] This alludes to the fopperies of the *Berrill* much uſed at that time by cheats and fortune-tellers to predict by. *W.*

Are now to have no ſucceſſive degrees,
But, ere they live, to end.

Juſtice.

Iſab. (19) Yet ſhew ſome pity.
Ang. I ſhew it moſt of all, when I ſhew juſtice;
For then I pity thoſe I do not know;
Which a diſmiſs'd offence would after-gaul:
And do him right, that, anſwering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another.

The Abuſe of Authority.

Oh, 'tis excellent
To have a giant's ſtrength; but it is tyrannous,
To uſe it like a giant.

Great Mens Abuſe of Power.

Could great men thunder,
As *Jove* himſelf does, *Jove* would ne'er be quiet;
For every pelting, petty officer
Would uſe his heav'n for thunder!

Nothing

(19) *Yet*, &c.] I remember a paſſage in ſome of the ancients, but cannot recollect where, very like this.

———*Plus ſæpe nocet patientia regis,*
Quam rigor; ille nocet paucis, hæc incitat omnes,
Dum ſe ferre ſuos ſperant impune reatus.

Of greater evils mercy 's oft the cauſe,
Than rigorous execution of the laws,
Which only harms the wretches that offend:
While all, when guilt no puniſhments attend,
Are loudly call'd and ſummoned to ſin.———

One of judge *Hale's* memorials was, "When I find myſelf ſwayed to mercy, let me remember, that there is a mercy likewiſe due to the country."

Nothing but thunder! Merciful heav'n!
(20) Thou rather with thy ſharp and ſulph'rous bolt
Split'ſt the unwedgable and (21) gnarled oak,
Than the ſoft myrtle. O, but man! proud man,
Dreſt in a little brief authority,
Moſt ignorant of what he's moſt aſſur'd,
His glaſſy eſſence, like an angry ape,
Plays ſuch fantaſtick tricks before high heav'n,
As makes the angels weep: who, with our ſpleens,
Would all themſelves laugh mortal.

The

(20) *Thou rather,* &c.] Biſhop *Hall,* in his *Defiance to Envy,* before his book of *Satires,* begins,

Nay, let the prouder pines of *Ida* fear
The ſudden fires of heaven, and decline
Their yielding tops, that dar'd the ſkies while-ere:
And ſhake your ſturdy trunks, ye prouder pines,
Whoſe ſwelling grains are like be gall'd alone,
With the deep furrowes of the thunder-ſtone.
Stand ye ſecure, ye ſafer ſhrubs below,
In humble dales, whom heavens do not deſpight:
Nor angry clouds conſpire your overthrow,
Envying at your too diſdainful height.

(21) *Gnarled.*] i. e. knotty; from the old word *gnarre,* a knot in wood. The author in the laſt line ſeems to conſider *laughter,* as a merely mortal paſſion, and an unworthy one: he ſuppoſes the angels to be without that ſpleen, or inclination to ill-natured laughter, ſo ſtrong in man; and adds, if they had it, they would find ſo great cauſe to exert it, from the fantaſtick tricks men daily play, that they would laugh themſelves out of their immortality; a phraſe of the ſame import as ours, "*I ſhall laugh myſelf to death,*" God is ſaid, in the ſcripture, figuratively, *to laugh his enemies to ſcorn.* The ancients thought, that immoderate laughter was cauſed by the bigneſs of the ſpleen. The notion of *angels weeping* for the ſins of men is rabbinical.

Ob peccatum flentes Angelos inducant Hebræorum magiſtri:

ſays *Grotius* on *Luke.* See *W.*

The Privilege of Authority.

We cannot weigh our brother with yourſelf.
Great men may jeſt with ſaints; 'tis wit in them:
But, in the leſs, foul profanation.
That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the ſoldier is flat blaſphemy.

Conſciouſneſs of our own Faults ſhould make us merciful.

Ang. Why do you put thoſe ſayings upon me?
Iſab. Becauſe authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itſelf,
That ſkins the vice o' the top: go to your boſom:
Knock there; and aſk your heart, what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault: if it confeſs
A natural guiltineſs, ſuch as is his,
Let it not ſound a thought upon your tongue
Againſt my brother's life.

Honeſt Bribery.

Iſab. Hark how I'll bribe you!
Ang. How! bribe me?
Iſab. Not with fond ſhekles of the teſted gold, (22)
Or ſtones whoſe rate is either rich or poor,
As fancy values them: but with true prayers
That ſhall be up at heaven and enter there,
E're the ſun riſe: prayers from preſerved ſouls,
From faſting maids whoſe minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

The

(22) *Teſted.*] i. e. atteſted; tried and put to the teſt and proved ſterling. *Preſerved ſouls* in the laſt line but one, means, ſouls *preſerved* from the corruption of the world. The metaphor is taken from preſerved fruit.

The Power of virtuous Beauty.

Iſab. Save your honour!
Ang. From thee, even from thy virtue!—
What's this? What's this? Is this her fault or mine?
The tempter, or the tempted, who ſins moſt? Ha!—
Not ſhe; nor doth ſhe tempt; but it is I,
That, lying by the violet in the ſun,
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flow'r,
Corrupt with virtuous ſeaſon. (23) Can it be,
That modeſty may more betray our ſenſe,
Than woman's lightneſs? Having waſte ground enough,
Shall we deſire to raze the ſanctuary,
And pitch our evils there? Oh, fie, fie, fie!
What doſt thou? Or, what art thou, *Angelo?*
Doſt thou deſire her foully, for thoſe things
That make her good? Oh, let her brother live?
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges ſteal themſelves. What! do I love her,
That I deſire to hear her ſpeak again,
And feaſt upon her eyes? What is't I dream on?
Oh, cunning enemy, that, to catch a ſaint,
With ſaints doſt bait thy hook! Moſt dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To ſin in loving virtue: ne'er could the ſtrumpet
With all her double vigour, art and nature,
Once ſtir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite ——

SCENE

(23) *Corrupt*, &c.] The meaning is, "I am not corrupted by her, but by mine own heart, which excites foul deſires under the ſame benign influences, that exalt her purity; as the carrion grows putrid by thoſe beams which increaſe the fragrance of the violet." *J.*

SCENE III. *True Repentance.*

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the ſin you carry? (24)
Jul. I do, I bear the ſhame moſt patiently.
Duke. I'll teach you how you ſhall arraign your conſcience,
And try your penitence, if it be ſound,
Or hollowly put on.
Jul. I'll gladly learn.
Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?
Jul. Yes as I love the woman that wrong'd him.
Duke. So then, it ſeems, your moſt offenceful act
Was mutually committed.
Jul. Mutually.
Duke. Then was your ſin of heavier kind than his.
Jul. I do confeſs it, and repent it, father.
Duke. 'Tis meet ſo, daughter: but—leſt you do repent
As that the ſin hath brought you to this ſhame,
Which ſorrow is always to ourſelves, not heaven;
Showing we would not ſpare heaven, as we love it,
But as we ſtand in fear,——
Jul. I do repent me as it is an evil;
And take the ſhame with joy.
Duke. There reſt.

SCENE

(24) *Repent you*, &c.] The duke (under the character of a friar, in confeſſing *Juliet*, a lady who, ſays the provoſt,

Falling in the flames of her own youth,
Hath bliſter'd her report)

gives an admirable leſſon on the nature of *contrition*, diſtinguiſhing it very properly, from *attrition* merely; and at the ſame time expreſſes a juſt, but ſevere ſentence, againſt a woman's failure in point of chaſtity: their education, their manners, and the moral conſequences of their frailty, throwing ſo many more bars in their way, than the modes of the world have oppoſed to the other ſex." Mrs. *G.*

SCENE IV. *Love in a grave, ſevere Governor.*

When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To ſev'ral ſubjects: heaven hath my empty words,
Whilſt my intention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on *Iſabel.* Heav'n's in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew its name;
And in my heart, the ſtrong and ſwelling evil
Of my conception: the ſtate whereon I ſtudied,
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown (25) fear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I with boot change for an idle plume
Which the air beats for vain. (26) Oh, place! oh, form!
How often doſt thou with thy caſe, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiſer ſouls
To thy falſe ſeeming! Blood, thou art but blood!—
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn;—
'Tis not the devil's creſt. (27)

A Simile

(25) *Fear'd.*] Fear'd in this place will bear the two ſenſes of either *dreaded* or *diſlik'd*; if the former, particular emphaſis is to be laid on *good*, and indeed that ſeems the beſt ſenſe.

(26) *Oh, place,* &c.] The reader is deſired to compare this paſſage on the deceit of place and form, with that fine one on *ornament*, in the *Merchant of Venice*, Act 3. Sc. 1. By *caſe* is meant, outſide, garb, or external ſhew. In the next lines, *S.* judiciouſly diſtinguiſhes the different operations of high place upon different minds. *Fools* are frighted, and *wiſe* men are allured. Thoſe who cannot judge, but by the eye, are eaſily awed by ſplendor: thoſe who conſider men, as well as conditions, are eaſily perſuaded to love the appearance of virtue dignified with power. *J.*

(27) *Let's write,* &c.] i. e. Let the moſt wicked thing have but a virtuous pretence, and it ſhall paſs for innocent. This was his concluſion from his preceding words,

Oh, place! oh, form! &c. *W.*

A Simile on the Preſence of the beloved Object.

——Oh heav'ns!
Why does my blood thus muſter to my heart,
Making both That unable for itſelf,
And diſpoſſeſſing all my other parts
Of neceſſary fitneſs?
So play the fooliſh throngs with one that ſwoons:
Come all to help him, and thus ſtop the air
By which he ſhould revive: and even ſo
(28) The gen'ral, ſubject to a well-wiſht king,
Quit their own part, and in obſequious fondneſs
Croud to his preſence, where their untaught love
Muſt needs appear offence.

Fornication and Murder equaled.

Fie thoſe filthy vices!—It were as good
To pardon him that hath from nature ſtol'n
A man already made, as to remit
Their ſaucy lewdneſs, that do coin heav'n's image
In ſtamps that are forbid: 'tis all as eaſy (29)
Falſely to take away a life true made,

As

(28) *The gen'ral, ſubject,* &c.] *General* here means, ſays *J.* the people, the multitude, ſubject to a king. In this and the paſſage p. 112. *I love the people,* it has been thought that *S.* alludes to the unkingly weakneſs of *James* the Firſt, who ſo much diſliked the crowds, that flocked to ſee him, on his firſt coming, that he reſtrained them by proclamation. See *Obſervations and Conjectures on S.*

(29) *Eaſy.*] i. e. light or trifling. It is, ſays he, as light or trifling a crime to do ſo, as ſo, &c.—*Falſely* in the next line, is the ſame with *diſhoneſtly,* illegally: ſo falſe in the next lines, is *illegal, illegitimate.* In *reſtrained means* (line following) ſignifies *forbidden moulds.* See *W.* and *J. St.* would read,

Reſtrained mint,

the alluſion being to coining.

As to put mettle in reſtrained means
To make a falſe one.

Compelled Sins.

Our compell'd ſins
Stand more for number than account.

SCENE XI. *Lowlineſs of Mind.*

Iſab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciouſly to know I am no better.
Ang. Thus wiſdom wiſhes to appear moſt bright,
When it doth tax itſelf: as theſe black maſks
Proclaim an enſhiel'd (30) beauty, ten times louder,
Than beauty cou'd diſplay'd.

Heroic Female Virtue.

Ang. Admit no other way to ſave his life,
(As I ſubſcribe not that, or any other,
But in the loſs of queſtion (31)) that you his ſiſter,
Finding yourſelf deſir'd of ſuch a perſon
Whoſe credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-binding law: and that there were
No earthly mean to ſave him, but that either
You muſt lay down the treaſures of your body,
To this ſuppoſed, or elſe let him ſuffer;
What would you do?
Iſab. As much for my poor brother, as myſelf;
That is, were I under the terms of death,

The

(30) *Enſhiel'd.*] Or enſhielded—that is, a beauty covered, as with a ſhield. *St.*

(31) *As I ſubſcribe*, &c.] To *ſubſcribe* means, to "*agree to.*" *Milton* uſes the word in the ſame ſenſe. *In the loſs of queſtion*, ſeems to imply only, *but in idle* converſation, or converſation that means nothing. See *St.*

The impreſſion of keen whips I 'd wear as rubies,
And ſtrip myſelf to death, as to a bed,
That longing I have been ſick for, ere I 'd yield
My body up to ſhame.

Ang. Then muſt your brother die.

Iſab. And 'twere the cheaper way:
Better it were a brother dy'd at once, (32)
Than that a ſiſter, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the ſentence
That you have ſlander'd ſo?

Iſab. An ignominious ranſom, and free pardon,
Are of two houſes: lawful mercy, ſure,
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

Self-intereſt palliates Faults.

Iſab. It oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we ſpeak not what we mean:
I ſomething do excuſe the thing I hate,
For (33) his advantage, that I dearly love.

Womens

(32) *Better*, &c.] *Iſabella* makes this fine ſpeech to the governor, who for her chaſtity would have given her her brother's life: ſhe afterwards tells her brother—— "There was no remedy to ſave his life, but ſuch, as to ſave a head would rend a heart in twain."—In *Beaumont* and *Fletcher's King and no King*, there is an excellent ſimilar paſſage.

Thou wilt bluſh for me,
And hang thy head down like a violet
Full of the morning dew: there is a way
To gain thy freedom, but 'tis ſuch a one,
As puts thee in worſe bondage, and I know
Thou wou'dſt encounter fire, and make a proof
Whether the gods have care of innocence,
Rather than follow it.——

Act 4. (latter end.)

(33) *For his*, &c.] See p. 121. foregoing and n.

Womens Frailty.

Ang. ——Nay, Women are frail too.
Iſab. Ay, as the glaſſes where they view themſelves;
(3) Which are as eaſy broke, as they make forms.
Women! help heaven! men their creation mar,
In profiting by them: nay, call us ten times frail;
For we are ſoft as our complexions are,
And credulous to falſe prints.

Weight of eſtabliſhed Reputation.

Ang. Who will believe thee, *Iſabell?*
My unſoil'd name, the auſtereneſs of my life,
My vouch againſt you, and my place i' the ſtate,
Will ſo your accuſation overweigh,
That you ſhall ſtifle in your own report,
And ſmell of calumny. (35)

ACT

(34) *Which*, &c.] See *Cymbeline*, Act 2. Sc. 7. and n. Inſtead of *make* forms, *J.* propoſes *take*. *In profiting by them*; l. 5. means, in imitating them, taking them for examples. *And credulous to falſe prints*, laſt line, means, taking any impreſſion, ready to receive any ſtamp. See *J.* and *W.*

(35) *And ſmell of calumny.*] In conſequence of this, *Iſabell* obſerves,

Did I tell this,
Who wou'd believe me? O perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the ſelf-ſame tongue
Either of condemnation or approof!
Bidding the law make court'ſy to their will;
Working both right and wrong to the appetite
To follow as it draws! I'll to my brother;
Tho' he has fallen by prompture of the blood
Yet hath he in him ſuch a mind of honour,
That had he twenty heads to tender down,
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,

Before

ACT III. SCENE I.

Hope.

(36) The miſerable have no other medecine,
But only Hope.

Moral Reflections on the Vanity of Life.

Be abſolute for death; (37) either death or life,
Shall thereby be the ſweeter. Reaſon thus with life;
If I do loſe thee, I do loſe a thing,
That none but fools (38) would keep; a breath thou art,

Servile

Before his ſiſter ſhould her body ſtoop
To ſuch abhorr'd pollution.

See alſo *Angelo's* ſpeech at the end of Act 3.

But that her tender ſhame, &c.

(36) *The*, &c.] The reader will find a good ode to *Hope*, in *Cowley's Miſtreſs*, p. 43. ed. 1678. *Tibullus* ſays,

Jam mala finiſſem letho, ſed credula vitam
Spes fovet, & melius cras fore ſemper ait.

Death long ago had ta'en my grief away,
But flattering *hope* ſtill urges on delay,
And ſays, to-morrow 'll bring a better day.

Dart.

(37) *Be abſolute*, &c.] i. e. Be determined to die, without any hope of life; for

Gratior quæ non ſperabitur, &c. HOR.

(38) *Would keep*, &c.] i. e. Would *wiſh* to *keep*; *would*, in this place, conveying that idea; it being no uncommon thing in *S.* to underſtand *intention*, *willingneſs* and *deſire*, in his uſe of verbs; a cuſtom very familiar in the *Greek* language. I cannot entirely approve *keep'ſt* again in the third line following, and could wiſh I had any authority for a better word, as *dwells* or ſomething of that ſort.

Servile to all the ſkiey influences,
That do this habitation, where thou keep'ſt,
Hourly afflict: merely thou art death's fool; (39)
For him thou labour'ſt by thy flight to ſhun,
And yet run'ſt tow'rd him ſtill. (40) Thou art not noble;—
For all th' accommodations, that thou bear'ſt,
Are nurs'd by baſeneſs: thou 'rt by no means valiant;
For thou doſt fear the ſoft and tender fork

Of

(39) By *Death's fool*, he means the *fool* that was introduced in the old *farces* on the ſtage, where *death* or *fate* was another figure, from whom the fool uſed to endeavour to fly by all the ſtratagems he could, which notwithſtanding at every turn brought him more immediately into the jaws of death.

(40) The next lines are thus judiciouſly explained by *Edwards*: "*S.* is not here conſidering man as a moral agent, but is ſpeaking of animal life, the *accommodations* [conveniences] of which, he ſays, are *nurs'd* [ſupplied and ſupported] by *baſeneſs*, or thoſe that are eſteemed the lower meaner part of the creation, ſuch as wool, ſilk, the excrements of beaſts, and inſects, *&c.* or by the labour and ſervice of the meaneſt people. King *Lear* fell into the ſame reflection on ſeeing the naked beggar, "Conſider him well. Thou oweſt the worm no ſilk, the beaſt no hide, the ſheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha! here's three of us are ſophiſticated; thou art the thing itſelf: *unaccommodated*, man is no more, but ſuch a poor bare-forked animal as thou art." *Lear*, Act 3. Sc. 5. See *Can. of Criticiſm* p. 99. *Johnſon* (without taking any notice of *Edwards*) obſerves very well, on his ground, that "*S.* meant only to obſerve in this paſſage, that a minute analyſis of life at once deſtroys that ſplendor, which dazzles the imagination. Whatever grandeur can diſplay or luxury enjoy, is procured by *baſeneſs*, by offices of which the mind ſhrinks from the contemplation. All the delicacies of the table may be traced back to the ſhambles, and the dunghill: all magnificence of building was hewn from the quarry; and all the pomp of ornaments, dug from the damps and darkneſs of the mine."

Of a poor worm. (41) (42) Thy beſt of reſt is ſleep,
And that thou oft provok'ſt; yet groſly fear'ſt
Thy death, which is no more. Thou 'rt not thy-
ſelf; (43)
For thou exiſt'ſt on many a thouſand grains,
That iſſue out of duſt. Happy thou art not;
For what thou haſt not, ſtill thou ſtriv'ſt to get,
And what thou haſt, forget'ſt. Thou art not certain;
For thy complexion ſhifts to ſtrange effects,
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou 'rt poor;
For like an aſs, whoſe back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'ſt thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloadeth thee. Friend thou haſt none;
For thy own bowels, which do call thee ſire;
The mere effuſion of thy proper loins,

Do

(41) *Soft and tender fork of a poor worm.*] *Worm* is put for any creeping thing, or *ſerpent*. *S.* ſuppoſes falſely, but according to the vulgar notion, that a ſerpent wounds with his tongue, and that his tongue is *forked*. He confounds reality and fiction, a ſerpent's tongue is *ſoft* but not *forked*. If it could hurt, it could not be ſoft. In *Midſummer Night's Dream* he has the ſame notion;

With *doubler* tongue
Than thine, O ſerpent, never adder ſtung. *J.*

(42) *Thy beſt*, &c.] "*Habes ſomnum imaginem mortis, eamque quotidie induis, & dubitas quin ſenſus in morte nullus ſit, cum in ejus ſimulachro videas eſſe nullum ſenſum.*" You have ſleep, the image of death, which every day you ſubmit to, and yet doubt, whether there be any ſenſation in death, when there you find none at all in that great reſemblance of it." *Cicero*. *Warburton* obſerves, *S.* has with great judgment omitted the Epicurean inſinuation in imitating this paſſage.

(43) *Thou 'rt not thyſelf.*] i. e. Thou art perpetually repaired and renovated by external aſſiſtance; thou ſubſiſteſt upon foreign matter, and haſt no power of producing or continuing thy own being. *J.*:—who in the fifth line following for *effects* would read *affects*, i. e. *affections*, *paſſions* of mind, or diſorders of body, variouſly affected. So in *Othello*,

Thy young *affects*.

Do curſe the gout, ſerpigo, and the rheum,
For ending thee no ſooner. Thou haſt nor youth nor age
But as it were an after-dinner's ſleep,
(44) Dreaming on both; for all thy bleſſed youth
Becomes

(44) *Dreaming*, &c.] *S.* is here endeavouring to ſhew that we have no real enjoyment in life, either in *youth* or *age*; and this he does very properly by obſerving, "that our *bleſſed* youth [the time that ſhould be bleſſed and happy] is eaten up with the care and canker of age, and through our deſire of heaping up ſomething for the future becomes a *very* old-age, of which it does, as it were, *beg alms* by intruding on its concerns, aſking after its caution and ſedulity, requeſting its ſtaidneſs, and ſharing all its anxieties: thus ſtudious for the future, our happy days of youth are like old-age, and become joyleſs: and when real old-age comes on,—the time we have in our youth laboured for, and expected to enjoy,—the infirmities of it deſtroy all power of enjoyment, though we have the poſſeſſions we wiſhed for, and became *old* in our *youth* to acquire; we have neither ſoul nor deſire to uſe them, we have neither ſtrength nor grace of body to make them and ourſelves pleaſant, and are utterly incapacitated for all the endearments, delights, and ſatisfactions of life. *Horace* obſerves, it is the pretence all men uſe for their labours, that they may retire at laſt; and for this they give up all the joys of youth, and *become as aged.*

Profeſs, their various labours they ſuſtain,
A decent competence for age to raiſe,
And then retire with indolence and eaſe.
Francis's Hor. Sat. 1. l. 1.

And *Lucretius* obſerves, our cares for things future, and neglect of the preſent, rob us entirely of all the comforts of life.

But yet becauſe thou ſtill did'ſt ſtrive to meet
The abſent, and contemn'dſt the preſent ſweet,
Death ſeems unwelcome, and thy race half run;
Thy courſe of life ſeems ended, when begun:
And unexpected haſty death deſtroys,
Before thy greedy mind is full of joys.

And

Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palſied eld; and when thou art old and rich,
Thou haſt neither heat, affection, limb nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleaſant. What's yet in this,
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thouſand deaths: yet death we fear,
That makes theſe odds all even.

The Terrors of Death moſt in Apprehenſion.

Claud. Is there no remedy?

Iſab. None but ſuch remedy, as to ſave a head
Wou'd cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any?

* * * * * *

Iſab. Oh, I do fear thee, *Claudio*; and I quake,
Leſt thou a fev'rous life ſhould'ſt entertain,

And

And a little before, he obſerves,

Then why fond mortal doſt thou aſk for more,
Why ſtill deſire t' increaſe thy wretched ſtore,
And wiſh for what muſt waſte like thoſe before?
Not rather free thyſelf from pains and fear,
And end this life and neceſſary care? *&c.*

See *Creech*, B. 3. l. 930.

I do not conceive how *Warburton* can make *beg the alms* of *palſied eld* ſignify——"*thou immediately contracteſt the infirmities of* old-age, as particularly the palſy, &c.——" *Johnſon* on this paſſage obſerves, "that it is exquiſitely imagined. When we are young, we buſy ourſelves in forming ſchemes for ſucceeding time, and miſs the gratifications, that are before us: when we are old, we amuſe the languor of age, with the recollection of youthful pleaſures or performances: ſo that our life, of which no part is filled with the buſineſs of the preſent time, reſembles our dreams after dinner, when the events of the morning are mingled with the deſigns of the evening. "Inſtead of *bleſſed youth*, *J.* propoſes *blaſted*. But *bleſſed*, means that which is ſo in itſelf, and would be, if we did not abuſe it. *More thouſands*, in the laſt line but one, means, a *thouſand deaths more*, or *beſides*, what we have mentioned.

And ſix or ſeven winters more reſpect
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'ſt thou die?
The ſenſe of death is moſt in apprehenſion;
And the poor beetle that we tread upon, (45)
In corp'ral ſufferance finds a pang as great,
As when a giant dies.

Reſolution from a Senſe of Honour.

Claud. Why give you me this ſhame?
Think you I want a reſolution fetch'd
From flow'ry tenderneſs? If I muſt die
I will encounter darkneſs as a bride,
And hug it in my arms!

Iſab. There ſpake my brother: (46) there my father's grave
Did utter forth a voice.

A Sainted Hypocrite.

Iſab. Yes, thou muſt die,
Thou art too noble to conſerve a life

In

(45) *The poor beetle*, &c.] The reaſoning is, ſays *J.* that "Death is no more than every being muſt ſuffer, though the dread of it is peculiar to man:" or perhaps, "that we are inconſiſtent with ourſelves, when we ſo much dread that which we careleſsly inflict on other creatures, that feel the pain as acutely as we do!" This will poſſibly be thought refining on the author's meaning, which, without a comment, appears noble, ſimple, and plain.

(46) *There*, &c.] There cannot be a nobler or more bold expreſſion than this: in the *Tempeſt*, Act 5. Sc. 1. with peculiar grandeur, it is ſaid,

Graves at my command
Have wak'd their ſleepers.

Nor is ſuch a manner of ſpeaking uncommon with *S.* In *Hamlet*, we find it, when mention is made of the ghoſt,

In which the *majeſty* of buried *Denmark*
Did ſometime march.

In baſe appliances. This outward-ſainted deputy,
Whoſe ſettled viſage and delib'rate word
Nips youth i' th' head, and follies doth emmew (47)
As falconer doth the fowl, is yet a devil;
His filth within being caſt, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

Claud. The princely *Angelo?*

Iſab. O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell
The damned'ſt body to inveſt and cover
In princely guards! (48)

The Terrors of Death.

Iſab. O, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin!

* * * * * *

Claud. Ah, *Iſabell!*

Iſab. What ſays my brother?

Claud.——Death's a fearful thing.

Iſab.

(47) *Emmew.*] That is, *coops*, or *mews up*, *confines*; which plainly directs to the true reading of the next line; it has hitherto been printed in all the editions, *falcon*; how abſurdly I need not ſay: the alteration is eaſy and ſelf-evident. A mew, is the coop or cage of a hawk or falcon. *Upton* would tranſpoſe *filth* and *pond*, and read,

His *pond* within being caſt——*&c.*
A *filth* as deep as hell.

Either reading makes very good ſenſe; the reader will prefer which moſt pleaſes him.

(48) *In princely guards.*] Ornaments of royalty, ſuch as *Angelo* now aſſumed. *Warburton* would read *prieſtly* guards, as expreſſive of extreme *ſanctity*. *Guards* ſignifies *lace*, or ornaments of that kind. So in *Much ado about Nothing*, *Benedick* ſays, The body of your diſcourſe is *guarded* with fragments, and the *guards* are but ſlightly *baſted* on neither. Act 1. Sc. 1. at the end. I have before propoſed *garbs*, which poſſibly might have been *S's* words. See *Merchant of Venice*, Act 1. and note.

Iſab. And ſhameful life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obſtruction, and to rot;
This ſenſible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the (49) delighted ſpirit
To

(49) *Delighted*, &c.] This alludes not to any preſent actual delight; but either the former *delight* and *eaſe* the ſpirit had enjoyed here, or its preſent capacity for *delight*, which might aggravate its tortures: I think the firſt the preferable ſenſe———the delighted ſpirit, or the ſpirit that while on earth was delighted and fed with enjoyments and eaſe. The once *delighted ſpirit*—ſo it is ſaid of *Dives*, remember that thou in thy life-time receivedſt *thy good things*, *Luke* xv. 25. Some have propoſed to read the *delinquent*—and others the *benighted ſpirit*. I believe the reading in the text to be the true one. *Virgil* has aſſigned nearly the ſame puniſhment to the damned, that *S.* and *Milton* have.

Ergo exercentur pœnis veterumque malorum
Supplicia expendunt. Aliæ panduntur inanes
Suſpenſæ ad ventos: *aliis ſub gurgite vaſto*
Infectum eluitur ſcelus, aut exuritur igni.

Therefore with puniſhment they are explor'd,
And pay due penance for their former crimes.
Some hang expanded to the empty winds;
The guilt ingrain'd of others in th' abyſs
Of ſeas is waſh'd; or burnt away with fire.
Trapp, Æn. 6. v. 729.

I rather chooſe to give the reader a proſaic tranſlation of the words, than a poetical one, which ridicules the author. *Dryden hangs* the poor ghoſts *upon the wind to bleach* (line 1003) and *Pitt*, his faithful, though unequal follower, does them the ſame honour.

And hang on high to *whiten* in the wind. 1033.

In *Milton*, the horrors of the damned are thus deſcribed;

While we perhaps,
Caught in a fiery tempeſt ſhall be hurl'd
Each on his rock tranſfix'd, the ſport and prey
Of

To bathe in fiery floods, or to reſide
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;

To

Of wracking whirlwinds: or for ever ſunk
Under the boiling ocean, wrapt in chains, &c.——

And again,

Thither by harpy-footed furies hal'd,
At certain revolutions all the damn'd
Are brought, and feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,
From beds of raging fire to ſtarve in ice
Their ſoft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
Immoveable, infix'd, and frozen round,
Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.
B. 2. 180, & 596.

Hurd in his excellent Diſſertation on the Marks of poetical Imitation, produces the paſſage of *S.* we are upon as an indiſputable proof of *S's* imitation of *Virgil.* See Vol 3. p. 168. of his Commentary of *Horace.* *Newton* obſerves, "*S.* has not made theſe extremes of heat and cold alternate, as *Milton* has deſcribed them, and thereby greatly refined and improved the thought." But though doubtleſs there is great excellence in *Milton's* ſuppoſing the damned to ſuffer theſe extremes interchangeably, yet it is plain from the text, *S.* meant the very ſame, though he has not ſo ſtrongly expreſt it, as indeed there was no occaſion. The ſpirit was either to bathe in *fiery floods*, or if releaſed from them, to reſide in *thrilling* regions of *thick-ribbed ice*, or, if releaſed from this torture, to be impriſoned in the *viewleſs winds*, and blown with *reſtleſs violence* round about the *pendant world* (lines unequaled by *Virgil's* and *Milton's inanes ſuſpenſæ ad ventos, and the ſport and prey of wracking whirlwinds*) or, unacquainted with the variety and extremes of torture to be afflicted, to live in fear of being puniſhed with ſeverer ſufferings than the devil and his rebellious crew; of being worſe tormented than the very worſt of thoſe, whom, lawleſs and incertain thoughts [the thoughts of the lawleſs or impious, which are ever incertain and doubtful, and on account of thoſe doubts, more dreadful] imagine to be howling. See *Upton's* obſervations on *S.* p. 218. By *lawleſs and incertain thought* is meant,

ſays

To be impriſon'd in the viewleſs winds,
And blown with reſtleſs violence round about
The pendant world; or to be worſe than worſt
Of thoſe, that lawleſs and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling? 'tis too horrible!
(50) The wearieſt and moſt loathed worldly life,
That age, ach, penury, impriſonment,
Can lay on nature, is a paradiſe
To what we fear of death.

Cowardly

ſays *J.* conjecture ſent out to wander without any certain direction, and ranging throughout all poſſibilities of pain. *Farmer* is of opinion that *S.* had this idea of an *hot* and *cold* hell from the *monks* and old religious writers, who ſpeak of both.

(50) *The*, &c.] That ſcandalous and unbecoming wiſh of *Mecænas*, which we find in the 10th epiſtle of *Seneca*, is not unlike this mean fear of death betrayed in *Claudio's* ſpeech;

Debilem facito manu,
Debilem pede, coxa,
Tubor adſtrue gibberum
Lubricos quate dentes;
Vita, dum ſupereſt, bene eſt.
Hanc mihi vel acutam
Si des, ſuſtineo crucem.

Uſe of every limb deſtroy,
Hand and foot, and leg and thigh,
Pluck out my teeth, and cover o'er
My body with each ulcerous ſore;
Let but life and breath remain,
Very gladly I 'd ſuſtain
Even, the torturing croſs's pain.

And in that fine play of *Phædra and Hyppolitus*, *Lycon*, praying for life, ſays,

Oh, chain me; whip me! let me be the ſcorn
Of ſordid rabbles, and inſultiug crowds!
Give me but life, and make that life moſt wretched,

Cowardly Apprehenſion of Death reproached.

Iſab. Oh, faithleſs coward! (51) Oh, diſhoneſt wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is 't not a kind of inceſt, to take life
From thine own ſiſter's ſhame? What ſhould I think?
Heaven grant my mother play'd my father fair!
For ſuch a warped ſlip of wilderneſs
Ne'er iſſued from his blood—Take my defiance—
Die, periſh! might my only bending down,
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it ſhould proceed——
Oh, fie, fie, fie!
Thy ſin 's not accidental but a trade;
Mercy to thee would prove itſelf a bawd;
'Twere beſt that thou dieſt quickly!

Beauty and Goodneſs.

The hand, that hath made you fair, hath made you good: the goodneſs, that is cheap in beauty, makes beauty brief in goodneſs; but grace, being the ſoul of your complexion, ſhall keep the body of it ever fair.

Virtue and Goodneſs.

Virtue is bold, and goodneſs never fearful.

Firſt

(51) *Oh faithleſs*, &c.] We muſt allow, with *Johnſon*, that "in *Iſabella's* exprobration there is ſomething harſh, and ſomething forced and far-fetched." But her indignation cannot be thought too violent, when we conſider her not only as a virgin, but as a nun." *Wilderneſs* is here uſed for *wildneſs*, the ſtate of being diſorderly. *Milton* uſes the word in this ſenſe. See *St.* In the 11th l. *But a trade*, means, a cuſtom, a practice, an eſtabliſhed habit. So we ſay of a man much addicted to any thing, He makes a trade of it. See *J.* 1

Firſt Affection often Proof againſt Unkindneſs.

This fore-named maid hath yet in her the continuance of her firſt affection; his unjuſt unkindneſs, that in all reaſon ſhould have quenched her love, hath like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly.

SCENE II. *A Bawd.*

Fie, ſirrah! a bawd—a wicked bawd! (52)
The evil that thou cauſeſt to be done,
That is thy means to live. Doſt thou but think
What 'tis to cram a maw, or cloath a back,
From ſuch a filthy vice? Say to thyſelf,
From their abominable and beaſtly touches
I drink, I eat, array myſelf and live;—
Can'ſt thou believe thy living is a life
So ſtinkingly depending? Go mend, mend.

Love and Knowledge.

Luci. Sir, I know him, and I love him.
Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

SCENE VI. *Calumny unavoidable.*

No might nor greatneſs in mortality
Can cenſure ſcape: back-wounding calumny
The

(52) *A Bawd*, &c.] In the *Brothers* of *Terence* the *pimp* ſays,

Well I am a pimp,
The common bane of youth; a perjurer,
A publick nuiſance: I confeſs it, *&c.*

Which *Colman* obſerves was probably a tranſlation from *Diphilus*: but the procurer was a common character in the old plays: though never ſo well painted as by our author in the preſent paſſage. See *Colman's Terence*, Vol. II. p. 25.

The whiteſt virtue ſtrikes. What king ſo ſtrong,
Can tie the gall up in the ſland'rous tongue?

Wiſdom of the World.

Eſca. What news abroad i' the world?

Duke. None, but that there is ſo great a fever on goodneſs, that the diſſolution of it muſt cure it: novelty is only in requeſt; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of courſe, as it is virtuous to be conſtant in any undertaking: there is ſcarce truth enough alive, to make ſocieties ſecure; but ſecurity enough, to make fellowſhips accurſt. Much upon this riddle runs the wiſdom of the world: the news is old enough, yet it is every day's news.

Good Example neceſſary in Rulers.

He who the ſword of heaven will bear, (53)
Should be as holy, as ſevere;

Pattern

(53) *He who the ſword*, &c.] This paſſage is harſh and difficult of conſtruction, and perhaps there are ſome errors in the text: in particular I would render the third line thus,

Pattern in himſelf to SHEW.

S. ſays, that "he who would perform well the duty of a magiſtrate, ſhould be as *holy* in himſelf, as *ſevere* or exact in the diſtribution of juſtice." On this foundation he enlarges and adds, that he *ſhould ſet a good* example, *ſhew* a proper pattern in himſelf—and ſhould have *grace* to ſtand againſt all temptations, as well as *virtue*, or reſolution to go—to proceed in an active and impartial diſcharge of his office. *Likeneſs made in crimes*, l. 13. is ſo "*paradoxical an expreſſion*," as *W.* calls it, for *hypocriſy*, that I cannot believe it to be *S's*: eſpecially as *made* in this line and *making* in the text ſeem to point out another reading: the reviſal propoſes *trade in crimes*, &c. which appears equally dark: perhaps by a very ſlight alteration we might read *ſhading*, ſhadowing, covering, or concealing crimes—which appears

Pattern in himſelf to know;
Grace to ſtand and virtue go;
More or leſs to others paying,
Than by ſelf-offences weighing:
Shame to him, whoſe cruel ſtriking,
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble ſhame on *Angelo*,
To weed my vice, and let his grow!
O, what may man within him hide
Though angel on the outward ſide!
How may likeneſs made in crimes,
Making practice on the times,
Draw with idle ſpiders ſtrings,
Moſt pond'rous and ſubſtantial things!

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A beautiful Song.

I.

Take, Oh, take thoſe lips away,
That ſo ſweetly were forſworn;
And thoſe eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do miſlead the morn;
But my kiſſes bring again;
Seals of love, but ſeal'd in vain.

II.

to ſuit well with the context: where the poet is ſaying, that *likeneſs*, or outward appearance—an *angel* without, a a devil within,—ſuch *appearance* covering or ſhadowing a multitude of crimes within, may draw with its falſe and feeble pretences [finely called ſpiders ſtrings] the moſt pond'rous and ſubſtantial matters of the world, as riches, honour, power, reputation, &c.——See the *Commentators*. *Mail'd* in crimes might alſo be propoſed: ſo *Glouceſter's* wife ſays of herſelf,

Be led along,
MAIL'D up in ſhame———

Second Part *Henry* VI. Act 2. Sc. 4.

II.

Hide, oh hide, thoſe hills of ſnow,
Which thy frozen boſom bears,
On whoſe tops the pinks that grow,
Are of thoſe that *April* wears;
But my poor heart firſt ſet free,
Bound in thoſe icy chains by thee!

N. B. *The ſecond ſtanza is added from* Shakeſpear's *Poems.*

Guilty Diligence.

With whiſpering and moſt guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did ſhow me
The way twice o'er!

Greatneſs ſubject to Cenſure.

O, place and greatneſs! millions of falſe eyes
Are ſtuck upon thee; volumes of reports
Run with their falſe and moſt contrarious queſts
Upon thy doings: thouſand 'ſcapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dreams,
And rack thee in their fancies. (54)

SCENE

(54) *And rack thee*, &c.] Like this has been the complaint of all ages, even when the ſcandal was merely *oral*: but how much more intolerable has the offence become of late years, when obloquy is not only privately ſpoken, but publickly printed, and openly circulated throughout theſe kingdoms? The *freedom* of the preſs ſhould be ever held ſacred amongſt us. It is our *palladium*. But ſurely to reſtrain its *licentiouſneſs*, can no more hurt the *liberty* of it, than the chaſtiſement of felony can be ſaid to injure the liberty of the ſubject. Mrs. *G. Falſe eyes*, l. 1. means, inſidious and traiterous eyes. And *contrarious queſts*, l. 3. means, different reports, *ruuning counter* to each other. See *J.*

SCENE II. *Execution finely expreſſed.*

By eight to-morrow
Thou muſt be made immortal!

Sound Sleep.

As faſt lock'd up in ſleep, as guiltleſs labour
When it lies (55) ſtarkly in the traveller's bones.

Upright Governor, ſuppoſed.

Prov. It is a bitter deputy.
Duke. Not ſo, not ſo; his life is parallel'd
Even with the ſtroke and line of his great juſtice;
He doth with holy abſtinence ſubdue
That in himſelf, which he ſpurs on his power
To qualify in others: were he meal'd
With that which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
But this being ſo, he's juſt.

Good Jailor.

This is a gentle provoſt; ſeldom, when
The ſteeled jailor is the friend of men.

Difficulties eaſy, when known.

Look, the unfolding ſtar calls up the ſhepherd; put not yourſelf into amazement, how theſe things ſhould be: all difficulties are but eaſy when they are known.

SCENE III. *Comfort from Deſpair.*

But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comfort of deſpair,
When it is leaſt expected.

Complaining

(55) *Starkly.*] i. e. Stiffly, wearily, ſoundly.

Complaining uſeleſs.

Iſab. Injurious world! Moſt damned *Angelo!*
Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot:
Forbear it therefore; give your cauſe to heaven!

ACT V. SCENE I.

Character of an arch Hypocrite.

O, I conjure thee, prince, as thou believ'ſt
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madneſs: make not impoſſible
That which but ſeems unlike: 'tis not impoſſible
But one the wickedeſt caitiff on the ground
May ſeem (56) as ſhy, as grave, as juſt, as abſolute
As *Angelo*; even ſo may *Angelo*,
In all his dreſſings, characts, titles, forms,
Be an arch villain: truſt me, royal prince,
If he be leſs, he's nothing; but he's more
Had I more names for badneſs.

Reſpect due to Place.

Reſpect to your great place!—and let the devil
Be ſometimes honour'd for his burning throne.

Impoſſibility

(56) *As ſhy*, &c.] i. e. as reſerved, as abſtracted: *as juſt*, i. e. as nice, as exact: *as abſolute*, i. e. as complete in all the round of duty. *In all his dreſſings*, (next line but one) means, in all his ſemblance of virtue, in all his habiliments of office. *Characts* ſignifies *characters*: ſee *Dugdale's Orig. Jurid.* p. 81. "That he uſe no hide, no charme, no *carecte*."

Impoſſibility of Interceſſion.

Againſt all ſenſe (57) you do importune her.
Should ſhe kneel down, in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghoſt his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror!

Reformed Men, ſometimes beſt.

They ſay, beſt men are moulded out of faults;
And, for the moſt, become much more the better
For being a litle bad; ſo may my huſband.

Intents more excuſable than Acts.

His act did not o'ertake his bad intent;
And muſt be bury'd but as an intent,
That periſh'd by the way: thoughts are no ſubjects;
Intents, but meerly thoughts.

(57) *Againſt all ſenſe*, &c.] The meaning required is, "againſt all reaſon and natural affection"—*S.* therefore judiciouſly uſes a ſingle word, which implies both: *ſenſe* ſignifying both reaſon and affection. *J.*

General Obſervation.

Reſpecting the ſtory whence *Meaſure for Meaſure* was taken, hear *Capell*:

"In the year 1578, was publiſhed, in a black letter quarto, a miſerable dramatick performance, in two parts, intitled, "Promos and Caſſandra;" written by one *George Whetſtone*, author likewiſe of the "Heptameron," and much other poetry of the ſame ſtamp, printed about that time. Theſe plays their author, perhaps, might form upon a novel of *Cinthio's* (v. *Dec.* 8. *Nov.* 5.) *S.* went not to them, but took up with *Whetſtone's* fable, as is evident from the argument of it: which, though it be ſomewhat of the longeſt, yet take it in his own words:

" The Argument of the whole *Hiſtory.*

In the cittie of *Julio* (ſometimes under the dominion of *Cavinus* Kinge of *Hungarie* and *Boemia)* there was a law, that what man ſoever committed adultery, ſhould loſe his head, and the woman offender, ſhould weare ſome diſguiſed apparel, during her life, to make her infamouſlye noted. This ſevere lawe, by the favour of ſome merciſull magiſtrate, became little regarded, until the time of lord *Promos'* auctoritye; who, convicting a yong gentleman named *Andrugio* of incontinency, condemned both him, and his minion to the execution of this ſtatute. *Andrugio* had a very virtuous, and beautiful gentlewoman to his ſiſter, named *Caſſandra: Caſſandra,* to enlarge her brother's life, ſubmitted an humble petition to the lord *Promos: Promos* regarding her good behaviour, and fantaſying her great beawtie, was much delighted with the ſweete order of her talke; and doying good, that evill might come thereof, for a time, he repryved her brother: but wicked man, tourning his liking unto unlawfull luſt, he ſet downe the ſpoile of her honour, raunſome for her brother's life: chaſte *Caſſandra,* abhorring both him and his ſute, by no perſwaſion would yeald to this raunſome. But in fine, worne with the importunitie of her brother (pleading for life) upon theſe conditions, ſhe agreed to *Promos.* Firſt that he ſhould pardon her brother, and after marry her. *Promos,* as feareleſſe in promiſe, as careleſſe in performance, with ſollemne vowe, ſygned her conditions: but worſe than any infidel, his will ſatisfyed, he performed neither the one or the other. For to keepe his auctoritye unſpotted with favour, and to prevent *Caſſandra's* clamors, he commanded the gaylor ſecretly, to preſent *Caſſandra* with her brother's head. The gaylor with the outcries of *Andrugio* (abhorring *Promos'* lewdenes) by the providence of God, provided thus for his ſafety. He preſented *Caſſandra* with a felon's head newlie executed, who (being mangled knew it not from her brother's, by the gaylor who was ſet at libertie) was ſo agrieved at this trecherye, that at the point to kyll herſelfe, ſhe ſpared that ſtroke to be avenged of *Promos.* And devyſing a way, ſhe concluded, to make her fortunes kſowne unto the kinge. She (executing this reſolution) was ſo highly favoured of the kinge, that forthwith

with he haſted to do juſtice on *Promos*, whoſe judgment was to marrye *Caſſandra*, to repaire her eraſed honour, which donne, for his hainous offence he ſhould loſe his head. This marryage ſolemniſed, *Caſſandra*, tyed in the greateſt bondes of affection to her huſband, became an earneſt ſuter for his life. The kinge (tendringe the general benefit of the comon weale, before her ſpecial eaſe, although he favoured her much) would not graunt her ſuit. *Andrugio* (diſguiſed amonge the company) ſorrowing the griefe of his ſiſter, bewrayed his ſafety, and craved pardon. The kinge, to renowne the virtues of *Caſſandra*, pardoned both him and *Promos*. The circumſtances of this rare hiſtorye, in action livelye foloweth."

The play itſelf opens thus:

ACTUS I. SCENA I.

Promos, Maior, Shiriffe, Swordebearer; one with a bunch of keyes, Phalax, Promos' man.

You officers which now in Julio ſtaye,
Knowe you our leadge, the king of Hungarie:
Sent me Promos, to joine with you in ſway:
That ſtyll we may to juſtice habe an eye.
And now to ſhow my rule and power at lardge,
Attentivelye, his letters patents heare:
Phalax reade out my ſoveraine's chardge.

Phal. As you commaunde, I wyll: give heedefull care.

Phalax readeth the kinges letters patents, which muſt be fayre written in parchment, with ſome great counterſeat ſeale.

Pro. Loe, here you ſee what is our ſoveraigne's wyl,
Loe, heare his wiſh, that right, not might, may heare ſwaye:
Loe, heare his care, to weede from good the yll,
To ſcourge the wights, good laws that diſobey.

And thus it proceeds; without one word in it, that *S.* could make uſe of, or can be read with patience by any

man living: and yet, beſides the characters appearing in the argument, his bawd, clown, *Lucio*, *Juliet*, and the provoſt, nay, and even his *Barnardine* are created out of hints which this play gave him; and the lines too that are quoted, bad as they are, ſuggeſted to him the manner in which his own play opens." Thus far *Capell*.

"The novel of *Cynthio Giraldi*," ſays *Johnſon*, "may be read in *Shakeſpear Illuſtrated*, elegantly tranſlated, with remarks which will aſſiſt the enquirer to diſcover how much abſurdity *S.* has adm tted or avoided. Of this play" he goes on, "the light or comic part is very natural and pleaſing; but the grave ſcenes, if a few paſſages be excepted, have more labour than elegance. The plot is rather intricate than artful. The time of the action is indefinite: ſome time, we know not how much, muſt have elapſed between the receſs of the duke, and the impriſonment of *Claudio*: for he muſt have learned the ſtory of *Mariana*, in his diſguiſe, or he delegated his power, to a man already known to be corrupted. The unities of action and place are ſufficiently preſerved." See *Theobald's* note. The ſtory of *Bertram* and *Diana*, in *All's well that ends well*, is ſomething ſimilar to this of *Angelo* and *Mariana*. See the *Spectator*, No. 491.

The

VI.

The Merchant of Venice.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Natural Preſentiment of Evil finely pointed out; with the Contraſt of a chearful and melancholy Man.

Ant. In ſooth, (1) I know not why I am ſo ſad,
It wearies me: you ſay, it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What ſtuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born
I am to learn.
And ſuch a want-wit ſadneſs makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myſelf.

Sal.

(1) *In ſooth*, &c.] The forebodings or preſentiments of evil, natural to the human mind, are ſtrongly pointed at in this paſſage. It were vain to attempt the inveſtigation of this matter, from philoſophy, any more than that of prophetic dreams; ſo that all we have to do is ſimply to acquieſce in the fact itſelf, which repeated experience has ſufficiently vouched, in too many remarkable inſtances, to be imputed to common caſualty. *In ſooth*, ſays *Antonio*, *I know* not, &c.; upon which his two friends attempt to account for the impreſſion on his mind, in a very natural manner—as, "where a man's treaſure is there will his heart be alſo——"

Your mind, &c.

But when he denies, that any reflection upon the ſtate of his fortune, or that even the paſſion of love has wrought

Sal. Your mind is toſſing on the ocean,
There where your argoſies, with portly ſail,
Like ſigniors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or as it were the pageants of the ſea,—
Do over-peer the petty traffiquers,
That curt'ſy to them, do them reverence
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Sol. Believe me, Sir, had I ſuch ventures forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I ſhould be ſtill
Plucking the graſs, to know where ſits the wind;
Prying in maps, for ports, and piers, and roads:
And every object, that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me ſad.

Sal. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at ſea.
I ſhould not ſee the ſandy hour-glaſs run,
But I ſhould think of ſhallows and of flats:
And ſee my wealthy *Andrew* dock'd in ſand,
Vailing her high top lower than her ribs,

To

this great effect upon his ſpirits, they then remain quite at a loſs to account further for it, referring it merely to the peculiarity of his character, or particular complexion of mind, which is deſcribed and contraſted with one of the oppoſite caſt with admirable humour——

Now by two-headed Janus, &c.

Thus far Mrs. *G.*; and in conſequence of her very judicious obſervations, it muſt be remarked, that *S.* ſhews his admirable knowledge of human nature in the opening of his play. *Argoſies*, in l. 9. means, ſhips from *Italy*, particularly *Raguſa*, a city and territory in the gulph of *Venice*, tributary to the Porte—and not, as *Pope* explains it, ſhips from *Argo*. *Plucking the graſs*, l. 18. was in order to throw it or hold it up in the air, to find the direction of the wind: "This way I uſed in ſhooting," ſays *Roger Aſcham*, "betwixt the markes was an open place; there I take

To kiſs her burial. Should I go to church
And ſee the holy edifice of ſtone,
And not bethink me ſtraight of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle veſſel's ſide,
Would ſcatter all her ſpices on the ſtream;
Enrobe the roaring-waters with my ſilks;
And in a word but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this? and ſhall I lack the thought
That ſuch a thing, bechanc'd, would make one ſad?
But tell not me; I know, *Antonio*,
Is ſad to think upon his merchandize.

Ant. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom truſted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole eſtate
Upon the fortune of this preſent year.
Therefore my merchandize makes me not ſad.

Sal. Why then you are in love.

Ant. Fie, fie!

Sal. Not in love neither? Then let us ſay, you are ſad,
Becauſe you are not merry: and 'twere as eaſy
For you to laugh, and leap, and ſay you are merry,
Becauſe you are not ſad. Now by two-headed *Janus*,
Nature hath fram'd ſtrange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh, like parrots, at a bagpiper;
And others of ſuch vinegar aſpect,
That they'll not ſhew their teeth in way of ſmile,
Though *Neſtor* ſwear the jeſt be laughable.

The

take a fethere, or *a lytle graſs*, and ſo learned how the winde ſtood." *Andrew*, l. 28. was the name of a ſhip—*Vailing*, in the next line, in *Bulloker's Engliſh Expoſitory* is thus explain'd: "It means to put off the hat, to ſtrike ſail, to give ſign of ſubmiſſion—" See the note on *Love's Labour loſt*, Act 5. p. 103. *Warburton* obſerves that the expreſſion of *peeping through their eyes*, l. 54. gives a very pictureſque image of the countenance in laughing, when the eyes appear half ſhut.

The Imprudence of ſetting too great a Value upon the World.

You have too much reſpect upon the world;
They loſe it, that do buy it with much care.

The true Value of the World.

I hold the world, but as the world, *Gratiano*,
A ſtage, where every man muſt play his part;
And mine a ſad one!

Chearfulneſs and affected Gravity contraſted.

(2) Let me play the fool;
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why ſhould a man whoſe blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandſire cut in alabaſter?

Sleep

(2) *Let*, &c.] The author carries on the compariſon of the ſtage, and alludes to the known and conſtant character of the *fool*, in the ancient dramatic pieces; hence came the phraſe, to *play the fool*. This ſpeech is quite in the ſpirit of *Anacreon* and *Horace*; ſee the 4th, 11th, and 15th odes of *Anacreon*; and the 11th of the 2d book of *Horace*, &c. *Manilius* ſays,

Quid tam ſolicitis vitam, &c.

Why ſhou'd our time run out in uſeleſs years,
Of anxious troubles and tormenting fears?
With no ſucceſs and no advantage crown'd,
Why ſhou'd we ſtill tread an unfiniſh'd round?
Why ſhou'd deluding hopes diſturb our eaſe,
Vain to purſue yet eager to poſſeſs?
Grown grey in hairs how ſenſeleſs is the ſtrife?
In ſeeking how to live we waſte a life:
The more we have, the meaner is our ſtore.
Whilſt what we have we loſe, and only crave for more.

Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peeviſh? (3) I tell thee what, *Antonio*,
There are a ſort of men whoſe viſages
Do cream and mantle like a ſtanding pond;
And do a wilful ſtillneſs entertain,
With purpoſe to be dreſt in an opinion
Of wiſdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who ſhou'd ſay, "I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark."
O, my *Antonio*, I do know of thoſe,
That therefore only are reputed wiſe,
For ſaying nothing, who I am very ſure,
If they ſhould hear, would almoſt damn thoſe ears, (4)
Which, hearing theſe, would call their brothers, fools.
I'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fiſh not with this melancholy bait,
For this fool gudgeon, this opinion.

Jocoſe Satire on Silence.

(5) Silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dry'd, and a maid not vendable.

Loquacity.

(3) *I tell*, &c.] This fine paſſage always puts me in mind of a remark made by *Dryden*; "There are, who wanting *wit*, affect gravity, and go by the name of *ſolid men*; and a ſolid man is in plain *Engliſh*, a ſolid, ſolemn fool." *Sterne* has amply ridiculed this claſs of beings—— *Portia* characteriſing one of her ſuitors, refuſes him, becauſe, ſays ſhe,

He hears merry tales and ſmiles not!

(4) *Damn thoſe ears*, &c.] i. e. Some people are thought wiſe, while they keep ſilence; who, when they open their mouths, are ſuch ſtupid praters, that the hearer cannot help calling them *fools*, and ſo incur the judgment denounced in the goſpel. *T.*

(5) *Silence*, &c.] After this little ſarcaſm on *ſilence*, immediately follows a ridicule of loquacity.——*S.* thus ſhewing

Loquacity.

Gratiano ſpeaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all *Venice:* his reaſons are as two grains of wheat hid in two buſhels of chaff: you ſhall ſeek all day ere you find 'em, and when you have them they are not worth the ſearch.

Generous and diſintereſted Friendſhip.

Ant. I pray you, good *Baſſanio*, let me know it;
And if it ſtand, as you yourſelf ſtill do,
Within the eye of honour, be aſſur'd,
My purſe, my perſon, my extremeſt means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occaſions.

Baſſ. In my ſchool-days, when I had loſt one ſhaft,
I ſhot his fellow of the ſelf-ſame flight
The ſelf-ſame way, with more adviſed watch,
To find the other, and by advent'ring both,
I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
Becauſe what follows is pure innocence. (6)
I owe you much; and like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is loſt: but if you pleaſe
To ſhoot another arrow that ſelf way
Which you did ſhoot the firſt, I do not doubt,—
As I will watch the aim,—or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully reſt debtor for the firſt.

Ant. You know me well; and herein ſpend but time,
To wind about my love with circumſtance;
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,
In making queſtion of my uttermoſt,

Than

ſhewing the fertility of his genius in taking every ſide of the queſtion.

(6) *What follows is pure innocence*, &c.] Having loſt his money, like a *wilful* youth, he would now borrow more in *pure innocence*, without diſguiſing his former fault, or his preſent deſign. *J.*

Than if you had made waſte of all I have.
Then do but ſay to me what I ſhould do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am preſt unto it: therefore, ſpeak.

* * * * * *

———Thou know'ſt, that all my fortunes are at ſea,
Neither have I money, nor commodity
To raiſe a preſent ſum: therefore, go forth,
Try what my credit can in *Venice* do;
That ſhall be rack'd even to the uttermoſt,
To furniſh thee to *Belmont*, to fair *Portia*.
Go preſently enquire, and ſo will I,
Where money is; and I no queſtion make,
To have it of my truſt, or for my ſake.

SCENE II. *The golden Mean.*

Per. By my troth, *Neriſſa*, my little body is weary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, ſweet madam, if your miſeries were in the ſame abundance as your good fortunes are: and yet (7) for aught I ſee, they are as ſick that ſurfeit with too much, as they that ſtarve with nothing; therefore it is no mean happineſs to be ſeated in the mean; ſuperfluity comes ſooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Speculation

(7) *For*, &c.] *Horace* ſays beautifully,

Multa petentibus
Deſunt multa: bene eſt cui deus obtulit
Parcâ, quod ſatis eſt, manu.

——Much will always wanting be
To thoſe who much deſire; thrice happy he
To whom the wiſe indulgency of heav'n,
With ſparing hand, but juſt enough has giv'n.
Cowley, B. 3, O. 24.

And in his Epiſtles, B. 1. E. 14. he obſerves,

At bona pars hominum, &c.

Moſt by their own falſe hopes deceiv'd, cry out,
They have not yet enough.———

Speculation more eaſy than Practice.

If to do, were as eaſy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor mens' cottages princes palaces. He is a good divine that follows his own inſtructions; (8) I can eaſier teach twenty what were good to be done, than to be one of the twenty to follow my own teaching. The brain may deviſe laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree; ſuch a hare is madneſs the youth, to ſkip o'er the meſhes of good counſel, the cripple.

Good Men inſpired at the Time of Death.

Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men, at their death, have good inſpirations. (9)

Shylock's *Definition of a good Man.*

Shyl. My meaning, in ſaying he is a good man, is, to have you underſtand me—that he is ſufficient: yet his means are in ſuppoſition: he hath an argoſy bound

———My friend, complain no more;
He that hath needful things can ne'er be poor:
If with ſound food and cloathing you are ſtor'd,
Not more than this can kingly wealth afford.
Creech.

(8) *I can*, &c.] Αλλῳ πονουντι ραδιον παραινεσαι
Εστιν· ποιησαι δ' αυτον ουχι ραδιον.
Philemon.

'Tis eaſier to adviſe another in diſtreſs,
Than follow in like circumſtances our own
Teaching——

See *Much ado about Nothing*, Act 5. and *Hamlet*, Act 1. *Ophelia's* anſwer to her brother.

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bound to *Tripolis*, another to the Indies, I underſtand upon the *Rialto*; he hath a third at *Mexico*, a fourth for *England*,—and other ventures he hath, ſquander'd abroad: but ſhips are but boards, ſailors but men: there be land-rats, and water-rats, land-thieves, and water-thieves; I mean, pirates: and then there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks: the man is notwithſtanding ſufficient;—three thouſand ducats: I think I may take his bond.

Baſſ. Be aſſured you may.

Shyl. I will be aſſured I may; and that I may be aſſured, I will bethink me. May I ſpeak with *Antonio?*

Baſſ. If it pleaſe you to dine with us.

Shyl. Yes to ſmell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet the *Nazarite* conjur'd the devil into: I will buy with you, ſell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and ſo following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, pray with you.

A JEW's Malice.

Baſſ. This is ſignior *Antonio.*

Shyl. How like a fawning publican he looks. [*Aſide.*

I hate him, for he is a Chriſtian:
But more for that in low ſimplicity,
He lends out money *gratis*, and brings down
The rate of uſance here with us in *Venice.*
If I can catch him once upon the hip, (10)
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our ſacred nation; and he rails
Ev'n there, where merchants moſt do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls, intereſt. Curſed be my tribe,
If I forgive him.

A JEW's

(10) *Catch him upon the hip.*] It is a phraſe taken from the practice of wreſtlers. *J.*

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Which he calls, intereſt. Curſed be my tribe,
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A JEW's

(10) *Catch him upon the hip.*] It is a phraſe taken from the practice of wreſtlers. *J.*

A JEW's Sanctity and Hypocriſy.

Shyl. When *Jacob* graz'd his uncle *Laban's* ſheep,—
This *Jacob* from our holy *Abraham* was
(As his wiſe mother wrought in his behalf)
The third poſſeſſor; ay he was the third.
Ant. And what of him? did he take intereſt?
Shyl. No, not take intereſt; as you would ſay,
Directly intereſt; mark what *Jacob* did.
When *Laban* and himſelf were compromis'd
That all the earnlings, which were ſtreak'd and py'd,
Should fall as *Jacob's* hire;—the ewes, being rank,
In end of autumn turned to the rams:
And when the work of generation was
Between theſe wooly breeders in the act,
The ſkilful ſhepherd pil'd me certain wands,
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
He ſtuck them up before the fulſome ewes;
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time,
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and thoſe were *Jacob's*.
This was a way to thrive, and he was bleſt;
And thrift is bleſſing, if men ſteal it not.
Ant. This was a venture, Sir, that *Jacob* ſerv'd for;
A thing not in his power to bring to paſs,
But ſway'd, and faſhion'd by the hand of heaven.
Was this inſerted to make intereſt good?
Or is your gold and ſilver, ewes and rams?
Shyl. I cannot tell, I make it breed as faſt;
But note me, ſignior.
Ant. (11) Mark you this, *Baſſanio*,

The

(11) *Mark you.*] The devil, in *Paradiſe Loſt*, (B. 4. v. 12.) is ſaid to be the firſt who practiſed this kind of hypocriſy.

——And was the firſt
That practis'd falſhood under ſaintly ſhew,
Deep malice to conceal, couch'd with revenge.

We

The devil can cite ſcripture for his purpoſe;
An evil ſoul producing holy witneſs,
Is

We have a fine moral ſentence, in the form of an allegory, on hypocriſy, in *Milton*, which by ſome is cenſured as a digreſſion; but every reader, I imagine, will gladly excuſe a poet, for ſuch digreſſions and ſuch noble ſentiments;

For neither man nor angel can diſcern
Hypocriſy, the only evil that walks
Inviſible, except to God alone,
By his permiſſive will through heav'n and earth:
And oft though wiſdom wake, ſuſpicion ſleeps
At wiſdom's gate, and to ſimplicity
Reſigns her charge, while wiſdom thinks no ill,
Where no ill ſeems,—— B. 3. v. 683.

Spencer's fine allegorical deſcription of *hypocriſy*, will be a good comment on *Shakeſpear*.

At length they chanc't to meet upon the way,
An aged ſire, in long black weeds yclad,
His feet all bare, his beard all hoary graie,
And by his belt his book he hanging had:
Sober he ſeem'd and very ſagely ſad:
And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,
Simple in ſhewe, and void of malice bad,
And all the way he praied, as he went,
And often knockt his breaſt as one that did repent—

The excellent author of *Telemachus*, nobly ſatirizes this vice, in his 18th Book, (where his heroe deſcends to the realms below;) which permit me thus to verſify;

Numbers of hypocrites in theſe abodes,
The curſe of mortals and the hate of gods,
He ſaw, religion's ſpecious garb who wore,
To cloak their crimes, and gild their vices o'er:
To god-born virtue who the lie had given,
And not abus'd mankind alone, but heav'n.
Theſe 'midſt the damn'd ſevereſt ſufferings find,
As the moſt mean and abject of mankind:
Children, whoſe impious hands their parents ſlew,
And wives, whoſe hate the blood of huſbands drew,
Traitors,

Is like a villain with a ſmiling cheek;
A goodly apple, rotten at the heart,
O, what a goodly outſide falſehood hath!

The JEW's *Expoſtulation.*

Signior *Antonio*, many a time and oft,
On the *Rialto* you have rated me
About my monies and my uſances.
Still have I borne it with a patient ſhrug,
For ſufferance is the badge of all our tribe;
You call me miſbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And ſpit upon my *Jewiſh* gabardine:

And

Traitors, who perjury's black guilt deſpis'd,
And ſolemnly their country ſacrific'd:
All, as leſs guilty, leſs ſeverely feel
The torturing horrors of avenging hell.
And juſt the ſentence, righteous the decrees,
By the infernal judges paſt on theſe:
Since to be impious not enough they deem,
Unlike the wicked, they wou'd virtuous ſeem:
And thus deceiving in fair virtue's ſhew,
They render virtue's ſelf ſuſpected too.

I am not ſatisfied with *goodly*, repeated in the two laſt lines of the text, but find no authority to alter it. *J.* propoſes *godly* for the laſt line. *Falſehood*, which as *truth* means *honeſty*, is here taken for *treachery* and *knavery*, does not ſtand for *falſehood* in general, but for the diſhoneſty now operating.

In *Meaſure for Meaſure*, *Iſabella* ſays,

Oh 'tis the cunning'ſt livery of hell,
The damnedſt body to inveſt and cover
In princely guards.———

We may obſerve in the folio it is printed, *In phrenzie gardes*; which ſufficiently ſhews, there wants ſome alteration. *Warburton*, for *princely*, has given *prieſtly*, poſſibly right; but though *guards* ſignifies *lace*, &c. I imagine the true word to be *garbs*;

In prieſtly garbs.

And all for uſe of that, which is my own!
Well then it now appears you need my help—
Go to then—you come to me and you ſay,
Shylock, we wou'd have monies—you ſay ſo,
You that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me as you ſpurn a ſtranger-cur
Over your threſhold—Money is your ſuit——
What ſhould I ſay to you?——Should I not ſay
Hath a dog money?—Is it poſſible
A cur can lend three thouſand ducats!—or
Shall I bend low and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath and whiſp'ring humbleneſs,
Say this, "Fair Sir, you ſpit on me laſt *Wedneſday*,
You ſpurn'd me ſuch a day." Another time
You call'd me dog, and for theſe courteſies,
(12) I'll lend you thus much monies.

A Villain's fair Offers ſuſpicious.

I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.

ACT II. SCENE I.

An Apology for a black Complexion.

Miſlike me not for my complexion,
The ſhadow'd livery of the burniſh'd ſun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred:
Bring me the faireſt creature northern born,
Where *Phœbus'* fire ſcarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make inciſion for your love,
To prove whoſe blood is reddeſt, his, or mine. (13)
I tell

(12) *I'll lend you*, &c.] The reader is referred to the whole ſcene for many more fine and characteriſtic ſpeeches of old *Shylock*, which will well repay an attentive peruſal.

(13) *Whoſe blood is reddeſt*, &c.] To underſtand, how the tawny prince, whoſe ſavage dignity is very well ſupported, means to recommend himſelf by this challenge, it muſt be remembered,

I tell thee, lady, this aſpect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant: by my love, I ſwear
The beſt-regarded virgins of our clime
Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue
Except to ſteal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

Merit no Match for the Caprice of Fortune.

——Lead me to the caſkets,
To try my fortune. By this ſcymitar,
That ſlew the ſophy, and a *Perſian* prince,
That won three fields of ſultan *Solyman*,—
I would o'erſtare the ſterneſt eyes that look,
Out-brave the heart moſt daring on the earth,
Pluck the young ſucking cubs from the ſhe-bear,
Yea mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady. But, alas the while!
If *Hercules*, and *Lychas*, play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is *Alcides* beaten by his page!
And ſo may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miſs that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

SCENE II. Launcelot's *Deliberation on leaving the JEW.*

Laun. Certainly, my conſcience will ſerve me to run from this Jew, my maſter. The fiend is at my elbow; and tempts me, ſaying to me,—*Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo*, good *Gobbo*, or good *Launcelot*, or good *Launcelot Gobbo*, uſe your legs, take the ſtart, run

remembred, that *red* blood is a traditionary ſign of courage: thus *Macbeth* calls one of his frighted ſoldiers, *a lilly-liver'd lown*: again, in this play, cowards are ſaid to have *livers as white as milk*: and an effeminate and timorous man is termed a *milk-ſop*. *J. Fear'd* in the next line but one, means *terrified*.

run away: my conſcience ſays,—no, take heed, honeſt *Launcelot*, honeſt *Gobbo*, or, as aforeſaid, honeſt *Launcelot Gobbo*; do not run, ſcorn running with thy heels. Well, the moſt courageous fiend bids me pack; via ſays the fiend; away ſays the fiend, for the heavens; rouſe up a brave mind ſays the fiend, and run. Well, my conſcience hanging about the neck of my heart, ſays very wiſely to me—my honeſt friend *Launcelot*, being an honeſt man's ſon, or rather an honeſt woman's ſon; for indeed my father did ſomething ſmack, ſomething grew to, he had a kind of taſte;—well my conſcience ſays,—*Launcelot*, bouge not, bouge ſays the fiend, bouge not ſays my conſcience. Conſcience, ſay I, you counſel well; fiend, ſay I, you counſel well; to be ruled by my conſcience I ſhould ſtay with the Jew my maſter, who God bleſs the mark is a kind of a devil; and to run away from the Jew, ſhould be ruled by the fiend, who, ſaving your reverence, is the devil himſelf: certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnation; and, in my conſcience, my conſcience is but a kind of hard conſcience, to offer to counſel me to ſtay with the Jew: the fiend gives the more friendly counſel; I will run, fiend, my heels are at your commandment, I will run. (14)

Old Proverb verified.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between

(14) *I will run*, &c.] "This ſoliloquy," ſays Mrs. *G.*, "is a ſtrong picture of the mind of man, whenever it debates within itſelf upon the right or wrong of a queſtion, in which it is any way intereſted: for in ſuch caſes our paſſions, even without our connivance, are apt to plead their own cauſe; and we but ſophiſticate, when we think we reaſon. In all doubtful matters, where the arguments ſeem to be equally ſuſpended, it is prudent, ever to preſent that ſide of the balance to be the lighteſt, to which we find our affections moſt inclined."

tween my maſter *Shylock* and you, Sir: you have the grace of God, Sir, and he hath enough. (15)

Launcelot *on his good Fortune.*

Laun. I cannot get a ſervice—no: I have ne'er a tongue in my head—Well, if any man in *Italy* have a fairer table, (16) which doth offer to ſwear upon a book, I ſhall have good fortune,—Go to, here's a ſimple line of life! here's a ſmall trifle of wives; alas, fifteen wives is nothing; eleven widows, and nine maids, is a ſimple coming in for one man: and then, to 'ſcape drowning thrice; and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed; here are ſimple 'ſcapes! Well, if Fortune be a woman, ſhe's a good wench for this geer.

SCENE

(15) *You have enough*, &c.] *Launcelot* ſays this on *Baſſanio's* telling him that the Jew his maſter had *preferr'd* him."

If it be preferment, &c.
To leave a rich Jew's ſervice to become
The follower of ſo poor a gentleman.

(16) *Fairer table.*] Looking on the palm of his hand: *table* is the chiromantic term for the lines of the hand: *Launcelot* congratulating himſelf upon his dexterity and good fortune, in the height of his rapture inſpects his hand; and as is uſual with the common people, draws favourable concluſions from the *table*, he imagines there. The act of expounding his hand puts him in mind of the action in which the palm is ſhewn, by raiſing it to lay it on the book in judicial atteſtations. Well, ſays he, *if any man in* Italy *hath a fairer table, that doth offer to ſwear upon a book*———Here he ſtops with an abruptneſs very common, and proceeds to particulars.———*In peril of life with the edge of a feather-bed* is a cant phraſe to ſignify the danger of marrying. A *French* writer uſes the ſame kind of figure. O mon ami, j' aimerois mieux etrè tombè ſur la pointe d'un oreillier, & m' être rompu le cou—See *W.* and *J.*

I

SCENE III. *Gravity aſſumed.*

Baſſ.——But hear me, *Gratiano*;
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in ſuch eyes as ours appear not faults.
But where thou art not known, why, there they ſhow
Something too liberal (17); pray thee, take pain
To allay with ſome cold drops of modeſty
Thy ſkipping ſpirit; leſt through thy wild behaviour
I be miſconſtrued in the place I go to,
And loſe my hopes.
Gra.——Signior *Baſſanio*, hear me.
If I do not put on a ſober habit,
Talk with reſpect, and ſwear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;
Nay more, while grace is ſaying, hold mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and ſigh and ſay amen;
Uſe all the obſervance of civility,
Like one well ſtudied in a ſad oſtent
To pleaſe his grandam:—never truſt me more.

SCENE V. *The Jew's Commands to his Daughter.*

Hear you me, *Jeſſica*:
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile ſqueaking of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the caſements then;
Nor thruſt your head into the public ſtreet,
To gaze on Chriſtian fools with varniſh'd faces;
But ſtop my houſe's ears;—I mean my caſements;—
Let not the ſound of ſhallow foppery enter
My ſober houſe. (18)

Shylock's

(17) *Too liberal.*] i. e. Groſs, courſe, licentious. *J.*
(18) *My ſober houſe.*] He expreſſes his anxiety of mind on the occaſion in a ſpeech foregoing;

Shylock's *Deſcription of his Servant.*

Shyl. The patch (19) is kind enough, but a huge feeder,
Snail-ſlow in profit, and he ſleeps by day
More than the wild cat: drones hive not with me;
Therefore I part with him: and part with him
To one, that I would have him help to waſte
His borrowed purſe!

SCENE VI. *Fruition more languid than Expectation.*

O, ten times faſter *Venus'* pigeons fly,
To ſeal love's bonds new made, than they are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited.
——Who riſeth from a feaſt
With that keen appetite that he ſits down?
Where is the horſe that doth untread again
His tedious meaſures with th' unbated fire
That he did pace them firſt? All things that are,
Are with more pleaſure chaſed than enjoy'd.
How like a younker, or a prodigal,

The

But wherefore ſhould I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Chriſtians.—*Jeſſica*, my girl,
Look to my houſe: I am right loth to go;
There is ſome ill a brewing towards my reſt,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

(19) *The patch*, &c.] In a paſſage foregoing, he ſays to he clown,

Well thou ſhalt ſee, thy eyes ſhall be the judge,
The difference of old *Shylock* and *Baſſanio*:
——Thou ſhalt not gormandize
As thou haſt done with me——
And ſleep and ſnore, and rend apparel out!

The ſcarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the ſtrumpet-wind?
How like a prodigal doth ſhe return,
With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged ſails,
Lean, rent and beggar'd by the ſtrumpet-wind!

SCENE VII. Portia's *Suitors*

From the four corners of the earth they come
To kiſs this ſhrine, this mortal breathing ſaint.
Th' *Hyrcanian* deſerts, and the vaſty wilds
Of wide *Arabia*, are as thorough-fares
Now, for princes to come view fair *Portia*.
The wat'ry kingdom whoſe ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To ſtop the foreign ſpirits, but they come,
As o'er a (20) brook, to ſee fair *Portia*.

SCENE VIII. *The Parting of Friends.*

I ſaw *Baſſanio* and *Antonio* part,
Baſſanio told him, he would make ſome ſpeed,
Of his return: he anſwer'd, "Do not ſo;

Slubber

(20) *As o'er a*, &c.] In Act 1. Sc. 1. *Baſſanio* ſpeaks thus of *Portia*:

In *Belmont* is a lady richly left,
And ſhe is fair; and fairer than that word
Of wond'rous virtues; ſometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair ſpeechleſs meſſages:
Her name is *Portia*; nothing undervalued
To *Cato's* daughter, *Brutus' Portia*.
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth:
For the four winds blow in from every coaſt
Renowned ſuitors; and her ſunny locks
Hang on her temples, like a golden fleece;
Which makes her ſeat of *Belmont Colchos* ſtrand;
And many *Jaſons* come in queſt of her.

See *Portia's* picture deſcribed Act 3.

Slubber not buſineſs for my ſake, *Baſſanio*,
But ſtay the very riping of the time;
And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love.
Be merry and employ (21) your chiefeſt thoughts
To

(21) *Employ*, &c.] The ſenſe ſeems here evidently to require we ſhould read *apply*.—See the paſſage in Act 3. Sc. 2. &c. There is ſomething extremely tender and pathetic in this deſcription: a fine paſſage in *Virgil*, the 8th Æneid, where the good old *Evander* parts with his beloved ſon, *Pallas*, is ſimilar to it; we can ſcarcely read it without tears.

Then old *Evander* with a cloſe embrace,
Strain'd his departing ſon, while tears o'erflow'd his face;
"Wou'd heav'n, ſaid he, my ſtrength and youth recal,
Such as I was beneath *Præneſte's* wall;
Such if I ſtood renew'd, not theſe alarms,
Nor death ſhould rend me from my *Pallas'* arms:
Ye gods, and mighty *Jove*, in pity bring
Relief, and hear a father and a king.
If fate and you reſerve theſe eyes to ſee
My ſon return with joyful victory;
If the lov'd boy ſhould bleſs his father's ſight,
If we ſhall meet again with more delight:—
Then draw my life in length; let me ſuſtain,
In hopes of his embrace, the worſt of pain.
But if your hard decrees,—which—oh—I dread,
Have doom'd to death his undeſerving head:
This, O, this very moment let me die,
While hopes and fears in equal balance lie:
While yet poſſeſs'd of all his youthful charms,
I ſtrain him cloſe within theſe aged arms;
Before that fatal news my ſoul ſhall wound!"—
He ſaid, and ſwooning, ſunk upon the ground;
His ſervants bore him off, and ſoftly laid
His languiſh'd limbs upon his homely bed.

Dryden, v. 740.

Your mind of love, l. 7, may mean, your loving mind. Some would read, *Your mind, of love*. i. e. For love and friendſhip's ſake.

To courtſhip, and ſuch fair oſtents of love,
As ſhall conveniently become you there.—"
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection, wond'rous ſenſible,
He wrung *Baſſanio's* hand, and ſo they parted.

SCENE IX. *Falſe Judgement of the Many.*

——— Fortune now,
To my heart's hope!—Gold, ſilver, and baſe lead.
"Who chooſeth me, (22) muſt give and hazard all he hath."
You ſhall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.
What ſays the golden cheſt? ha! let me ſee:—
"Who chooſeth me ſhall gain what many men deſire."
What many men deſire!—That many may be meant
Of the fool multitude, that chooſe by ſhow,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which pries not to the interiour, but, like the martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the face and road of caſualty.
I will not chooſe what many men deſire,

Becauſe

(22) *Who chooſeth me.*] The leaden caſket. What *S.* ſays of the martlet, l. 10. ſhews the exactneſs of his obſervation on things the moſt minute. I will juſt ſubjoin a paſſage from the 65th volume of the Philoſophical Tranſactions, Art. 23, where the writer ſpeaking of the *ſwallow* kind, ſays, in full explanation of our author.—"That a certain ſwallow built for two years together on the handles of a pair of garden ſheers, that were ſtuck up againſt the boards in an out-houſe: and what is ſtranger ſtill, another bird of the ſame ſpecies, built its neſt on the wings and body of an owl, which happened by accident to hang dead and dry from the rafter of a barn."—Other ſimilar inſtances are related, to ſhew how theſe birds build,

In the face and road of caſualty.

Becauſe I will not jump with common ſpirits
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.

Honour ought to be conferred on Merit only.

Why, then to thee, thou ſilver (23) treaſure-houſe;
Tell me once more what title thou doſt bear:
"Who chooſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves."
And well ſaid too; for who ſhall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the ſtamp of merit? Let none preſume
To wear an undeſerved dignity.
O, that (24) eſtates, degrees and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly; that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then ſhou'd cover, that ſtand bare?
How many be commanded that command;
How much low peaſantry wou'd then be glean'd
From the true ſeed (25) of honour? how much honour
Pick'd

(23) *Silver.*] In another paſſage is is ſaid, prettily,

What ſays the *ſilver* with her *virgin hue?*

(24) *O, that,* &c.] *Euripides,* in his *Hecuba,* has a fine reflection of this ſort;

Εν τωδε γαρ καμνουσιν αι πολλαι πολεις,
Οταν τις εσθλος, και προθυμος ων ανηρ,
Μηδεν φερηται των κακιονων πλεον.

——Many ſtates in this have err'd;
When with rank cowards levelling the brave,
They pocketed the claim of patient merit. *T. M.*

And the king, in *Beaumont* and *Fletcher's King and no King,* juſtly obſerves,

Where there is no difference in men's worth,
Titles are jeſts.

(25) *From the true ſeed,* &c.] The meaning is, "How much meanneſs would be found amongſt the great, and how

Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varniſhed?

Love Meſſenger compared to an April Day.

I have not ſeen
So likely an ambaſſadour of love;
A day in *April* never came ſo ſweet,
To ſhow how coſtly ſummer was at hand,
As this fore-ſpurrer comes before his lord.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Jew's Revenge.

Sal. Why I am ſure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his fleſh; what's that good for?

Shyl. To bait fiſh withal:—if it will feed (26) nothing elſe, it will feed my revenge; he hath diſgrac'd me, and hindered me of half a million, laugh'd at my loſſes, mock'd at my gains, ſcorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cool'd my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reaſon? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes! Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimenſions, ſenſes, affections,

how much greatneſs among the mean." But ſince men are always ſaid to *glean* corn though they may pick chaff, the ſentence had been more agreeable to the common manner of ſpeech, if written,

——Then be *pick'd*
From the true ſeed of honour? How much honour
Glean'd from the chaff!

Inſtead of *varniſhed*, *W.* would read *vanned*. *J.*

(26) *If it will feed*, &c.] The great principle of univerſal charity, which ſoars above the partial reſpects of nations or of ſects, is ſtrongly, though indirectly, inculcated in this ſpeech; which according to the very principle ſhould be received without prejudice, though proceeding from the mouth of an alien and an infidel. Mrs. *G.* See Act 1. at the end, and Act 4. Sc. 1.

affections, paſſions? Fed with the ſame food, hurt with the ſame weapons, ſubject to the ſame diſeaſes, heal'd by the ſame means, warm'd and cool'd by the ſame winter and ſummer, as a Chriſtian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poiſon us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, ſhall we not revenge? If we are like you in the reſt, we will reſemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Chriſtian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Chriſtian wrong a Jew, what ſhou'd his ſufferance be by Chriſtian example? Why revenge. The villainy you teach me I will execute, and it ſhall go hard but I will better the inſtruction.

Shylock's *Lamentation on his Daughter's Loſs and Extravagance.*

Shyl. Why, there, there, there, there; a diamond gone, coſt me two thouſand ducats in *Frankfort*:—the curſe never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now:—two thouſand ducats in that; and other precious precious jewels. I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! would ſhe were hears'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! no news of them? Why, ſo, and I know not what's ſpent in the ſearch. Why, thou loſs upon loſs! the thief gone with ſo much, and ſo much to find the thief; and no ſatisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck ſtirring, but what lights o' my ſhoulders; no ſighs, but o' my (27) breathing; no tears, but o' my ſhedding!

SCENE

(27) *But o' my*, &c.] So it is ſaid afterwards;

Tub. Your daughter ſpent in *Genoa*, as I heard, one night, fourſcore ducats!

Shyl. Thou ſtick'ſt a dagger in me:—I ſhall never ſee my gold again; fourſcore ducats at a ſitting! fourſcore ducats!

The

SCENE II. *Muſic.*

Let muſic ſound, while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he loſe, he makes a ſwan-like end,
Fading in muſic.—That the compariſon
May ſtand more juſt, my eye ſhall be the ſtream
And watry death-bed for him: he may win,
And what is muſic then? Then muſic is,
Even as the flouriſh, when true ſubjects bow,
To a new crowned monarch: ſuch it is
As are thoſe dulcet ſounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ears,
And ſummon him to marriage.———
———Now he goes
With no leſs preſence, (28) but with much more love,
Than young *Alcides*, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute, paid by howling *Troy*,
To the ſea-monſter: I ſtand for ſacrifice:
The reſt aloof are the *Dardanian* wives,
With bleared viſage, coming forth to view
The iſſue of the exploit.

A Song. On Fancy.

Tell me, where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head,
How begot, how nouriſhed?
Reply, reply.

It

The mixture of malice and ſorrow in this ſcene, merits particular attention. It is doubtful which preponderates in *Shylock*, his avarice, or his revenge. In Act 4. Sc. 1. ſpeaking of his money, he ſays,

Nay take my life, and all; pardon not that:
You take my houſe, when you do take the prop
That doth ſuſtain my houſe; you take my life
When you take the means, whereby I live.

(28) *With no leſs preſence.*] i. e. with the ſame dignity of mein.

It is engender'd in the eyes ;
With gazing fed ; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies ;
Let us all ring fancy's knell ;
I'll begin it,—ding dong, bell.

The Deceit of Ornament or Appearances.

So may (29) the outward ſhows be leaſt themſelves.
The world is ſtill deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea ſo tainted and corrupt,
But being ſeaſon'd with a gracious voice,
Obſcures the ſhow of evil ? In religion,
What damned error, but ſome ſober brow
Will bleſs it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the groſſneſs with fair ornament ?
There is no vice ſo ſimple, but aſſumes
Some mark of virtue on its outward parts.
How many cowards, whoſe hearts are all as falſe
As ſtairs of ſand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of *Hercules*, and frowning *Mars* ;
Who, inward ſearch'd, have livers white as milk ?
And theſe aſſume but valour's excrement,
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you ſhall ſee, 'tis purchas'd by the weight,
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lighteſt, that wear moſt of it.
So are thoſe criſped, ſnaky, golden locks,
Which make ſuch wanton gambols with the wind
Upon ſuppoſed fairneſs, often known
To be the dowry of a ſecond head,
The ſkull that bred them, in the ſepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the gilded ſhore
To a moſt dangerous ſea ; the beauteous ſcarf
Veiling

(29) *So may*, &c.] He begins abruptly, the firſt part of the argument having paſſed in his mind.
Gracious voice, l. 4, means, pleaſing, winning favour.

Veiling an *Indian* beauty (30); in a word,
The ſeeming truth which cunning time puts on
T' entrap the wiſeſt:—Therefore thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for *Midas*, I will none of thee:
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge,
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meager lead,
Which rather threat'neſt, than doſt promiſe ought,
Thy plainneſs moves me more than eloquence,
And here chooſe I; joy be the conſequence.

Joy on Succeſs.

How all the other paſſions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and raſh embrac'd deſpair,
And ſhuddering fear, and green-ey'd jealouſy.
O love, be moderate, allay thy extaſy,
In meaſure rein (31) thy joy, ſcant this exceſs;
I feel too much thy bleſſing, make it leſs,
For fear I ſurfeit!

Portia's *Picture.* (32)

What find I here?
Fair *Portia's* counterfeit? What demi-god
Hath

(30) *Indian beauty.*] *Indian* dowdy. *Hanmer.*

(31) *Rein.*] i. e. *Rein* in; ſo it follows, *ſcant this exceſs*, and *make it leſs.*

(32) Lord *Lanſdown* has altered this play, and perhaps ſucceeded beſt of thoſe who have made that bold attempt: but an attentive reader will eaſily obſerve, how very much he has flattened many of the fineſt paſſages, where he has offered to amend, add, or take from them: I chuſe the preſent, as an inſtance; becauſe there are ſome, who imagine *S's* original ſpeech inferior to the corrected one.

What find I here?
The *Portraiture of Portia?*

What

Hath come ſo near creation? move thoſe eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? here are ſever'd lips
Parted with ſugar breath: ſo ſweet a bar
Shou'd ſunder ſuch ſweet friends! Here in her hairs
The painter plays the ſpider, and hath woven
A golden meſh t' intrap the hearts of men,
Faſter than gnats in cobwebs: but her eyes!
How cou'd he ſee to do them? having made one,
Methinks it ſhould have power to ſteal both his,
And leave itſelf unfurniſhed (33).

Succeſsful Lover compared to a Conqueror.

Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in peoples' eyes;
Hearing applauſe and univerſal ſhout,
Giddy in ſpirit, gazing ſtill about,
Whether thoſe peals of praiſe be his or no:
So, thrice fair lady, ſtand I———

An

What demi-god has come ſo near creation? Move theſe eyes;
Or whether riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? here are ſever'd lips
Parted with *ſweeteſt* breath: *the very odour*
Seems there expreſt, and thus invites the taſte;
And *here again, here* in her *lovely* hair, [*kiſſing the picture.*
The painter plays the ſpider, and has woven
A golden *ſnare to catch* the hearts of men;
But then her eyes?
How cou'd he gaze undazzled upon them,
And ſee to imitate?

There needs no commenting on theſe paſſages to ſhew how greatly his lordſhip falls ſhort of his inimitable original.

(33) *Unfurniſhed.*] Perhaps it might be, ſays *J.*

And leave himſelf *unfurniſh'd.*

An amiable Bride.

Portia. Tho' for myſelf alone
I would not be ambitious in my wiſh,
To wiſh myſelf much better: yet for you
I wou'd be trebled twenty times myſelf,
A thouſand times more fair, ten thouſand times
More rich; that to ſtand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account:—but the full ſum of me—
——To term in groſs,——
Is an unleſſon'd girl, unſchool'd, unpractis'd:
Happy in this, ſhe is not yet ſo old
But ſhe may learn; happier than this, in that
She is not bred ſo dull but ſhe can learn;
Happieſt of all is, that her gentle ſpirit
Commits itſelf to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.

Lovers Thoughts compared to the inarticulate Joys of a Crowd.

Baſſ. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood ſpeaks to you in my veins:
And there is ſuch confuſion in my powers,
As, after ſome oration fairly ſpoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing, pleaſed multitude;
Where every ſomething, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, ſave of joy
Expreſt, and not expreſt.

Valuable Friend.

Por. Is it (34) your dear friend, that is thus in trouble?

Baſſ.

(34) *Is it*, &c.] See Act 2. *Parting of Friends*, and the paſſage following on *Generous Friendſhip*.

Baſſ. The deareſt friend to me, the kindeſt man,
The beſt condition'd; an unweary'd ſpirit
In doing courteſies; and one in whom
The ancient *Roman* honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in *Italy*.
Por. What ſum owes he the Jew?
Baſſ. For me, three thouſand ducats.
Por. What, no more?
Pay him ſix thouſand, and deface the bond;
Double ſix thouſand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this deſcription
Should loſe a hair through *Baſſanio's* fault,

SCENE III. *Implacable Revenge.*

I'll have my bond (35); I will not hear thee ſpeak,
I'll have my bond; and therefore ſpeak no more;
I'll not be made a ſoft and dull-ey'd fool
To ſhake the head, relent, and ſigh and yield
To chriſtian interceſſions.

SCENE IV. *Generous Friendſhip.*

Lor. Madam, although I ſpeak it in your preſence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity; which appears moſt ſtrongly
In bearing thus the abſence of your lord.
But if you knew to whom you ſhow this honour,
How true a gentleman you ſend relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your huſband,
I know you would be prouder of the work
Than cuſtomary bounty can enforce you.
Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor ſhall not now: for in companions

That

(35) *I'll have my bond,* &c.] Juſt before *Shylock* ſays;
Thou call'ſt me dog, before thou haſt a cauſe;
But ſince I am a dog beware my fangs;
I'll have my bond, &c.

That do converſe and waſte the time together,
Whoſe ſouls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There muſt be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments,(36) of manners, and of ſpirit.
Which makes me think, that this *Antonio*
Being the boſom lover of my lord
Muſt needs be like my lord: if it be ſo,
How little is the coſt I have beſtow'd,
In purchaſing the ſemblance of my ſoul
From out the ſtate of helliſh cruelty?
This comes too near the praiſing of myſelf;
Therefore, no more of it.

A pert, bragging Youth.

(37) I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both apparell'd like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;
And ſpeak between the change of man and boy,
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing ſteps
Into a manly ſtride; and ſpeak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies ſought my love,
Which I denying, they fell ſick and dy'd.
I could not do with all: then I'll repent,
And wiſh, for all that, that I had not kill'd them!—
And twenty of theſe puny lies I'll tell;
That men ſhall ſwear, I've diſcontinued ſchool

Above

(36) *Of lineaments*, &c.] i. e. "Correſponding proportions of body and mind are neceſſary for thoſe who ſpend their time together." The word *lineaments* was uſed with great licence by our ancient writers: ſometimes for the human frame in general. See *Steevens*. There is a becoming reſerve and modeſty in the laſt ſentence of this ſpeech, which gives additional beauty to the character of *Portia*.

(37) See *Much ado about Nothing*, Act 4. Sc. 2. and 2. and *As you like it*, Act 1. at the end.

Above a twelvemonth. I have within my mind
A thouſand raw tricks of theſe bragging jacks
Which I will practiſe.

SCENE V. *Affectation in Words.*

O dear (38) diſcretion, how his words are ſuited!
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words: and I do know
A many fools that ſtand in better place,
Garniſh'd like him, that for a trickſie word
Defy the matter.

Portia's *Merit.*

It is (39) very meet
The lord *Baſſanio* live an upright life;
For having ſuch a bleſſing in his lady
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth:
And, if on earth he do not mean it, it
Is reaſon he ſhould never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods ſhould play ſome heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And *Portia* one—there muſt be ſomething elſe
Pawn'd with the other: for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

ACT

(38) *O dear*, &c.] The reader will beſt underſtand the ſatire contained in theſe lines, by the words which occaſioned them. *Launcelot* ſays, "For the table, Sir, it ſhall be ſerved in; for the meat, Sir, it ſhall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, Sir, why let it be as humours and conceits ſhall govern." Upon which, *Lorenzo* obſerves, *O, dear*, &c. He had ſaid before "How every fool can play upon the word. I think, the beſt grace of wit will ſhortly turn into ſilence; and diſcourſe grow commendable in none only but parrots."

(39) *It is*, &c.] See p. 181. foregoing.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Jew's Reaſon for his Revenge.

Shyl. I have poſſeſs'd your grace of what I purpoſe,
And by our holy ſabbath have I ſworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond.
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
You'll aſk me why I rather chooſe to have
A weight of carrion fleſh, than to receive
Three thouſand ducats? I'll not (40) anſwer that;
But ſay it is my humour; Is it anſwer'd?
What if my houſe be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thouſand ducats
To have it ban'd? What, are you anſwer'd yet?
Some men there are, love not a gaping pig;
Some that are mad if they behold a cat;
And others when the bag-pipe ſings i' th' noſe,
Cannot contain their urine: for affection, (41)
Maſters

(40) *I'll not*, &c.] *W.* reads,

I'll *now* anſwer that
By ſaying, 'tis my humour.

But the paſſage following, and the whole context ſhews the *text* to be the true reading: and ſurely it is much more ſpirited and in character.

(41) *For affection*, &c.] *S.* is ſpeaking of the power of ſound over the human affections, and concludes very naturally, that the *maſters of paſſions* (for ſo he finely calls the muſicians) ſway the paſſions or affections, as they pleaſe. Alluding to what the ancients tell us, of the feat that *Timotheus*, and other muſicians worked by the power of muſic. Can any thing be more natural! *W. Johnſon* paraphraſes it, "as for *affection*, thoſe who know how to operate upon the paſſions of men, rule it, by making it operate in obedience to the notes, which pleaſe or diſguſt it." *Warburton* obſerves, that *S.* ſeems to have taken this incident of the *bag-pipe*, from *J. C. Scaliger's Exot. Exercit.*
againſt

Maſters of paſſion ſway it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes. Now for your anſwer;
As there is no firm reaſon to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he a harmleſs neceſſary cat:
Why he a woollen bag-pipe; but of force
Muſt yield to ſuch inevitable ſhame
As to offend, himſelf being offended:

So

againſt *Cardon*: a book, which our author was well read in, and much indebted to for great part of his phyſics; it being then much in vogue, and indeed is excellent, though now long ſince forgot. In his 344th Exercit. Sect. 6. he has theſe words—Narrabo nunc tibi jocoſam *ſympathiam* reguli vaſconis equitis. Is dum viveret, audito phormingis ſono, urinam illico facere cogebatur."—To make this jocular ſtory, ſtill more ridiculous, *S.* I ſuppoſe, tranſlated *phorminx* by bag-pipes. But what I would chiefly obſerve from hence is this, that as *Scaliger* uſes the word, *ſympathiam*, which ſignifies and ſo he interprets it, *communem affectionem* duabus rebus, ſo *S.* tranſlated it by *affection*, which ſhews the truth of the reading and interpretation above given. *Farmer* remarks, that in an old tranſlation from the *French* of *Peter de Loier*, intitled, *A Treatiſe of Spectres*, &c. we have this identical ſtory from *Scaliger*; and what is ſtill more, a marginal note gives us in all probability the very fact alluded to, as well as the word of *S.* "Another gentleman of this quality lived of late in *Devon*, who could not endure the playing on a *bag-pipe*.—We may juſt add, that *affection* in the ſenſe of *ſympathy*, was formerly *technical*: and ſo uſed by the lord *Bacon*, Sir *K. Digby*, and many other writers." *Johnſon*, obſerving that *woollen* was the uniform reading of all the editors, but not conceiving how the epithet could belong to a bag-pipe, would change it to *wooden*: and *Hawkins* tells us, that he *has not the leaſt doubt*, that the true reading is *ſwelling*. Thus often the editors of *S.* would ſubſtitute words, when they do not underſtand him—though in the preſent caſe one would have thought, that the word *bag* added to *pipe*, would have informed them, that originally, the *muſical pipe* was carried in a *woollen bag*—and ſo is properly called a *woollen* bag-pipe.

So can I give no reaſon, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing
I bear *Antonio*, that I follow thus
A loſing ſuit againſt him. Are you anſwer'd ?

Unfeeling Revenge.

You may as well go ſtand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his uſual height;
You may as well uſe queſtions with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noiſe,
When they are fretted with the guſts of heaven;
You may as well do any thing moſt hard,
As ſeek to ſoften that (than which what's harder)
His Jewiſh heart.

Retaliation.

Duke. How ſhalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none ?
Shyl. What judgment ſhall I dread, doing no wrong ?
You have among you many a purchas'd ſlave (42)
Which, like your aſſes, and your dogs, and mules,
You uſe in abject and in ſlaviſh parts,
Becauſe you bought them; ſhall I ſay to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs,

Why

(42) *Many a purchas'd ſlave*, &c.] "This argument," ſays *Johnſon*, "conſidered as uſed to the particular perſons, ſeems concluſive. I ſee not how *Venetians* or *Engliſhmen*, while they practice the purchaſe and ſale of ſlaves, can much enforce or demand the law of *doing to others as we would they ſhould do unto us*." *Monteſquieu*, in his *Spirit of Laws*, ſpeaking with a juſt contempt and humorous ſeve- againſt all the arguments brought in defence of this cruelty, ſays, "That the ſtrongeſt reaſon which can be given for the

Why ſweat they under burdens, let their beds
Be made as ſoft as yours, and let their palates
Be ſeaſon'd with ſuch viands? you will anſwer,
The ſlaves are yours. So do I anſwer you:
The pound of fleſh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, is mine, and I will have it:
If you deny me, fie upon your law;
There is no force in the decrees of *Venice:*
I ſtand for judgment; anſwer, ſhall I have it?

Jew's wolfiſh Spirit, an Argument for Tranſmigration.

Gra. O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog!
And for thy life let juſtice be accus'd.
Thou almoſt mak'ſt me waver in my faith,
To make me hold opinion with *Pythagoras,*
That ſouls of animals infuſe themſelves
Into the trunks of men: thy curriſh ſpirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human ſlaughter,
Even from the gallows, did his fell ſoul fleet,
And, whilſt thou lay'ſt in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd itſelf in thee; for thy deſires
Are wolfiſh, bloody, ſtarv'd, and ravenous.
Shyl. Till thou can'ſt rail the ſeal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'ſt thy lungs to ſpeak ſo loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureleſs ruin.—I ſtand here for law.

SCENE II. *Mercy.*

The quality of mercy is not ſtrain'd;

It

the practice of uſing negroes like beaſts of burden is, *their having black ſkins and flat noſes.*" See Mrs. *G.* and the unanſwerable *tracts* of the humane *Granville Sharp* on this very important and rational topic.——The reader by referring to the play will obſerve, how frequently and forceably *Shylock* urges the argument uſed in the latter part of this ſpeech.

It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice bleſſed;
It bleſſeth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightieſt in the mightieſt; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His ſceptre ſhews the force of temporal pow'r,
The attribute to awe and majeſty,
Wherein doth ſit the dread and fear of kings.
But mercy is above the ſcepter'd ſway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;
It is (43) an attribute to God himſelf;
And earthly power doth then ſhew likeſt God's,
When mercy ſeaſons juſtice. Therefore, Jew,
Though juſtice be thy plea, conſider this,—
That, in the courſe of juſtice, none of us
Should ſee ſalvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that ſame prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

Juſtice

(43) *It is*, &c.] ——In mercy and juſtice both
Thro' heav'n and earth, ſo ſhall my glory excel;
But mercy firſt and laſt, ſhall brighteſt ſhine.
Part of the Almighty's ſpeech in the 3d book of Paradiſe Loſt.

I cannot omit a noble paſſage from *Dryden's All for Love.*

Heav'n has but
Our ſorrows for our ſins, and then delights
To pardon erring man: ſweet *mercy* ſeems
Its darling attribute, which limits juſtice,
As if there were degrees in infinite,
And infinite wou'd rather want perfection
Than puniſh to extent.

See *Titus Andronicus*, Act 1. Sc. 2. and *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Act 2.

Juſtice muſt be impartial.

I beſeech you,
Wreſt once the laws to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong;
And curb this cruel devil of his will.
Por. It muſt not be; there is no power in *Venice*
Can alter a decree eſtabliſhed:
'Twill be recorded for a precedent,
And many an error, by the ſame example,
Will ruſh into the ſtate: it cannot be.

Chearful Reſignation, with friendly Tenderneſs.

I am arm'd and well prepar'd,——
Give me your hand, *Baſſanio*, fare you well,
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein fortune ſhews herſelf more kind,
Than is her cuſtom.—It is ſtill her uſe,
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty: from which ling'ring penance
Of ſuch a miſery doth ſhe cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the proceſs of *Antonio's* end,
Say how I lov'd you, ſpeak me fair in death;
And when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether *Baſſanio* had not once a love.
Repent not you that you ſhall loſe your friend,
And he repents not that he pays (44) your debt.

Ample

(44) *That he pays*, &c.] There is in this paſſage a manly ſpirit of acquieſcence in the unavoidable evils of life, joined with juſt and philoſophic reflections, on the advantages of dying before we are encumbered with age and poverty, and the whole cloſed with the moſt affecting tenderneſs and regards of *friendſhip*. See the paſſages foregoing on this topic p. 158.——*Antonio* had ſaid before,

I am

Ample Payment.

He is well pay'd, that is well ſatisfied.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Deſcription of a Moon-light Night, with fine Muſic.

Lor. The moon ſhines bright: in ſuch a night as this,
When the ſweet wind did gently kiſs the trees,
And they did make no noiſe; in ſuch a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the *Trojans* wall,
And ſigh'd his ſoul towards the *Grecian* tents,
Where *Creſſida* lay that night.
Jeſ. In ſuch a night,
Did *Thiſbe* fearfully o'er trip the dew;
And ſaw the lion's ſhadow ere himſelf,
And ran diſmay'd away.
Lor. In ſuch a night,
Stood *Dido* with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild-ſea banks, and waft her love
To come again to *Carthage*.
Jeſ. In ſuch a night,
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs,
That did renew old *Æſon*.
Lor. In ſuch a night,
Did *Jeſſica* ſteal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrift love did run from *Venice*,
As far as *Belmont*.
Jeſ. And in ſuch a night,
Did young *Lorenzo* ſwear, he lov'd her well;

Stealing

I am a tainted weather of the flock,
Meeteſt for death: the weakeſt kind of fruit
Drops ſooneſt to the ground, and ſo let me:
You cannot better be employ'd, *Baſſanio*,
Than to live ſtill, and write my epitaph.

Stealing her ſoul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. And in ſuch a night,
Did pretty *Jeſſica*, like a little ſhrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

* * * * * *

How ſweet the moon-light ſleeps upon this bank!
Here will we ſit, and let (45) the ſounds of muſic
Creep in our ears; ſoft ſtillneſs and the night
Become the touches of ſweet harmony.
Sit, *Jeſſica:* look, how the floor of heav'n
Is thick inlaid with pattens (46) of bright gold;
There 's (47) not the ſmalleſt orb which thou behold'ſt,
But in his motion, like an angel ſings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubi s;
Such harmony is in immortal ſouls (48)!

But

(45) *And let*, &c.] In the *Double Falſhood*, which was publiſhed by *Theobald*, and ſaid to be written originally by *S.*, there are ſome fine lines on muſic.

Strike up, my maſters;
But touch the ſtrings with a religious ſoftneſs:
Teach ſound to languiſh thro' the night's dull ear,
Till melancholy ſtart from her lazy couch,
And careleſſneſs grow convert to attention.
Act 1. Sc. 3.

A gentleman of great judgment happening to commend theſe lines to *Theobald*, he aſſured him, he wrote them himſelf, and only them, in the whole play.—If this be true, they are the beſt lines *Theobald* ever wrote in his life.

(46) *Pattens.*] A round broad plate of gold borne in heraldry. *W.*

(47) *There 's*, &c.] *Addiſon's* well-known hymn may be no bad comment on our author;

The glorious firmament on high, *&c.*

(48) *Souls.*] *Sounds*, ſome read, alluding to the harmony of the *ſpheres*, as it is vulgarly called. *Johnſon* propoſes,

Such harmony is in th' immortal ſoul.

But I prefer the text, eſpecially if we read the next line but one,

But whilſt this muddy veſture of decay
Doth groſsly cloſe it in, we cannot hear it. —
Come, ho, and wake *Diana* with a hymn:
With ſweeteſt touches pierce your miſtreſs' ear,
And draw her home with muſic.

Jeſſ. I'm never merry when I hear ſweet muſic.

Lor. The reaſon is, your ſpirits are attentive;
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
(Which is the hot condition of their blood)
If they perchance but hear a trumpet ſound,
Or any air of muſic touch their ears,
You ſhall perceive them make a mutual ſtand;
Their ſavage eyes turn'd to a modeſt gaze,
By the ſweet power of muſic. Therefore (49) the poet
Did feign that *Orpheus* drew trees, ſtones and floods;
Since nought ſo ſtockiſh, hard and full of rage,
But muſic for the time doth change its nature.
The man (50) that hath not muſic in himſelf,

Nor

Doth groſsly cloſe *us* in.

He ſpeaks in the next line of *waking Diana*, i. e. the moon, who in the next ſcene is repreſented as ſleeping.

(49) *Therefore*, &c.] See the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act 3. Sc. 5.

(50) *The man that*, &c.] The thought here is extremely fine; as if the being affected with muſic only was the harmony between the *internal* [*muſic in himſelf*] and the external muſic, [*concord of ſweet ſounds*]; which were naturally affected like uniſon ſtrings. This whole ſpeech could not chooſe but pleaſe an *Engliſh* audience, whoſe great paſſion then as well as now was *love of muſic*. *Jam* vero video naturam (ſays *Eraſmus* in his *Praiſe of Folly*) ut ſingulis nationibus, ac pene civitatibus, communem quandam inſeviſſe philautiam: atque hinc fieri ut BRITANNI præter alias formam, MUSICIAM, & lautas menſas propria ſibi vindicent. *W.* One cannot but read with regret *Steeven's* annotation on this paſſage! Strange to point himſelf out the very

Nor is not mov'd with concord of ſweet ſounds,
Is fit for treaſons, ſtratagems, and ſpoils;
The motions of his ſpirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as *Erebus:*
Let no ſuch man be truſted.

A good Deed compared to a Candle, and the Effects of Time, Circumſtance, &c.

Por. How far that little candle throws his beams!
So ſhines a good deed (50) in a naughty world.
Ner. When the moon ſhone we did not ſee the candle.
Por. So doth the greater glory dim the leſs:
A ſubſtitute ſhines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his ſtate
Empties itſelf, as doth an inland brook
Into the main waters. Muſic! hark.
Ner, It is your muſic, madam, of the houſe.
Por. Nothing is good, I ſee, without reſpect;
Methinks, it ſounds much ſweeter than by day.
Ner. Silence beſtows that virtue on it, madam.
Por. The crow does ſing as ſweetly as the lark
When neither is attended, and I think

The

very man our poet deſcribes! As a proper anſwer to him, let us hear what a lady ſays on the paſſage—"The enchanting powers and effects of muſic are here *moſt poetically* ſet forth. There can never be ſaid too much on this enchanting theme. Men's minds may ſometimes be too ſtern or obſtinate to yield to argument, but in melody, there is a *ſort of ſentiment*, that ſinks into the heart, and by awaking the ſofter paſſions of the ſoul, often perſuades where reaſon elſe would fail."

(50) *So ſhines a good deed*, &c.] Agreeably to the ſcripture, *Let your light ſhine*, &c. In the continuation, the effects of time, circumſtance, compariſon, and occaſion are beautifully, and juſtly pointed out. *Without reſpect* in l. 10. means, not abſolutely good, but relatively; good, as it is modified by circumſtances. See Mrs. *G.* and *J.*

The nightingale, if ſhe ſhould ſing by day,
When every gooſe is cackling, would be thought
No better a muſician than the wren.
How many things by ſeaſon ſeaſon'd are
To their right praiſe and true perfection?
Peace! how the moon ſleeps with *Endymion*,
And would not be awak'd!

Moon-light Night.

This night, methinks, is but the day-light ſick;
It looks a little paler; 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the ſun is hid.

Profeſſions needleſs, where Intentions are ſincere.

Sir, you are very welcome to our houſe:
It muſt appear in other ways, than words;
Therefore I ſcant this breathing courteſy

Elegant Compliment.

Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of ſtarved people.

General Obſervation.

"The *Jew* of *Venice*" was a ſtory exceedingly well known in *S*'s time: celebrated in ballads; and perhaps taken originally from an *Italian* book, intitled, "*Il Pecorone*"—the author of which calls himſelf, *Ser Giovanni Fiorentino*—and wrote his book, as he tells you in ſome humorous verſes at the beginning of it, in 1378; three years after the death of *Boccace*; it is divided into *Giornatas*, and the ſtory we are ſpeaking of is in the firſt novel of the *giornata* quarto, edit. 1565, 8vo. in *Vinegia*. This novel *S*. certainly read: either in the original, or (which I rather think) in ſome tranſlation, not now to be met with, and formed his play upon it. It was tranſlated anew, and made public in 1755, printed for *M. Cooper*; and at the end of it a novel of *Boccace* (the firſt of the 10th day)

which as the tranſlator rightly judges, might poſſibly produce the ſcene of the caſkets, ſubſtituted by the poet, in the place of one in the other novel, not proper for the ſtage. *Capell.* The reader will find an abridgement of theſe ſtories at the end of this play in *Johnſon's* and *Steeven's* edition. *Warton* in his obſervations on *Spenſer's Fairy Queen*, l. 129, has mentioned the *ballad* whence *S.* probably took the hint of this play: and obſerves truly, that hiſtorical ſongs, very faſhionable in his time, often ſuggeſted and recommended the ſubject. See Vol. I. b. 2. of *Percy's Collection of Ancient Ballads.* The ſtory is ſuppoſed to be taken originally* from the *Geſta Romanorum.* Of the *Merchant of Venice*, ſays *Johnſon*, the ſtile is even and eaſy, with few peculiarities of diction, or anamolies of conſtruction. The comic part raiſes laughter, and the ſerious fixes expectation. The probability of either the one or the other ſtory cannot be maintained. The union of two actions in one event is in this drama eminently happy. *Dryden* was much pleaſed with his own addreſs in connecting the two plots of his *Spaniſh Fryar*, which yet, I believe the criticks will find excelled by this play.

* *Farmer* ſays, *that an old tranſlation* of the *Geſta* was firſt printed by *Winkin de Worde*, and was very popular in *S's* time, who has borrowed ſome expreſſions from it in this play.

Merry

VII.

*Merry Wives of Windſor**.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Self-examination, upon Solicitation to Wrong.

What unweigh'd behaviour hath this *Flemiſh* drunkard pick'd (with the devil's name) out of my converſation, that he dares in this manner aſſay me? Why he hath not been thrice in my company.—What ſhould I ſay to him?—I was then (1) frugal of my mirth.

SCENE

* *Merry*, &c.] See what is ſaid concerning this play in the preface. Though in the former editions of this work, no extracts were made from it, I thought it proper juſt to inſert a few, as they appeared on cloſer examination, adapted to the deſign of this undertaking. See the *Obſervations* at the end.

(1) *I was then*, &c.] In the next ſcene ſhe recurs to the ſame thought—

—" Nay, I know not —It makes me almoſt ready to wrangle with mine own honeſty: I'll entertain myſelf like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, ſure, unleſs he know ſome ſtain in me, that I know not myſelf; he would never have boarded me in this fury." Theſe are very natural ſentiments, ſays Mrs. *G.*, for a delicate mind to form upon receiving an affront of this kind: and it is extremely proper upon all ſuch occaſions to enter into ſuch a ſelf-examination, by way of enquiring what part of our conduct or *unweighed behaviour*, as ſhe expreſſes it, might have encouraged the offence; and upon an impartial ſcrutiny, we ſhall find, that it is more our indiſcretion than our charms, which prompts the attack.

SCENE II. *Charity in Cenſure, from a Conſciouſneſs of our own Frailties.*

I ſhall diſcover a thing to you, wherein I muſt very much lay open mine own imperfection: but, good Sir *John*, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the regiſter of your own; that I may paſs with a reproof the eaſier, ſith you yourſelf know how it is to be ſuch an offender.

The Vice and Folly of unlawful Love.

Falſ. Of what quality was your love then?

Ford. Like a fair houſe, built upon another man's ground; ſo that I have loſt my edifice, by miſtaking the place where I erected it.

Ford's *Character of Sir* John Falſtaff.

You are a gentleman of excellent breeding; admirable diſcourſe, of great admittance, authentic in your place and perſon, generally allowed for your many warlike, court-like, and learned preparations.

Falſ. O! Sir!

Ford's *Jealouſy.*

I will rather truſt a *Fleming* with my butter, parſon *Hugh* the *Welchman* with my cheeſe, an *Iriſhman* with my aqua vitæ bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herſelf! Then ſhe plots, then ſhe ruminates, then ſhe deviſes; and what they think in their hearts they may effect; they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heavens be praiſed for my jealouſy! (2)

ACT

(2) *Be praiſed for my jealouſy.*] In full amends for this, *Ford* ſays afterwards, Act 4. Sc. 4.

Pardon

ACT III. SCENE II.

Nurſe Quickly's *Deſcription of* Fenton.

Mr. *Fenton!* He capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verſes, he ſpeaks holy-day, (3) he ſmells *April* and *May:* he will carry 't, he will carry 't; 'tis in his buttons; he will carry 't.

SCENE

Pardon me, wife! henceforth do what thou wilt;
I rather will ſuſpect the ſun with cold,
Than thee with wantonneſs! now doth thy honour ſtand,
In him that was of late an heretic,
As firm as faith!

(3) *He ſpeaks holy-day.*] i. e. in a high-flown fuſtian ſtyle. It was called a *holy-day* ſtyle from the old cuſtom of acting their farces, of the *myſteries* and *moralities*, which were turgid and bombaſt, on *holy-days*. So in *Much ado about Nothing*,

I cannot woo in feſtivel terms.

And in the *Merchant of Venice*,

Thou ſpendeſt ſuch *high-day* wit, in praiſing him. *W.*

'Tis in his buttons, alludes to an ancient cuſtom among the country fellows, of trying, whether they ſhould proceed with their miſtreſſes by carrying the *batchelor's buttons* (a plant of the *lychnis* kind, whoſe flowers reſemble a coat-button in form) in their pockets. And they judged of their good or bad ſucceſs by their growing or their not growing there. The old poets frequently allude to this fantaſtical cuſtom. *Greene*, in his *Quip for an upſtart Courtier*, ſays, I *ſaw* the BATCHELORS BUTTONS, whoſe virtue is to make wanton maidens weep, when they have worn them forty weeks under their aprons, &c. See more in *Steevens's* note on the place.

SCENE IV. *Deſcription of Spendthrifts, who ſeek to better their Fortunes, by rich Wives.*

He doth object, I am too great of birth;
And that my ſtate being gall'd with my expence,
I ſeek to heal it only by his wealth.
Beſides theſe, other bars he lays before me ——
My riots paſt, my wild ſocieties:
And tells me, 'tis a thing impoſſible
I ſhould love thee, but as a property. (4)

Valuable Woman loved for her own Sake.

——Wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than ſtamps in gold, or money in ſeal'd bags;
And 'tis the very riches of thyſelf,
That now I aim at.

ACT V. SCENE IV.

Fairies, their Rewards and Puniſhments.

(5) Cricket, to *Windſor's* chimnies ſhalt thou leap,
Where fires thou find'ſt unrak'd, and hearths unſwept,
There

(4) *But as a property.*] And yet her parents wiſhed to make her a property: on which ſhe obſerves,

O what a world of vile ill-favoured fools,
Look handſome in three hundred pounds a year!

See Firſt Part *Henry* VI. Act 5. Sc. 5.

(5) *Cricket*, &c.] There was ſomething very pleaſing and advantageous to morals, in the ancient ſuperſtition, which ſuppoſed the actions of men, to have been under the immediate cognizance of certain ſuperior beings, who uſed to diſtribute rewards and puniſhments on the inſtant.—The metaphorical expoſition of this fable, continues Mrs. *G.*, is, I believe, and kindly hope too, moſt fully experienced by the difference of ſlumbers, between an approving and

There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry.
Our radiant queen hates ſluts, and ſluttery.
Go you and wheresoe'er you find a maid
That ere ſhe ſleep hath thrice her prayers ſaid,
Rein up the organs of her fantaſy;
Sleep ſhe as ſound as careleſs infancy;
But thoſe that ſleep, and think not on their ſins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, back, ſhoulders, ſides, and ſhins.

Guilty Fear confounds the Reaſon.

And theſe are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought they were not fairies: and yet the guiltineſs of my mind, with the ſudden ſurprize of my powers, drove the groſſneſs of the foppery into a received belief, in deſpite of the teeth and of all rhime and reaſon that they were fairies. See now how wit may be made a Jack-a-lent, (6) when 'tis upon ill employment!

and an upbraiding mind. An evil conſcience is a *ſhrew*, and gives moſt ſhocking *curtain lectures*.

(6) *A Jack-a-lent*, &c.] A Jack-o'-lent appears to have been ſome puppet, which was thrown at in lent, like ſhrove-tide cocks. In *Ben Johnſon's Tale of a Tub* we read,

———On an *Aſh Wedneſday*,
Where thou didſt ſtand ſix weeks, the *Jack-o-lent*
For boys to hurl three-penny throws at thee.

See *St. Falſtaffe* ſays of himſelf ſoon after,

"Well, I am your theme: you have the ſtart of me; I am dejected; I am not able to anſwer the *Welch Flannel* [Sir *Hugh*]: *ignorance* itſelf is a plummet over me!"

General Obſervation.

" Queen *Elizabeth*," ſays a writer of *Shakeſpear's* life, " was ſo well pleaſed with that admirable character of *Falſtaff* in the two Parts of *Henry* the Fourth, that ſhe commanded him to continue it for one play more, and to ſhow him in love. This is ſaid to be the occaſion of his writing the *Merry Wives of Windſor*." As there is no proof brought for the truth of this ſtory, we may conclude—that it is either ſome play-houſe tradition, or had its riſe from Sir *William Davenant*, whoſe authority the writer quotes for another ſingular anecdote, relating to lord *Southampton*. Be this as it may; *S.* in the conduct of *Falſtaff's* love-adventures made uſe of ſome incidents in a book that has been mentioned before, called *Il Pecorone*; they are in the ſecond novel of that book. It is highly probable, that this novel likewiſe is in an old *Engliſh* dreſs ſomewhere or other; and from thence tranſplanted into a fooliſh book called, *The fortunate, the deceived, and the unfortunate Lovers*, printed in 1685, octavo, for *William Whitwood*; where the reader may ſee it at p. 1. Let me add too, that there is a like ſtory in the *Piace voli Notti, di Straparola, libro primo, at Notte quarta*; *Favola quarta* Edit. 1567, octavo, in *Vinegia*. Thus far *Capell*. *Gildon* ſays, that he was well aſſured our author finiſhed this play at the queen's command, in a fortnight: but this muſt be meant of the firſt ſketch only, which was very imperfect and different from the preſent play, which is one of the beſt acting plays of our author. Speaking of the tradition above mentioned—*Johnſon* obſerves, that " No taſk is harder than that of writing to the ideas of another. *S.* knew what the *queen*, if the ſtory be true, ſeems not to have known, that by any real paſſion of tenderneſs, the ſelfiſh craft, the careleſs jollity, and the lazy luxury of *Falſtaff* muſt have ſuffered ſo much abatement, that little of his former caſt would have remained. *Falſtaff* could not love, but by ceaſing to be *Falſtaff*. He could only counterfeit love, and his profeſſions could be prompted not by the hope of pleaſure, but of money. Thus the poet approached as near to the work enjoined to him, as poſſible; yet having perhaps in the former plays compleated his own idea, he ſeems not to have been able to give *Falſtaff* all his former power of entertainment.

This comedy is remarkable for the variety and number of perſonages, who exhibit more characters appropriated and diſcriminated, than perhaps can be found in any other play.

Whether *S.* was the firſt that produced upon the *Engliſh* ſtage the effect of language diſtorted and depraved by provincial or foreign pronunciation, I cannot certainly decide. This mode of forming ridiculous characters can confer praiſe only on him, who originally diſcovered it, for it requires not much of either wit or judgment: its ſucceſs muſt be derived almoſt wholly from the player, but its power in a ſkilful mouth, even he that deſpiſes it, is unable to reſiſt.

The conduct of this drama is deficient; the action begins and ends often before the concluſion, and the different parts might change places without inconvenience; but its general power, that power by which all works of genius ſhall finally be tried, is ſuch, that perhaps it never yet had reader or ſpectator, who did not think it too ſoon at an end."

VIII.

A Midſummer Night's Dream.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Tedioufneſs of Expectation.

Theſ. How ſlow
This old moon (1) wanes! ſhe lingers my deſires,
Like to a ſtep-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

The

* *Midſummer*, &c.] *Fletcher* in his *Faithful Shepherdeſs*, ſeemed deſirous of trying his ſtrength with *S.* There are doubtleſs many beauties in that performance, but ſuch as are viſibly copied from this exalted effort of the ſublimeſt imagination. The ſcene in the wood at night, and *Amoret* and *Perigot's* quarrel, are exact copies; and the character of the ſatyr is a compound of *Ariel* in the *Tempeſt*, and *Puck*, in this play. *Milton's* fine maſque, ſufficiently ſhows how great an opinion that admirable poet had, both of the *Midſummer Night's Dream* and the *Faithful Shepherdeſs*.

(1) *This old moon*, &c.] So *Hippolita* ſoon after ſays,

And then the moon, like to a ſilver bow,
New-bent in heaven, ſhall behold the night
Of our ſolemnities.———

See the laſt paſſage but one in this act. The *Step-mother* in *Terence*, ſays,

'Tis now my chief concern to make my age
Eaſy to all, that no one may regret
My lengthen'd life, nor languiſh for my death.

See *Colman's Terence*, Vol. II. p. 164, where he obſerves that this idea of a ſtep-mother being odious to her family is applied in a very beautiful and uncommon manner by *S.* in the paſſage before us.

The Witch-craft of Love.

My gracious duke,
This man hath witch'd the boſom of my child:
—Thou, thou, *Lyſander*, thou haſt given her rhimes,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:
Thou haſt by moon-light at her window ſung,
With feigning voice, verſes of feigning love;
And ſtol'n the impreſſion of her fantaſy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, (2) conceits,
Knacks, trifles, noſegays, ſweet-meats, meſſengers,
Of ſtrong prevailment in unharden'd youth:
With cunning haſt thou filch'd my daughter's heart:
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To ſtubborn harſhneſs.

A Father's Authority.

To you your father ſhould be as a god,
One, that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one,
To whom you are but as a form in wax
By him imprinted; and within his power
To leave (3) the figure, or disfigure it.

Nun

(2) *Gawds.*] i. e. baubles, toys, trifles. Our author has the word frequently. See *King John* Act 3. Sc. 5. *St.*

(3) *Leave*, &c.] The meaning of, to *leave* the *figure*, is no more than this—" That the child being but a form imprinted in wax by the father, he has as abſolute authority over it, to kill or ſave it, as he has over a waxen image, to *leave* the figure [to let it remain as he has formed it] or entirely to disfigure [deſtroy, or melt it down again] and this is well explained by what the father ſays juſt before:

I beg the antient privilege of *Athens*,
As ſhe is mine I may diſpoſe of her:
Which ſhall be either to this gentleman,
Or to her death, according to our law
Immediately provided in that caſe.

For

Nun.

Thef. Therefore, fair *Hermia*, queſtion your deſires,
Know of your youth, (4) examine well your blood,
Whether (if you yield not to your father's choice)
You can endure the livery of a nun;
For aye to be in ſhady-cloiſter mew'd,
To live a barren ſiſter all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitleſs moon.
Thrice bleſſed they, that maſter ſo their blood,
To undergo ſuch maiden pilgrimage!
But (5) earthlier happy is the roſe diſtill'd,

Than

For the reader will recollect, that *Solon* inſtituted a law at *Athens*, giving parents abſolute right over the life and death of their children: which, doubtleſs, is another proof that *S.* was not ſo entire a novice in learning and antiquity, as ſome people ſuppoſe. See *Winter's Tale*, Act 4. Sc. 7. In the *Double Falſhood*, there is a fine paſſage ſimilar to this, on the authority of parents.

> The voice of parents is the voice of gods;
> For to their children they are heav'n's lieutenants:
> Made fathers not for common uſes merely
> Of procreation (beaſts and birds wou'd be
> As noble then as we are); but to ſteer
> The wanton freight of youth thro' ſtorms and dangers,
> Which with full ſails they bear upon: and ſtraiten
> The moral line of life, they bend ſo often.
> For theſe are we made fathers: and for theſe
> May challenge duty on our childrens part.
> Obedience is the ſacrifice of angels,
> Whoſe form you carry—— Act 5. Sc. 2.

(4) *Know of your youth.*] Bring yonr youth to the queſtion: conſider your youth. *J.*

(5) *But*, &c.] *Comus* greatly diſſuades the lady, in *Milton's* fine *Maſque*, from withering in virginity:

> Liſt, lady, be not coy, and be not coſen'd
> With that ſame vaunted name virginity.
> Beauty is nature's coin, muſt not be hoarded,

But

Than that, which withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies in ſingle bleſſedneſs.

Herm. So will I grow, ſo live, ſo die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin-patent up
Unto his lordſhip, to whoſe unwiſh'd yoke
My ſoul conſents not to give ſovereignty.

True Love ever croſſed.

Lyſ. Ah me! (6) for aught that ever I cou'd read,
Cou'd ever hear by tale or hiſtory,

The

But muſt be current, and the good thereof
Conſiſts in mutual and partaken bliſs,
Unſavoury in th' enjoyment of itſelf:
If you let ſlip time, like a neglected roſe
It withers on the ſtalk with languiſh'd head.

Inſtead of *earthlier happy*, *Pope* and others have propoſed to read *earlier happy*. See *All's well that ends well*, Act 1. Sc. 1. on *Virginity*.

(6) *Ah me!* &c.] *S.* in his poem of *Venus* and *Adonis*, has prettily imagined all the croſſes and miſeries of love to proceed from the loſs of *Adonis*; for *Venus* there, on the ſight of her dead lover, thus denounces her vengeance on the unlucky paſſion:

Since thou art dead, lo here, I propheſy,
Sorrow on love hereafter ſhall attend;
It ſhall be waited on with jealouſy,
Find ſweet beginning but unſavoury end;
Ne'er ſettled equally to high or low;
That all love's pleaſures ſhall not match his woe.
It ſhall be fickle, falſe, and full of fraud,
And ſhall be blaſted in a breathing while,
The bottom poiſon and the top o'erſtraw'd
With ſweets, that ſhall the ſharpeſt ſight beguile:
The ſtrongeſt body ſhall it make moſt weak,
Strike the wiſe dumb, and teach the fool to ſpeak.
See his Poems, p. 93.

The ſimile of the lightning in the latter lines, is the moſt lively and perfect deſcription that can be conceived; the cir-

The courſe of true love never did run ſmooth;
But either it was different in blood;
Or elſe misgrafted in reſpect of years;
Or elſe it ſtood upon the choice of friends;

Or

circumſtances are ſo finely imagined, and the expreſſions ſo noble, perfectly picturing the image to our view, that it deſerves equal commendation with that grand paſſage from *Homer*, which *Longinus* ſo much extols.

Deep in the diſmal regions of the dead,
Th' infernal monarch rear'd his horrid head:
Leap'd from his throne, leſt *Neptune's* arms ſhou'd lay
His dark dominions open to the day:
And pour in light on *Pluto's* drear abodes,
Abhorr'd by men, and dreadful e'en to gods.
Pope, II. 20, 83.

The word *collied* [i. e. black, ſmutted with *coal*, a word ſtill uſed in the midland counties] conveys the idea of ſomething more than *black*, a *perfectly dark*, and *ſooty night*, which renders the glare of the lightning more diſmal; "which *in a ſpleen* [a moment, on a ſudden] darts its blue light, and diſplays the creation, juſt now thick mantled in night, and before we can even ſpeak to obſerve it, the jaws of darkneſs do devour it up." The circumſtances of the deep darkneſs of the night, the glare of the lightning, in an inſtant bringing to view heaven and earth, the momentary duration of it, not ſo long as while a man can ſpeak, and its being inſtantly devoured by the jaws of darkneſs, are ſuch as place the image immediately before our ſight, and rank the paſſage with the moſt ſublime and admired ones.

Adam, in *Paradiſe Loſt*, b. 10. v. 896, complains in like manner with *Lyſander* in this play, of the diſaſters of love.

——This miſchief had not then befall'n,
And more that ſhall befal, innumerable
Diſturbances on earth, thro' female ſnares,
And ſtrait conjunction with this ſex: for either
He never ſhall find out fit mate, but ſuch
As ſome misfortune brings him or miſtake:
Or whom he wiſhes moſt ſhall ſeldom gain
Thro' her perverſeneſs, but ſhall ſee her gain'd

By

Or if there were a ſympathy in choice,
War, death or ſickneſs did lay ſiege to it,
Making it momentary, as a ſound,
Swift as a ſhadow, ſhort as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a ſpleen, unfolds both heav'n and earth:
And, ere a man hath pow'r to ſay,—Behold!
The jaws of darkneſs do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confuſion!

Herm. Then, let us teach our trial patience:
Becauſe it is a cuſtomary croſs,
As due to love, as thoughts, and dreams, and ſighs,
Wiſhes and tears, poor fancy's followers!

Aſſignation.

I ſwear (7) to thee, by *Cupid's* ſtrongeſt bow,
By his beſt arrow with the golden head,
By the ſimplicity of *Venus'* doves,
By that which knitteth ſouls, and proſpers loves:
And by that fire which burn'd the *Carthage* queen,
When the falſe *Trojan* under ſail was ſeen;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women ſpoke:

In

By a far worſe, or if ſhe love, with-held
By parents; or his happieſt choice too late
Shall meet, already link'd, and wedlock-bound
To a fell adverſary, his hate or ſhame:
Which infinite calamity ſhall cauſe
To human life, and houſhold peace confound.

(7) *I ſwear*, &c.] Though perhaps it is not entirely to the purpoſe, I cannot help quoting here a fine paſſage from the *Double Falſhood*, on *ſincere affection*.

Think, *Julio*, from the ſtorm that's now o'erblown,
Tho' ſour affliction combat hope a-while,
When lovers ſwear their truth, the liſt'ning angels
Stand on the golden battlements of heav'n,
And waft their vows to the eternal throne.
Such were our vows, and ſo are they repaid.

End of the 5th Act.

In that ſame place thou haſt appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Modeſt and generous Eulogium of a Rival.

Hol. Call you me fair? that fair again unſay,
Demetrius loves you, fair, O happy fair!
Your eyes are lode-ſtars, (8) and your tongues ſweet air
More

(8) *Lode-ſtars.*] This was a compliment not unfrequent among the old poets. The *lode-ſtar* is the leading or guiding ſtar, that is, the *pole-ſtar*. The magnet is for the ſame reaſon called the *lode-ſtone*, either becauſe it leads iron, or guides the ſailor. *Milton* has the ſame thought in *L' Allegro*.

Towers and battlements he ſees,
Boſom'd high in tufted trees:
Where perhaps ſome beauty lies,
The *cynoſure* of neighb'ring eyes.

Davies calls *Elizabeth lode-ſtone* to hearts, and lode-ſtone to all eyes. *J.* Mrs. *G.* on this paſſage, obſerves, that *Hermia* had uſed no arts, no coquetry to allure *Helena's* love from her: for as ſhe expreſſes it juſt after in the ſame dialogue, "His folly, *Helena*, is no fault of mine." She happened indeed to do her an injury, but no *wrong*; and therefore the forſaken maid ſhews her juſtice in plaining her own ill fortune, only, without expreſſing the leaſt reſentment againſt her unoffending rival. *Hermia* in the ſame ſcene alludes to the magic power of love, which concenters all our ideas in one, making us prefer a cottage to a palace, and a deſert to a grove, according to the ſituation, or circumſtances of the object of our affections: after having declared the purpoſe of flying her country with her lover, ſhe adds,

Before the time I did *Lyſander* ſee,
Seem'd *Athens* like a paradiſe to me:
O then what graces in my love do dwell
That he hath turn'd a heaven into hell!

Helena afterwards carries on the ſame idea in the next paſ-
ſage,

More tunable than lark to ſhepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when haw-thorn buds appear.
Sickneſs is catching: O, were favours ſo!
Yours would I catch, fair *Hermia*, ere I go;
My ear ſhould catch your voice, my eye your eye;
My tongue ſhould catch your tongue's ſweet melody.
Were the world mine, *Demetrius* being 'bated,
The reſt I'll give to be to you tranſlated.
O teach me, how you look; and with what art
You ſway the motion of *Demetrius'* heart.

Moon.

When *Phœbe* doth behold
Her ſilver viſage in the watry glaſs,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed graſs. (9)

Love.

Things baſe and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can tranſpoſe to form and dignity:
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
And therefore is wing'd *Cupid* painted blind;
Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taſte:
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haſte:
And therefore is love ſaid to be a child,
Becauſe in choice he often is beguil'd:
As waggiſh boys themſelves in games forſwear;
So the boy Love (10) is perjur'd every where.

ACT

ſage, *Things baſe and vile*, &c. *Theſeus* too accords with this ſentiment in a paſſage of his ſpeech, Act 5. Sc. 1.

While the lover all as frantic
Sees *Helen's* beauty in a brow of *Egypt*.

See alſo Act 2. Sc. 2. *Love in idleneſs* and n.

(9) See p. 195 foregoing.

(10) *So the boy Love*, &c.] Whoever after reading the following lines from *Propertius* Lib. 2. can doubt that S. had

ACT II. SCENE I.

Cowſlips and Fairy Employment.

The cowſlips (11) tall her penſioners be;
In their gold coats ſpots you ſee;
Thoſe be rubies fairy ſavours;
In thoſe ſpeckles live their ſavours:
I muſt go ſeek ſome dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowſlip's ear.

Puck,

had them in his view, when he wrote the paſſage before us, muſt affirm that there is no ſuch thing as *poetical imitation.*

Quicunque ille fuit, puerum qui finxit amorem,
Nonne putas, miras hunc habuiſſe manus!
Hic primum vidit, ſine ſenſu vivere amantes,
Et levibus curis magna perire bona.
Idem non fruſtra ventoſas addidit alas,
Fecit & humano corde volare Deum.
Scilicit alternâ quoniam jactamur in undâ;
Noſtraque non ullis permanet aura locis.
Et merito hamatis manus eſt armata ſagittis,
Et pharetra ex humero Gnoſſia utroque jacet.
Ante ferit quoniam, tuti quam cernimus hoſtem,
Nec quiſquam ex illo vulnere ſanus abit.

(11) *Cowſlips.*] The cowſlip was a favourite among the fairies. There is a hint in *Drayton* of their attention to *May*-morning.

——For the queen a fitting tow'r
Quoth he, is that fair *cowſlip-flow'r*,
In all the train there's not a fay
That ever went to gather *May*,
But ſhe hath made it in her way,
The *talleſt* there that groweth.

In *Cymbeline S.* refers to the ſame red ſpots in the cowſlips.

A mole cinque-ſpotted, like the crimſon drops,
I th' bottom of a cowſlip.

4 *Johnſon* and *Percy.*

Puck, *or*, Robin Good-fellow.

I am (12) that merry wand'rer of the night,
I jeſt to *Oberon*, and make him ſmile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horſe beguile,
Neighing in likeneſs of a filly-foal;
And ſometimes lurk I in a goſſip's bowl,
In very likeneſs of a roaſted crab,
And when ſhe drinks, againſt her lips I bob,

And

(12) *I am*, &c.] *S.'s* excellence in theſe fictitious characters is univerſally allowed: no man ever equaled him in deſcriptions of ghoſts and fairies: no man ever like him

Could give to airy nothings
A local habitation and a name.

The editors of *Beaumont and Fletcher's Works*, juſtly obſerve, "*S.*, from his low education, had believed and felt all the horrors he painted: for though the univerſities and inns of court were in ſome degree freed from theſe dreams of ſuperſtition, the banks of the *Avon* were then haunted on every ſide:

There tript with printleſs foot the elves of hills,
Brooks, caves and groves; there ſorcery bedimm'd
The noon-tide ſun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green ſea, and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war.——— *Tempeſt.*

So that *S.* can ſcarce be ſaid to create a new world in his magic; he went but back to his native country, and only dreſſed their goblins in poetic weeds: hence even *Theſeus* is not attended by his own deities, *Minerva*, *Venus*, the fauns, ſatyrs, *&c.* but by *Oberon*, and his fairies—whereas our authors, *&c.*—*Preface*, p. 51. of the *Tempeſt*. See the *Obſervations* at the end reſpecting *S.'s* preternatural beings.

The goſſip's bowl, l. 5. alludes to the old cuſtom in the country of drinking *apples* and *ale*, the *crab* in the next line, meaning, a *crab apple*: I believe there is no occaſion to obſerve, that *Milton's* admired and pictureſque deſcription of laughter, is undoubtedly taken from the hint l. 13.

Mirth that wrinkled care derides,
And *laughter holding both his ſides.*

And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale;
The wiſeſt aunt telling the ſaddeſt tale,
Sometime for three-foot ſtool miſtaketh me;
Then ſlip I from her bum, down topples ſhe,
And Tailor (13) cries, and falls into a cough,
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe;
And

(13) *Tailor cries.*] "The cuſtom of crying *Tailor* at a ſudden fall backward, I think, I remember to have obſerved," ſays *Johnſon*. "He that ſlips beſide his chair, falls as a tailor, ſquats upon his board. The *Oxford* editor, *Warburton*, &c. read, *and rails or cries*, plauſibly, but I believe not rightly. Beſides the trick of the fairy is repreſented producing merriment rather than anger.—" The account given us in this ſcene of *Robin Good-fellow* correſponds in every article with that given of him, in *Harſenet's Declaration*, ch. 20. p. 135. He is mentioned by *Cartwright*, as a ſpirit particularly fond of diſconcerting and diſturbing domeſtic peace and economy.

Saint *Francis* and ſaint *Benedight*
Bleſſe this houſe from wicked wight:
From the night-mare and the goblin,
That is hight *Good-fellow Robin*.
Cartwright's Ordinary, Act 3. Sc. 1. v. 8.

See alſo the ſame account of this frolickſome ſpirit in *Reginald Scot's Diſcovery of Witchcraft*, *Lond.* 1588, quarto, p. 66.—To theſe extraordinary opinions *Milton* has reference in *L' Allegro*.

Then to the ſpicy nut-brown ale,
With ſtories told of many a feat,
How fairy *Mab* the junkets eat;
She was pinch'd, and pull'd ſhe ſaid,
And he by friars lanthorn led:
Tells how the drudging goblin ſweat
To earn his cream-bowl, duly ſet,
When in one night, ere glimpſe of morn,
His ſhadowy flail had threſh'd the corn,
Which ten day-labourers would not end,
Then lays him down the *lubber* fiend!

A like account of *Puck* is given by *Drayton*,

He

And waxen in their mirth, and neeze and ſwear,
A merrier hour was never waſted there.

SCENE II. *Fairy Jealouſy, and the Effects of it.*

Theſe (14) are the forgeries of jealouſy;
And never ſince the middle ſummer's ſpring,

Met

He meeteth *Puck*, which moſt men call
Hobgoblin, and on him doth fall:——
This *Puck* ſeems but a dreaming dolt,
Still walking, like a ragged colt,
And oft out of a bed doth bolt,
A purpoſe to deceive us:
And leading us makes us to ſtray,
Long winter's nights out of the way,
And when we ſtick in mire and clay,
He doth with laughter leave us.

"It will be apparent to any one who will compare *Drayton's* poem with this play, that either one of the poets copied the other, or as I rather believe," ſays *Johnſon*, "that there was then ſome ſyſtem of the fairy empire, generally received which they both repreſented, as accurately as they could. It ſeems that in the fairy mythology *Puck* or hobgoblin was the truſty ſervant of *Oberon*, and always employed to watch or detect the intrigues of queen *Mab*, called by *S. Titania*. For in *Drayton's Nymphydia*, the ſame fairies are engaged in the ſame buſineſs. *Mab* has an amour with *Pigwiggen*; *Oberon* being jealous, ſends hobgoblin to catch them, and one of *Mab's* nymphs oppoſes him by a ſpell. See *Johnſon*, *Warton*, &c.—And the *General Obſervations* at the end.

(14) *Theſe*, &c.] *S.* ſeems to have had the moſt acquaintance with *Ovid* of any claſſic author: and as there is a prodigious ſimilarity in this deſcription of the miſeries of the country, occaſioned by the jealouſy of *Oberon* and his fairy queen, and that which *Ovid* acquaints us, was cauſed by *Ceres*, on the loſs of her daughter, we may reaſonably ſuppoſe, that *S.* had a view to *Ovid*: at leaſt there is enough, whereon to ground an *imitation*.

She

Met we on hill, in dale, foreſt, or mead,
By paved fountain, or by ruſhy brook,

Or

She knows not on what land her curſe ſhou'd fall,
But as ingrate alike upbraids them all,
Unworthy of her gifts: *Trinacria* moſt
Where the laſt ſteps ſhe found of what ſhe loſt:
The plough for this the vengeful goddeſs broke,
And with one death-the ox and owner ſtruck:
In vain the fallow fields the peaſant tills,
The ſeed corrupted ere 'tis ſown ſhe kills:
The fruitful ſoil, that once ſuch harveſt bore,
Now mocks the farmer's care, and teems no more.
And the rich grain, which fills the furrow'd glade,
Rots in the ſeed or ſhrivels in the blade:
Or too much ſun burns up, or too much rain
Drowns, or black blights deſtroy the blaſted plain:
Or greedy birds the new-ſown ſeeds devour,
Or darnel, thiſtles, and a crop impure
Of knotted graſs along the acres ſtand,
And ſpread their thriving roots thro' all the land.
See *Garth's Ovid*, v. 1. p. 188.

The length of this quotation hinders me from adding another equally fine; the deſcription of *Erictho's* power, in *Lucan*: however, the reader may find it in the 6th book of his *Pharſalia*, and the 739th line, (*Rowe's* tranſlation). In the *Tempeſt*, *S.* calls the *queint maies in the wanton green*,

The green ſour ringlets
Whereof the ewe not bites.

Medea, in *Seneca*, boaſts of changing the ſeaſons by her power, and cauſing torrents to ſtand ſtill or *overbear* their continents:

——*Temporum flexi vices:*
Æſtiva tellus floruit cantu meo,
Meſſem coacta vidit hibernam Ceres.
Violenta Phaſis vertit in fontem vada:
Et Iſter in tot ora diviſis truces
Compreſſit undas: tumuit inſanum mare
Tacente vento. Med. Act 4. Sc. 2.

I've

Or on the beached margent of the ſea,
To dance our ringlets to the whiſtling wind,

But

I've chang'd the courſe the conſtant ſeaſons keep;
Cloath'd earth in ſummer with a new-born ſpring:
Made *Ceres* ſee a winter crop of corn:
Back to their ſource ſwift *Phaſis* turn his ſtreams,
And *Iſter*, in ſeven mouths divided, force
Sudden his rapid waters to a ſtand.
Made torrents roar, ſeas ſwell, and billows rage,
Huſh'd every wind, and ſilent ev'ry blaſt.
Sir *Edward Sherburne*, (altered.)

And in the beginning of *Oedipus*, by *Dryden* and *Lee*, it is ſaid,

Therefore the ſeaſons
Lie all confus'd, and by the heav'ns neglected,
Forget themſelves: blind winter meets the ſummer
In his mid-way: and ſeeing not his livery,
Has driv'n him headlong back: and the raw damps
With flaggy wings fly heavily about,
Scattering their peſtilential colds and rheums
Through all the lazy air.

In the Second Part of *Henry* IV. our author ſpeaks finely of the change of the ſeaſons:

The ſeaſons change their manners as the year
Had found ſome months aſleep, and leap'd them over.

Milton in *Comus* thus ſpeaks of the fairy ſports;

On the tawny ſands and ſhelves,
Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves,
By dimpled brook, and fountain brim
The wood-nymphs deckt with daiſies trim,
Their merry wakes and paſtimes keep:
What hath night to do with ſleep?

And in the firſt Book, ver. 781, of *Paradiſe Loſt*, he has his pretty ſimile,

——Or fairy elves,
Whoſe midnight revels by a foreſt ſide
Or fountain, ſome belated peaſant ſees,
Or dreams he ſees; while over-head the moon

But with thy brawls thou haſt diſturb'd our ſport:
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain, (15)
As in revenge, have ſuck'd up from the ſea,
Contagious fogs; which falling in the land,
Have every pelting river made ſo proud
Thatthey have overborne their continents.
The ox hath therefore ſtretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman loſt his ſweat, and the green corn
Hath rotted, ere its youth attain'd a beard:
The fold ſtands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrion flock:

The

Sits arbitreſs, and nearer to the earth
Wheels her pale courſe, they on their mirth and dance
Intent, with jocund muſic charm his ear:
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.

By the *middle ſummer's ſpring*, in the ſecond line is meant no more than the *beginning* of midſummer: *S.* often uſes the word *ſpring*, for the *beginning*, as in the Second Part of *Henry* IV. Act 4. Sc. 8.

Flaws congealed in the *ſpring* of day.

This mode of expreſſion ſeems to have its original from ſcripture, where we read, the DAY-SPRING from on high hath viſited us. *Luke* c. i. v. 78.

(15) *Piping to us.*] So *Milton*,

While rocking winds are piping loud!

Pelting in the next line but two, ſeems to mean, *little, deſpicable, mean, wretched.* So in *Lear*,

Low pelting farms.

Capell, in his gloſſary, ſays, it is a contraction of *pelleting*; "pellets" are ſmall minute balls, of any materials: and from hence the word pelting or pelleting was ſaid of any thing ſmall or minute. *Have overborne their continents*, in the next line, means, have borne down the banks, which contained them. So in *Lear*,

Cloſe pent guilt
Rive their concealing *continents.*

The nine-mens morris (16) is fill'd up with mud,
And the queint mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread, are undiſtinguiſhable.
The human mortals want their winter here; (17)

No

(16) *The nine-mens morris*] Is a kind of labyrinthal maze cut in the graſs—wide enough for the *nine* dancers to paſs, without incommoding each other. The dancers are generally dreſt fantaſtically; have different departments in the dance, and are uſually *nine*. Though the cuſtom is almoſt antiquated, I have ſeen ſome of them, within this little time, in *Bedfordſhire*; they travel the country, and levy contributions on the villagers.—Dr. *James* gives us a different account of this *ſport*, and as perhaps it may be to this latter ſpecies that *S.* alludes, I will ſubjoin it; though I do not ſee, how it can have any thing to do with *morris-dancers*.

"In that part of *Warwickſhire*, where *S.* was educated, and the neighbouring parts of *Northamptonſhire*, the ſhepherds and other boys dig up the turf with their knives to repreſent a ſort of imperfect cheſs-board. It conſiſts of a ſquare, ſometimes only a foot diameter, ſometimes three or four yards. Within this is another ſquare, every ſide of which is parallel to the external ſquare; and theſe ſquares are joined by lines drawn from each corner of both ſquares, and the middle of each line. One party, or player, has wooden-pegs, the other ſtones, which they move in ſuch a manner as to take up each other's men as they are called, and the area of the inner ſquare is called the *pound*, in which the men taken up are impounded. Theſe figures are, by the country people, called the *nine men's morris*, or *merrils*, and are ſo called, becauſe each party has nine men. Theſe figures are always cut upon the green turf or leys, as they are called, or upon the graſs, at the end of ploughed lands, and in rainy ſeaſons never fail to be *choaked up with mud*."

(17) *Here.*] This word is ſpelt in the old folio's *heere*, and being underſtood in the ſenſe of the adverb *here*, has much perplexed all the editors: *Hanmer*, with the greateſt ſhew of probability, corrected it to *cheer*, and *Warburton* to *heried*, to which (were there no other objection) the elegant ſmoothneſs of all the lines in this ſpeech, is a ſuffi-

No night is now with hymn or carol bleſt.
Therefore the moon, the governeſs of floods,
Pale in her anger, waſhes all the air;
That rheumatic diſeaſes do abound.
And thorough this diſtemperature we ſee
The ſeaſons alter; hoary-headed froſts
Fall in the freſh lap of the crimſon roſe;
And on old *Hyems* chin (18) and icy crown,
An od'rous chaplet of ſweet ſummer-buds
Is, as in mock'ry, ſet: the ſpring, the ſummer,
The childing autumn, angry winter change
Their wonted liveries, and the 'mazed world
By their increaſe now knows not which is which.

Love in Idleneſs.

——Thou remember'ſt(19)
Since once I ſat upon a promontary,

And

cient anſwer. But the truth of it is, *here*, in this place, is uſed in the ſenſe of the *Saxon* word, for *maſter*, from the *Latin*, *herus*: ſo the *Dutch* ſay, *mynheer*, my maſter, and the word itſelf is common in the *Saxon* language. This ſenſe clears up every difficulty, and gives the paſſage its true meaning. *Steevens* obſerves, that the confuſion of ſeaſons, deſcribed by the poet, is no more than a poetical account of the weather, which happened in *England* about the time, when this play was firſt publiſhed. For this information I am indebted, continues he, to chance, which furniſhed me with a few leaves of an old meteorological hiſtory.

(18) *Hyems chin.*] Dr. *Grey* conjectures, that the poet wrote

Old *Hyems* CHILL and icy crown,

for *head*. It is not eaſy to diſcover how a *chaplet* can be placed on the chin. *The childing* autumn, in the laſt line but two, means, the *pregnant* autumn—*frugifer autumnus*: and *by their increaſe*, in the laſt line, is meant, *by their produce*. See *J.* and *St.*

(19)——*Thou remember'ſt*, &c.] The firſt thing obſervable

And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back,
Uttering ſuch dulcet and harmonious breath,
That

ſervable on the paſſage before us, is, that this action of the *mermaid* is laid in the ſame time and place with *Cupid's* attack upon the *veſtal*. By the *veſtal* every one knows is meant queen *Elizabeth*. It is very natural and reaſonable then to think that the *mermaid* ſtands for ſome eminent perſonage of her time. And if ſo, the allegorical covering, in which there is a mixture of ſatire and panegyric, will lead us to conclude, that this perſon was one of whom it had been inconvenient for the author to ſpeak openly, either in praiſe or diſpraiſe. All this agrees with *Mary* queen of *Scots*, and no other. Queen *Elizabeth* could not bear to hear her commended: and her ſucceſſor would not forgive her ſatiriſt. But the poet has ſo well marked out every diſtinguiſhed circumſtance of her life and character in this beautiful allegory, as will leave no room to doubt about this ſecret meaning. She is called a *mermaid*, 1ſt, to denote her reign over a kingdom ſituate in the ſea, and 2d, her beauty and intemperate luſt.

Ut turpiter atrum
Definat in piſcem mulier formoſa ſuperné.

For as *Elizabeth* for her chaſtity is called a *veſtal*, this unfortunate lady on a contrary account is called a *mermaid*. 3d, an ancient ſtory may be ſuppoſed to be here alluded to. The emperor *Julian* tells us, Epiſtle 41, that the ſirens (which, with all the modern poets, are *mermaids*) contended for precedency with the muſes, who, overcoming them, took away their wings. The quarrels between *Mary* and *Elizabeth* had the ſame cauſe, and the ſame iſſue.

——*On a dolphin's back.*] This evidently marks out that diſtinguiſhing circumſtance of *Mary's* fortune, her marriage with the dauphin of *France*, ſon of *Henry* II.

Uttering ſuch dulcet and harmonious breath.] This alludes to her great abilities of genius and learning, which rendered her the moſt accompliſhed princeſs of her age. The *French* writers tell us, that, while ſhe was in that court, ſhe pronounced a Latin oration in the great hall of the *Louvre*, with ſo much grace and eloquence, as filled the whole court with admiration.

That the rude ſea grew civil at her ſong,
And certain ſtars ſhot madly from their ſpheres,
To

That the rude ſea grew civil with her ſong.] By the rude ſea is meant *Scotland*, incircled with the ocean; which roſe up in arms againſt the regent whilſt ſhe was in *France*. But her return home preſently quieted thoſe diſorders, and had not her ſtrange ill conduct afterwards inflamed them, ſhe might have paſſed her whole life in peace. There is the greater juſtice and beauty in this image, as the vulgar opinion is, that the mermaid always ſings in ſtorms.

And certain ſtars ſhot madly from their ſpheres,
To hear the ſea maid's muſic.]

Thus concludes the deſcription, with that remarkable circumſtance of this unhappy lady's fate, the deſtruction ſhe brought upon ſeveral of the *Engliſh* nobility, whom ſhe drew in to ſupport her cauſe. This, in the boldeſt expreſſion of the ſublime, the poet images by *certain ſtars ſhooting madly from their ſpheres:* by which he meant the earls of *Northumberland* and *Weſtmoreland*, who fell in her quarrel, and principally the great duke of *Norfolk*, whoſe projected marriage with her was attended with ſuch fatal conſequences. Here again the reader may obſerve a peculiar juſtneſs in the imagery. The vulgar opinion being that the mermaid allured men to deſtruction by her ſongs. To which opinion *S.* alludes in his *Comedy of Errors*.

O train me not, ſweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me *in thy ſiſter's flood of tears.*

On the whole it is the nobleſt and juſteſt allegory that was ever written. The laying it in *Fairy-land* and out of nature is in the character of the ſpeaker. And on theſe occaſions *S.* always excels himſelf. He is borne away by the magic of his enthuſiaſm, and hurries his reader along with him into theſe ancient regions of poetry, by that power of verſe, which we may well fancy to be like what,

——*Olim fauni vateſque canebant.*

The metamorphoſis at the end (of *Love in Idleneſs*, &c.) is as fine as any in *Ovid*; with a much better moral, intimating, that irregular love has only power, when people are idle or not well employed. *Warburton.* See *Taming of the Shrew*, Act 1. Sc. 4.

To hear the ſea-maid's muſic.
That very time I ſaw, (but thou could'ſt not)
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all-arm'd (20): a certain aim he took
At a fair veſtal, throned by the weſt,
And loos'd his love-ſhaft ſmartly from his bow,
As it ſhould pierce a hundred thouſand hearts.
But I might ſee young *Cupid's* fiery ſhaft
Quencht in the chaſte beams of the watry moon;
And the imperial vot'reſs paſſed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy free.
Yet markt I where the bolt of *Cupid* fell:—
It fell upon a little weſtern flow'r,
Before milk white; now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it, "Love in idleneſs."

Virtuous Love's Protection and Reliance.

Your virtue is my privilege. For that (21)
It is not night when I do ſee your face,
Therefore, I think, I am not in the night:
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company;
For you in my reſpect are all the world.
Then how can it be ſaid, I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

A Fairy

(20) *Cupid all-arm'd.*] *W.* would read *alarmed*; as if *Cupid* was *alarmed* for his empire on this veſtal queen's vow. But *all-arm'd* ſeems to be the true reading, which does not ſignify dreſſed in panoply: the *all*, only enforcing the word *arm'd*—with his uſual weapons, his bow and quiver, which is the only, but compleat armour, of *Cupid*.

(21) *For that*, &c.] This paſſage is paraphraſed from two lines of an old poet,

——Tu nocte vel atrâ
Lumen, et in ſolis tu mihi turba locis.

See a fine ſimilar paſſage in *Henry* VI. Second Part Act 3. Sc. 2.

A Fairy Bank.

I know (22) a bank, whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lip and the nodding violet grows,
Quite over-canopy'd with luſcious woodbine,
With ſweet muſk-roſes and with eglantine:
There ſleeps *Titana*, ſometime of the night,
Lull'd in theſe flow'rs with dances and delight.

ACT III. SCENE III.

Fairy Courteſies.

Be kind, (23) and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambole in his eyes;
Feed

(22) *I know*, &c.] To a ſhady bank,
Thick over-head with verdant roof imbower'd,
He led her nothing loth: flow'rs were the couch,
Panſies and violets and aſphodel,
And hyacinth, earth's freſheſt, ſofteſt lap,
Par. Loſt, B. 9. v. 1037.

But in the *Faithful Shepherdeſs*, we have an immediate imitation of the deſcription;

——Here ſhalt thou reſt
Upon this holy bank, no deadly ſnake
Upon this turf herſelf in folds doth make:
Here is no poiſon for the toad to feed:
Here boldly ſpread thy hands, no venom'd weed
Dares bliſter them, no ſlimy ſnail doth creep
Over thy face, when thou art faſt aſleep:
Here never durſt the babbling cuckoo ſpit,
No ſlough of falling ſtar did ever hit
Upon this bank; let this thy cabin be,
This other ſet with violets for me.

(23) *Be kind, &c.*] Mr. *Dryden* has obſerved, that *Titana's* order to the fairies to humour her ſweet-heart, is one of the prettieſt flights of fancy in *S.* In the *Faithful Shepherdeſs*, *Cloe* ſeeks in like manner to engage the heart of

Feed him with apricots and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs and mulberries;
The honey bags ſteal from the humble bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed, and to ariſe;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies.
To fan the moon-beams from his ſleeping eyes;
Nod to him elves, and do him courteſies.

Swiftneſs of Fairy's Motion.

I go, I go, look how I go (24);
Swifter than arrow from the *Tartar's* bow.

Senſe

of her lover, in a ſpeech which (as is well remarked) breathes the true ſpirit of *Theocritus* and *Virgil.*

Here be woods as green
As any, air likewiſe as freſh and ſweet,
As where ſmooth Zephyrus plays on the fleet
Face of the curled ſtreams, with flow'rs as many
As the young ſpring gives, and as choice as any;
Here be all new delights, cool ſtreams and wells,
Arbors o'ergrown with woodbines, caves and dells;
Chooſe where thou wilt, while I ſit by and ſing,
Or gather ruſhes, to make many a ring,
For thy long fingers; tell thee tales of love,
How the pale *Phœbe*, hunting in a grove,
Firſt ſaw the boy *Endymion*, from whoſe eyes
She took eternal fire that never dies. *&c.*

It would be eaſy to bring many paſſages from *Theocritus* and *Virgil* ſimilar to theſe, but they cannot eſcape the claſſical reader's remembrance. *Dewberries*, in the 3d line, are ſtrictly, the fruit of a ſpecies of wild bramble: but as they ſtand here, ſays *Warburton*, among the more delicate fruits, they muſt be underſtood to mean *raſberries*, which are alſo of the bramble kind.

(24) *I go*, &c.] See Act 4. Sc. 1. and *Tempeſt*, Act. 1. *Ariel.*

Senſe of Hearing quickened by Loſs of Sight.

Dark night, that from the eye his function takes
The ear more quick of apprehenſion makes:
Wherein it doth impair the ſeeing ſenſe,
It pays the hearing double recompence.

SCENE VII. *Female Friendſhip.*

Is (25) all the council that we two have ſhar'd,
The ſiſter vows, the hours that we have ſpent,
When

(25) *Is*, &c.] In the tragedy of the *Two Noble Kinſmen*, written by *Shakeſpear* and *Fletcher*, there is a ſimilar deſcription to this, and which probably was written by *S.*

——But I,
And ſhe (I ſigh and ſpoke of) were things innocent
Lov'd *for* we did; and like the elements
That know not what nor why, yet do effect
Rare iſſues by their operance: our ſouls
Did ſo to one another: what ſhe lik'd
Was then of me approv'd; what not, condemn'd,
No more arraignment *: the flow'r that I would pluck
And

* *No more arraignment.*] i. e. Her not liking it, was ſufficient to condemn it, without any further arraignment, or bringing it to its trial.—In the ſubſequent lines ſhe ſays, "She had no toy on her head, but that became her friend's pattern: and her affections [the things her friend affected, or liked, in which ſenſe the word is frequently uſed] (ever pretty, though perhaps they were merely caſual and careleſs at firſt) yet ſhe ſo much approved that ſhe followed them for her moſt ſerious dreſſing." The reader will find this paſſage differently read by the late editors: poſſibly ſome may object againſt a careleſs dreſs being called the *affection* of the wearer, and aſk how any one can *affect* or like that, which they take no care about? I think two anſwers may be given: it is well known how much ſome ladies *affect a careleſs* way of dreſſing; and what ſeems in them often the effect of mere chance, is the produce of their utmoſt ſtudy—conformable to the old maxim, *ars eſt celare artem:* or it may be, the lady calls thoſe the *affections* of her friend, which ſhe herſelf eſteemed ſo, which, as being hers, ſhe admired:—perhaps

When we have chid the haſty-footed time
For parting us: O! and is all forgot?
All ſchool-days friendſhip, childhood innocence?
We, *Hermia*, like two artificial gods,
Created with our needles both one flower,
Both on one ſamplar, ſitting on one cuſhion;
Both warbling of one ſong, both in one key;
As if our hands, our ſides, voices and minds
Had been incorp'rate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, ſeeming parted
But yet an union in partition:
Two lovely berries molded on one ſtem,
So with two ſeeming bodies, but one heart;

Two

And put between my breaſts (oh, then but beginning
To ſwell about the bloſſom) ſhe wou'd long,
Till ſhe had ſuch another; and commit it
To the like innocent cradle, where phœnix like,
They died in perfume: on my head no toy
But was her pattern: her affections (pretty,
Tho' happily they careleſs were) I follow'd
For my moſt ſerious decking; had mine ear
Stol'n ſome new air, or at adventure humm'd one
From muſical coynage, why it was a note,
Whereon her ſpirits would ſojourn (rather dwell on)
And ſing it in her ſlumbers: this rehearſal
(Which ſurely innocence wots well) comes in
Like old importments baſtard, has this end,
That the true love 'tween maid and maid may be
More than in ſex dividual.—— *Act* 1. *Sc.* 5.

haps we might read the paſſage thus, if theſe reaſons are not ſatisfactory:

But was her pattern, her *affect*; her pretty
Though happily, her careleſs *wear*, I follow'd,

which is almoſt the ſame with what *Seward* places in the text. The reader will be pleaſed, well to obſerve that heavy line,

Whereon her ſpirits wou'd ſojourn *(rather dwell on)*

do not the laſt words ſound as if they had been a marginal note of ſome critic, or a remark of a prompter?

Two of the firſt(26), like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one creſt.
And will you rend our ancient love aſunder,
To join withmen in ſcorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly;
Our ſex, as well as I, may chide you for it;
Though I alone do feel the injury.

SCENE VIII. *Lover's Hate the greateſt Harm.*

What can you do me greater harm than hate?

Female Timidity.

I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curſt (27)
I have no gift at all in ſhrewiſhneſs;
I am a right maid, for my cowardice.

Day-

(26) *Two of the firſt*, &c.] Two of the *firſt*, *ſecond*, &c. are terms peculiar in heraldry, to diſtinguiſh the different quarterings of coats. *T.*

(27) *Curſt.*] This word is frequently uſed by *S.* in the ſenſe of *Shrewiſh*; ſo in *Much ado about nothing*, Act 2. Sc. 1. *Leonato* ſays of *Beatrice*,

Thou wilt never get a huſband, if thou be ſo *ſhrewd* of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith ſhe is too *curſt*.

Beat. Too *curſt* is more than curſt: I ſhall leſſen God's ſending that way: for it is ſaid, *God ſends a curſt cow ſhort horns:* but to a cow too curſt he ſends none.

Helena in this ſcene ſays ſoon after;

Alas ſhe is keen and *ſhrewd*,
She was a *vixen* when at ſchool.

Day-Break.

Night's (28) ſwift dragons cut the clouds full faſt,
And yonder ſhines *Aurora's* harbinger:
At whoſe approach, ghoſts wand'ring here and there,
Troop home to church-yards.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Embracing.

So doth the woodbine, (29) the ſweet honey-ſuckle,
Gently entwiſt—the female ivy ſo
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.

Dew in Flowers.

That (30) ſame dew, which ſometimes on the buds
Was

(28) *Nights*, &c.] The poets have all exerted themſelves in their deſcriptions of the morning; perhaps *S.* may claim the preference: however, the reader will ſee, in *Romeo* and *Juliet*, Act 3. ſeveral paſſages ſelected from the beſt writers, and he may not be diſagreeably amuſed by comparing them together.

(29) *So doth the woodbine*, &c.] i. e. "So do the *woodbine* and the *ſweet honey-ſuckle* gently entwiſt or twine themſelves together:" the wood-bine is the ſweet honey-ſuckle. *S.* calls the *ivy*, *female* becauſe it always requires ſome ſupport, which is poetically termed *its huſband*. So *Milton*,

Led the vine
To *wed* her elm: ſhe ſpous'd about then twines
Her marriageable arms.

Ulmo conjuncta marito. *Catullus.*

And *Horace*,

——Platanuſque *cælebs*
Evincet ulmos. *St.*

(30) *That*, &c.] In *Sampſon Agoniſtes*, when *Dalilah* comes

Was wont to ſwell, like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flouret's eyes,
Like tears that did their own diſgrace bewail.

Hunting and Hounds.

Theſ. We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the muſical confuſion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.
Hip. I was with *Hercules* and *Cadmus* once,
When in a wood of *Crete* they bay'd the boar (31)
With

comes to viſit her eyeleſs huſband, ſhe is afraid to approach, and the poet has made her ſilence moſt beautifully expreſſive: the chorus tells *Sampſon*,

Yet on ſhe moves, now ſtands, and eyes thee fix'd,
About to have ſpoke, but now with *head declin'd*,
Like *a fair flow'r ſurcharg'd* with dew, ſhe *weeps*.

(31) *Boar.*] I am ſurprized that all the editors have paſſed by this line, and continued to read,

They bay'd the *bear*.

The alteration I have made requires no arguments to ſupport it. The reader will find, in *Ovid's Metamorphoſes*, a fine deſcription of the hunting of a *boar*. B. 8. *Such gallant chiding*, in l. 7. means only *ſound*. So in *Henry* VIII.

As doth a rock againſt the *chiding* flood.

And ſo an old poet;

I take great pride
To hear ſoft muſic and thy ſhrill voice *chide*.

So *flew'd*, l. 13. is, ſo *mouth'd*. Flews are the large chaps of a deep-mouthed hound. *Sanded* means of the colour of ſand, which is one of the the true denotements of a *blood-hound*. *Sophocles*, in *Ajax*, at the beginning, ſpeaks of

Sparta's hounds of ſcent ſagacious.

And

With hounds of *Sparta:* never did I hear
Such gallant chiding. For beſides the groves,
The ſkies, the fountains, ev'ry region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard
So muſical a diſcord, ſuch ſweet thunder.

Theſ. My hounds are bred out of the *Spartan* kind,
So flew'd, ſo ſanded, and their heads are hung
With ears that ſweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lap'd, like *Theſſalian* bulls,
Slow in purſuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each; a cry more tuneable
Was never hallo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn.

Fairy Motion.

Then, my queen, in ſilence ſad; (32)
Trip we after the night's ſhade:
We the globe can compaſs ſoon
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

Confuſed Remembrance.

Theſe things ſeem ſmall and undiſtinguiſhable,
Like far off mountains turned into clouds.

SCENE II. *Clowns Preparation for their Play.*

Get your apparel together, good ſtrings to your beards, new ribbands to your pumps; meet preſently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for the ſhort and the long is, our play is preferr'd. In any caſe, let *Thiſby* have clean linen, and let not him that plays the lion, pare his nails, for they ſhall hang out

And his learned tranſlator obſerves truly, that the dogs of *Sparta*, according to all the beſt authors of antiquity, were remarkable for ſwiftneſs and quick ſcent; ſo that *S.* had good authority for this recommendation of *Theſeus'* hounds.

(32) *Sad.*] i. e. Grave, ſober.

out for the lion's claws. And, moſt dear actors! eat no onions, nor garlick, for we 'd utter ſweet breath; and I do not doubt, but to hear them ſay, it is a moſt ſweet comedy.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Power of Imagination.

The lunatick, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:
One ſees more devils than vaſt hell can hold;
This is the madman. The lover, all as frantic,
Sees *Helen's* beauty in a brow of *Egypt*.
The poet's eye, in a fine phrenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heav'n to earth, from earth to heav'n,
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to ſhape, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

Simpleneſs, and modeſt Duty always acceptable.

Philoſt. No, my noble lord,
It is not for you. I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Unleſs you can find ſport in their intents,
Extremely ſtretch'd, and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you ſervice.
Theſ. I will hear that play,
For (33) never any thing can be amiſs,
When ſimpleneſs and duty tender it.

Hip.

(33) *For*, &c.] He has a thought of the ſame kind whimſically expreſſed, in *Love's Labour loſt*, Act 5. Sc. 8.

That ſport beſt pleaſes that doth leaſt know how:
Where zeal ſtrives to content, and the contents
Die in the zeal of that which it preſents.

Hip. I love not to ſee wretchedneſs o'ercharged,
And duty in his ſervice periſhing.
Theſ. Why, gentle ſweet, you ſhall ſee no ſuch thing.
Our ſport ſhall be, (34) to take what they miſtake:
And what poor duty cannot do,
Noble reſpect takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purpoſed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have ſeen them ſhiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midſt of ſentences,
Throttle their practis'd accents in their fears,
And, in concluſion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Truſt me, ſweet,
Out of this ſilence yet I pick'd a welcome:
And in the modeſty of fearful duty
I read as much as from the rattling tongue
Of ſaucy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-ty'd ſimplicity,
In leaſt ſpeak moſt, to my capacity.

SCENE II. *Clock.*

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve. (35)

SCENE

(34) *Our ſport ſhall be*, &c.] *Voltaire* ſays ſomething like this of *Louis* XIV. who took a pleaſure in ſeeing his courtiers in confuſion, when they ſpoke to him. *St. Johnſon* propoſes to read the next lines thus;

And what poor duty cannot do,
Noble reſpect take*s not* in might, *but* merit.

(35) See the beginning of *Young's Night Thoughts.*

SCENE III. *Night.*

Now (36) the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon:
Whilſt the heavy ploughman ſnoars,
All with weary taſk fore-done.
Now the waſted brands do glow,
Whilſt the ſcritch owl, ſcritching loud,
Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a ſhroud.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his ſpright,
In the church-way paths to glide.

And

(36) *Now*, &c.] This admirable deſcription of night, has given occaſion to one of *Warburton's* beſt emendations: *behowls* in the ſecond line, was formerly *beholds*, and ſo altered by him: we may obſerve, in another deſcription of *midnight* (Second Part of *Henry* VI.) he ſays,

And now loud *howling* wolves arouſe the jades
That drag the tragic melancholy night.

Theobald has given us a paſſage from *Marſton's Antonio* and *Mellida*, which ſeems to be copied from that of our author.

Now *barks* the wolf againſt the full-cheek'd moon:
Now lions half-clam'd entrails *roar* for food,
Now croaks the toad: and *night crows ſhriek aloud*,
Flutt'ring 'bout caſements of *departing ſouls*:
Now gape the graves and thro' their yawns let looſe
Impriſon'd ſpirits to revifit earth.

The reader will obſerve, in confirmation of *Warburton's* emendation, that it is the deſign of *S.* "not only to characterize the ſeveral animals as they preſent themſelves at midnight, but to diſtinguiſh and repreſent the *ſounds* each of them emits."

In *Nat. Lee's* well-known deſcription of the night there is this line;

Lean wolves forget to *howl* at night's pale moon.

Fore-done, in the 4th line, means *overcome, wearied out.*

And we Fairies, that do run,
By the triple *Hecat's* team,
From the preſence of the ſun,
Following darkneſs like a dream,
Now are frolick: not a mouſe
Shall diſturb this hallowed houſe:
I am ſent (37) with broom before.
To ſweep the duſt, behind the door.

(37) *I am ſent*, &c.] Cleanlineſs, ſays *J.*, was always ſuppoſed neceſſary to invite the reſidence and the favour of fairies:

Theſe make our girls their ſlutt'ry rue,
By pinching them both black and blue:
And put a penny in their ſhoe,
The houſe for ſweeping cleanly.
Drayton.

Following darkneſs, &c. a little above, is ſimilar to what *Ariel* ſpeaks of himſelf in the *Tempeſt*.

On the Bat's &c.
After ſun-ſet merrily.

General Obſervation.

"The hiſtory of our old poets is ſo little known," ſays *Capell*, "and the firſt editions of their works become ſo very ſcarce, that it is hard pronouncing any thing certain about them: but if that pretty fantaſtical poem of *Drayton's* called *Nymphidia, or the Court of Fairy* be early enough in time (as I believe it is; for I have ſeen an edition of that author's paſtorals printed in 1593, quarto), it is not improbable that *S.* took from thence the hint of his fairies: a line of that poem,

Through buſh, through briar,

occurs alſo in his play. The reſt of the play is doubtleſs invention; the names of *Theſeus*, *Hippolita*, &c. being hiſtorical, are taken from the tranſlated *Plutarch*, in the article *Theſeus*."——*Steevens* is of opinion, that the hint of this play might probably be taken from *Chaucer's Knights Tale*; and thence it is our author ſpeaks of *Theſeus* as *Duke* of *Athens*. The tale begins thus;

Whilome as olde ſtories tellin us,
There was a *Duke*, that highte *Theſeus*,
Of *Athens* he was lord and governor, &c.

The old poets often called the great commanders *Dukes*, perhaps from the Latin *Duces*. "Wild and fantaſtical as this play is," ſays *Johnſon*, "all the parts in their various modes are well written, and give the kind of pleaſure, which the author deſigned. Fairies in his time were much in faſhion; common tradition had made them familiar, and *Spenſer's* poem had made them great." See p. 85. and *General Obſervation* after *Tempeſt*. *Farmer* ſays, "there is an old *black-letter'd* pamphlet, by *W. Bethie*, called *Titana and Theſeus*: I have not ſeen it: but one might imagine from the coincidence of names, that *S.* took a part of his plot from it."

Much

IX.

Much ado about Nothing.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Victory without Slaughter.

A victory is twice itſelf, when the achiever brings home full numbers.

Tears of Joy.

Meſ. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even ſo much, that joy could not (1) ſhew itſelf modeſt enough, without a badge of bitterneſs.

Leo. Did he break out in tears?

Meſ. In great meaſure.

Leo. There are no faces truer than thoſe that are ſo waſh'd. How much better is it to weep at joy, than joy at weeping!

Peace

(1) *That joy could not*, &c.] This is judiciouſly expreſſed. Of all the tranſports of joy, that which is attended with tears is leaſt offenſive; becauſe carrying with it this mark of pain, it allays that envy which uſually attends another's happineſs. This he finely calls a *modeſt joy*, ſuch a one as did not inſult the obſerver by an indication of happineſs unmixed with pain.

This is an idea that *S.* ſeems delighted to expreſs: It occurs again in *Macbeth*.

——My plenteous joys
Wanton in fulneſs, ſeek to hide themſelves
In drops of ſorrow. *W.* and *S.*

Peace inſpires Love.

But now (2) I am return'd, and that war thoughts
Have left their places vacant; in their rooms
Come throngings ſoft and delicate deſires,
All prompting me how fair young *Hero* is.

SCENE III. *A gloomy Villain.*

D. John. I cannot hide (3) what I am: I muſt be ſad when I have cauſe and ſmile at no man's jeſts; eat when I have ſtomach, and wait for no man's leiſure; ſleep when I am drowſy, and tend on no man's buſineſs; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

* * * * * * *

I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a roſe in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be diſdain'd of all, than to faſhion a carriage to rob love from any: in this, though I cannot be ſaid to be a flattering honeſt

(2) *But now*, &c.] Peace is always eſteemed the inſpirer of love: we have a beautiful paſſage in *Richard* III. Act 1. Sc. 1. on this topic in that fine *diaſyrm Richard* ſpeaks on himſelf.

(3) *I cannot hide*, &c.] This is one of our author's natural touches. An envious an unſocial mind, too proud to give pleaſure and too ſullen to receive it, always endeavours to hide its malignity from the world and from itſelf, under the plainneſs of ſimple honeſty, or the dignity of haughty independence. To *claw* is to flatter. So the *Pope's clawbacks*, in biſhop *Jewel*, are the pope's *flatterers*. The ſenſe is the ſame in the proverb *Mulus mulum ſcabit*. The ſenſe of the paſſage *I had rather be a canker*, i. e. a *canker-roſe*, &c. is, "I would rather live in obſcurity the wild life of nature, than owe dignity or eſtimation to my brother. He ſtill continues his wiſh of gloomy independence." *J.* Who propoſes to read the paſſage,

I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a roſe BY his grace.

honeſt man, it muſt not be deny'd that I am a plain-dealing villain. I am truſted with a muzzle, and enfranchis'd with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to ſing in my cage: if I had my mouth, I would bite, if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the mean time, let me be that I am, and ſeek not to alter me.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Melancholy and merry Man.

Bea. How tartly (4) that gentleman looks! I never can ſee him, but I am heart-burn'd an hour after.

Her. He is of a very melancholy diſpoſition.

Bea. He were an excellent man, that were made juſt in the mid-way betwen him and *Benedict*: the one is too much like an image and ſays nothing, and the other too much like my lady's eldeſt ſon, evermore tattling.

Wooing,

(4) *How tartly*, &c.] See *Merchant of Venice*, p. 62. Phyſiognomiſts ſay, that the features of the mind, uſually mark their impreſſion on the countenance. A mirthful or melancholy aſpect, a wanton or malicious one, in fine every characteriſtic trait of viſage, throughout, denote their correſpondent paſſions in the ſoul. *Socrates* acknowledged the certainty of this ſcience, by confeſſing a deſcription of himſelf to be true, as to his nature, though falſe regarding his character. According to this piece of philoſophy, a perſon of a ſevere and ſaturnine complexion is humorouſly deſcribed in this place—*looking* TARTLY, ſo as to give the *heart-burn*, a pain, which proceeding from an *acid* humour, in the ſtomach, is properly enough imputed to *tart* looks. See Mrs. *G. J.* and *Letters on Mythology*, at the beginning.

Wooing, wedding and repenting.

Wooing, wedding and repenting, is as a *Scotch* jig, a meaſure, and a cinque pace. The firſt ſuit is hot and haſty, like a *Scotch* jig, and full as fantaſtical: the wedding, mannerly modeſt, as a meaſure, full of ſtate and ancientry: and then comes repentance, (5) and with his bad legs, falls into the cinque pace, faſter and faſter, till he ſinks into his grave!

Virtue cannot be concealed.

Do you think, I do not know you by your excellent wit? Can virtue hide itſelf?

SCENE II. *Friendſhip in Love.*

Friendſhip is conſtant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore (6) all hearts in love uſe their own tongues;
Let every eye negotiate for itſelf,
And truſt no agent; beauty (7) is a witch,
Againſt whoſe charms faith melteth into blood.

Benedick's

(5) *Repentance*, &c.] He had ſaid of marriage a little before, "what is he for a fool, that betroths himſelf to unquietneſs?"—but this, be it remembered, is ſpoken in the character of Don *John*. See the laſt paſſage in *As you like it*.

(6) *Therefore*, &c.] Some read, *your* own tongues: the ingenious *Edwards* obſerves, there is no need of mending the old reading, by an awkward change of the perſons: *let*, which is expreſſed in the ſecond line, is underſtood in the firſt.

(7) *Beauty is*, &c.] They had a notion in the days of witchcraft, that witches could turn wholeſome liquors into blood by their charms, to which this expreſſion of *faith melteth into blood*, ſeems to allude: ſo that the ſenſe is,—"beauty is a witch, by whoſe powerful charms truth and faith, (pure and wholeſome liquors) are melted or changed into deceit and treachery, (blood and poiſon)."

Benedick's *Account of* Beatrice's *Tongue.*

She ſpeaks poniards, and every word ſtabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her, ſhe would infect to the north ſtar: I would not marry her though ſhe were endow'd with all that *Adam* had left him before he tranſgreſs'd: ſhe would have made *Hercules* have turned ſpit; yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her; you ſhall find her the infernal *Até* in good apparel (8). I would to God, ſome ſcholar would conjure her, for certainly, while ſhe is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a ſanctuary; and people ſin upon purpoſe, becauſe they would go thither: ſo, indeed, all diſquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

D. P. Look, here ſhe comes.

Ben. Will your grace command me any ſervice to the world's end? I will go on the ſlighteſt errand now to the antipodes, that you can deviſe to ſend me on. I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the fartheſt inch in *Aſia*: bring you the length of *Preſter John's* foot; fetch you a hair of the great Cham's beard (9); do you any embaſſage to the pigmies, rather than hold three words conference with this harpy.

Silence

(8) *Até in good apparel.*] This is a pleaſant alluſion to the cuſtom of ancient poets, and painters, who repreſent the furies in rags. *W.* See *K. John*, Act 2. Sc. 1.

(9) *Preſter John's foot—great Cham's beard.*] i. e. I will undertake the moſt difficult taſk, rather than have any converſation with *Beatrice:* alluding to the difficulty of acceſs to either of thoſe monarchs, but more particularly to the former. So *Cartwright* in his "Siege"——"Bid me take the *Parthian* king by the beard, or draw an eye-tooth from the jaw-royal of the *Perſian* monarch." *St.*

Silence the Herald of great Joy.

Silence is the perfecteſt herald of joy; I were but little happy, if I could ſay how much.

SCENE III. Benedick's *Proteſtation againſt Love.*

I do much wonder, that one man, ſeeing how much another man is a fool, when he dedicates his behaviour to love, will, after he hath laughed at ſuch ſhallow follies in others, become the argument of his own ſcorn, by falling in love. And ſuch a man is *Claudio:* I have known when there was no muſic with him but the drum and the fife: and now had he rather hear the tabor and pipe: I have known when he would have walked ten mile a foot, to ſee a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the faſhion of a new doublet. He was wont to ſpeak plain and to the purpoſe, like an honeſt man and a ſoldier; and now he is turn'd orthographer; his words are a very fantaſtical banquet, juſt ſo many ſtrange diſhes. May I be ſo converted, and ſee with theſe eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be ſworn, but love may transform me to an oiſter; but I'll take my oath on it, 'till he hath made an oiſter of me, he ſhall never make me ſuch a fool. One woman is fair; yet I am well: another is wiſe; yet I am well: another virtuous; yet I am well: but, till all graces are in one woman, one woman ſhall not come in my grace. Rich ſhe ſhall be, that's certain; wiſe, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good diſcourſe, an excellent muſician, and her hair ſhall be of what colour it pleaſe God.

SCENE

SCENE IV. *Merit always Modeſt.*

It is the (10) witneſs ſtill of excellency,
To put a ſtrange face on his own perfection.

A Song.

Sigh no more, (11) ladies, ſigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever,
One foot in ſea, and one on ſhore,
To one thing conſtant never.
Then ſigh not ſo
But let them go,
And be you blith and bonny,
Converting all your ſounds of woe,
Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

Credit due to grey Hairs.

I ſhould think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow ſpeaks it; knavery cannot, ſure, hide himſelf in ſuch reverence!

Paſſion

(10) *It is the*, &c.] *Modeſty* is as ſure an attendant o *merit*, as its *companion*, as *envy* is, as its *ſhade*:

Envy does merit, as its *ſhade*, purſue;
And like its ſhadow, proves the ſubſtance true.
Mrs. *G.*

(11) *Sigh no more*, &c.] *Benedick* ridicules the affected ſingers of his time, in his remarks on this ſong,—"Now, divine air! now is his ſoul raviſh'd——! Is it not ſtrange that ſheep's guts ſhould hale ſouls out of mens' bodies?—An he had been a dog, that ſhould have howl'd thus, they would have hang'd him; and I pray God, his bad voice bode no miſchief! I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it!"

Paſſion too ſtrong for Wiſdom.

Wiſdom and blood ſo combating in ſo tender a body, we have ten proofs to one, that blood hath the victory.

A Scoffer, yet religious.

For the man (12) doth fear God; howſoever it ſeems not in him, by ſome large jeſts he will make.

SCENE V. Benedick *the Batchelor's Recantation.*

This (13) can be no trick, the conference was ſadly borne; they have the truth of this from *Hero*; they ſeem to pity the lady; it ſeems her affections have the full bent. Love me! why it muſt be requited: I hear how I am cenſur'd: they ſay I will bear myſelf proudly if I perceive the love come from her; they ſay too, that ſhe will rather die than give any ſign of affection. I did never think to marry. I muſt not ſeem proud. Happy are they that hear their detractions and can put them to mending; they ſay the lady is fair: 'tis a truth, I can bear them witneſs: and virtuous, 'tis ſo, I cannot reprove it: and wiſe, but for loving me. By

(12) *For the man*, &c.] "This," ſays Mrs. *G.* "is too common a character in life; of perſons who ſcoff at religion, with as much fear and trembling as would be ſufficient to *work out their ſalvation*. The whole of infidelity is owing to a fool-hardy diſpoſition of this ſort. The ſtrongeſt deiſts are but ſceptics: and the atheiſt no more than a deiſt in reality: nay often, as *Pope* humorouſly expreſſes it, on another occaſion,

May be a *ſad good* Chriſtian in his heart."

(13) *This.*] Nothing can equal the pleaſantry and humour of this ſoliloquy, but the excellence of the *actor*, whom we ſo much admire, while he ſpeaks it. *Sadly borne* means ſeriouſly carried on. *Sadly* is often uſed by *S.* and the old poets for ſerious or ſober.

By my troth, it is no addition to her wit; nor no great argument of her folly; for I will be horribly in love with her. I may chance to have ſome odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, becauſe I have ſo long rail'd againſt marriage; but doth not the appetite alter? a man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips and ſentences, and theſe paper-bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? No: the world muſt be peopled. When I ſaid I would die a batchelor, I did not think that I would live till I were married. Here comes *Beatrice:* by this day ſhe's a fair lady; I do ſpy ſome marks of love in her.

Benedick *on* Beatrice's *Meſſage.*

Ha! "Againſt my will, I am ſent to bid you come in to dinner"—there's a double meaning in that. "I took no more pains for thoſe thanks, than you took pains to thank me"—that's as much as to ſay, any pains that I take for you is as eaſy as thanks:—if I do not take pity of her I am a villain: if I do not love her, I am a Jew: I will go get her picture!

ACT III. SCENE I.

Favourites compared to Honey-ſuckles, &c.

——Bid her ſteal into the pleached bower,
Where honey-ſuckles, ripen'd by the ſun,
Forbid the ſun to enter; like to (14) favourites
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Againſt that power that bred it.

Scheme

(14) *Like to,* &c.] The compariſon here is very apt and beautiful: in the *Tempeſt, Proſpero,* ſpeaking of his brother, whom he had ſubſtituted in his place, and made his deputy, admirably compares him to the ivy, which be-

Scheme to captivate Beatrice.

Let it be thy part
To praiſe him more than ever man did merit:
My talk to thee muſt be, how *Benedick*
Is ſick in love with *Beatrice:* of this matter
Is little *Cupid's* crafty arrow made
That only wounds by hear-ſay.

Angling, &c.

The pleaſant'ſt (15) angling is to ſee the fiſh
Cut with her golden oars the ſilver ſtream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait:
So angle we for *Beatrice.*

A ſcornful and ſatirical Beauty.

Nature never fram'd a woman's heart
Of prouder ſtuff than that of *Beatrice.*
Diſdain and ſcorn ride ſparkling (16) in her eyes,
Miſprizing what they look on: and her wit
Values itſelf ſo highly, that to her
All matter elſe ſeems weak; ſhe cannot love,
Nor

ſag once permitted to ſupport itſelf by him (the princely oak), at length entirely hid his trunk, and ſucked all the verdure from it. Both compariſons are excellent, and well ſuit forward and proud favourites. See *Tempeſt*, Act 1.

(15) *The pleaſant'ſt*, &c.] This is ſaid in conſequence of *Hero's* obſerving,

Look, where *Beatrice*, like a *lapwing* runs,
Cloſe by the ground to hear our conference.

(16) *Sparkling.*] *Milton*, in his fine deſcription of Satan, ſays,

With head up-lift above the waves, and eyes
Which *ſparkling* blaz'd.
Par. Loſt, B. 1. v. 194.

Miſprizing means deſpiſing, contemning.

Nor take no ſhape, nor project of affection,
She is ſo ſelf endeared.

* * * * * *

I never yet ſaw man,
How wiſe, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,
But ſhe would ſpell him backward: if fair fac'd (17)
She'd ſwear the gentleman ſhou'd be her ſiſter!

If

(17) *If fair fac'd*, &c.] *Theobald* obſerves here, "that ſome editors have pretended, our author never imitates any of the ancients: methinks, this is ſo very like a remarkable deſcription in *Lucretius* (*Lib.* iv. *v.* 1154) that I cannot help ſuſpecting *S.* had it in view: the only difference ſeems to be, that the *Latin* poet's characteriſtics turn upon *praiſe*, our *countryman's*, upon the hinge of derogation."

For thus the bedlam train of lovers uſe
T' inhance the value, and the faults excuſe:
And therefore, 'tis no wonder if we ſee,
They doat on dowdies and deformity:
Even what they cannot praiſe, they will not blame,
But veil with ſome extenuating name:
The ſallow ſkin is for the ſwarthy put,
And love can make a ſlattern of a ſlut:
If cat-eye'd, then a *Pallas* is their love,
If freckled, ſhe's a parti-colour'd dove:
If little, then ſhe's life and ſoul all o'er;
An *Amazon*, the large two-handed whore:
She ſtammers: oh, what grace in liſping lies!
If ſhe ſays nothing, to be ſure ſhe's wiſe:
If ſhrill, and with a voice to drown a choir,
Sharp-witted ſhe muſt be, and full of fire:
The lean, conſumptive wench, with coughs decay'd,
Is call'd a pretty, tight, and ſlender maid:
Th' o'ergrown, a goodly *Ceres* is expreſt,
A bedfellow for *Bacchus* at the leaſt:
Flat-noſe the name of Satyr never miſſes;
Aud hanging blubber-lips but pout for kiſſes.
Dryden.

Cowley has a paſſage greatly ſimilar to this, in which I doubt not he had *Lucretius* in his eye:

If black, why, nature, drawing of an antick, (18)
Made a foul blot; if tall, a lance ill-headed;
If low, an aglet (19) very vilely cut;
If ſpeaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;

If

Colour or ſhape, good limbs or face,
Goodneſs or wit in all I find:
In motion or in ſpeech a grace,
If all fail, yet 'tis woman-kind:
If tall, the name of proper ſtays,
If fair, ſhe's pleaſant as the light:
If low, her prettineſs does pleaſe,
If black, what lover loves not night?
The fat with plenty fills my heart,
The lean with love makes me too ſo:
If ſtrait, her body's *Cupid's* dart
To me: if crooked, 'tis his bow.

Horace, too (B. 1. Sat. 3.) ſpeaking of the partiality of fathers to their children, ſays,

Let us at leaſt in friendſhip prove as mild,
As a fond parent to his favourite child:
If with diſtorted eyes the urchin glares,
"Oh, the dear boy, how prettily he ſtares!"
Is he of dwarfiſh or abortive ſize?
"Sweet little moppet," the fond father cries:
Or is th' unſhapen cub deform'd and lame?
He kindly liſps him o'er ſome tender name.

Francis, v. 43.

(18) *Drawing of an antick.*] The *antick* was a buffoon character in the old *Engliſh* farces, with a *blacked* face, and a *patch-work habit*. What I would obſerve from hence is, that the name of *antick* or *antique*, given to this character, ſhews, that the people had ſome traditional ideas of its being borrowed from the ancient *mimes*, who are thus deſcribed by *Apuleius*, *Mimi centunculo*, fuligine faciem obducti. *W.*

(19) *If low an aglet*, &c.] The old editions read *an agat*: "But why an *agat*, if *low*? For what likeneſs between a little man and an *agat*? The ancients, indeed, uſed this ſtone to cut upon, but very exquiſitely. I make no doubt, continues *W.* but the poet wrote,

An

If ſilent, why a block, moved with none!
So turns ſhe every man the wrong ſide out,
And never gives to truth and virtue, that,
Which ſimpleneſs and merit purchaſeth.

Slandering the Object, a Way to deſtroy Affection.

No; rather I will go to *Benedick*,
And counſel him to fight againſt his paſſion:
And, truly, I'll deviſe ſome honeſt ſlanders,
To ſtain my couſin with; one doth not know,
How much (20) an ill-word may empoiſon liking.

Beatrice's *Recantation.* (21)

What fire is in mine ears? (22) Can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and ſcorn ſo much?
Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of ſuch.

And

An *aglet* very vilely cut.

An aglet was the tag of theſe points ſo very much in faſhion formerly. Theſe tags were either of gold, ſilver, or braſs, according to the quality of the wearer; and were commonly in the ſhape of little images, or at leaſt had a head cut at the extremity. The *French* call them *Aiguillettes*. *Mezeray*, ſpeaking of *Henry* the Third's ſorrow, for the death of the princeſs of *Conti*, ſays,—Portant meme ſur les *aiguillettes* des petites tetes de Mort. And as a *tall man* is before compared to a *lance ill-headed*, ſo by the ſame figure, a little man is very aptly likened to an *aglet*, *ill-cut*. *W.* In *Taming of the Shrew*, Act 1. Sc. 2. *Grumio* ſays, "Give him gold enough, and marry him to a puppet, or an *aglet-baby*.

(20) *How much*, &c.] See the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act 3.

(21) See *Benedick's* Recantation a little before.

(22) *What fire is in mine ears.*] Alluding to a proverbial ſaying of the common people, that their ears burn, when

And *Benedick*, love on, I will requite thee;
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand;
If thou doſt love, my kindneſs ſhall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band:
For others ſay, thou doſt deſerve; and I
Believe it better than reportingly.

SCENE II. *Chearful Man.*

From the crown of his head to the ſoal of his foot, he is all mirth: he hath twice or thrice cut *Cupid's* bow-ſtring, and the little hangman (23) dare not ſhoot at him: he hath a heart as ſound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue ſpeaks.

SCENE VII. *Wicked Service pays a high Price.*

When rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

ACT

others are talking of them. *Taming my wild heart*, &c. line 6, is an image taken from falconry. She had been charged with *being as wild as haggards of the rock*: ſhe therefore ſays, that *wild* as her *heart* is, ſhe will *tame* it to *the hand*. *W.* and *J.*

(23) *The little hangman.*] This character of *Cupid*, ſays *Farmer*, came from the *Arcadia* of Sir *P. Sidney*.

Millions of yeares this old drivell *Cupid* lives;
While ſtill more wretch, more wicked he doth prove;
Till now at length that *Jove* him office gives,
(At *Juno's* ſuite who much did *Argus* love)
In this our world a HANGMAN for to be,
Of all thoſe fooles, that will have all they ſee.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Diſſimulation.

O, what (24) authority and ſhew of truth
Can cunning ſin cover itſelf withal!
Comes not that blood as modeſt evidence
To witneſs ſimple virtue? Would you not ſwear,
All you that ſee her; that ſhe were a maid,
By theſe exterior ſhews? But ſhe is none:
She knows the heat of a luxurious (25) bed,
Her bluſh is guiltineſs, not modeſty.

Female Seeming.

I never tempted her with word too large, (26)
But as a brother to his ſiſter, ſhew'd
Baſhful ſincerity, and comely love.
Her. And ſeem'd I ever otherwiſe to you?
Clau. Out on thy ſeeming! I will write againſt it:
You ſeem to me as *Dian* in her orb;

As

(24) *O, what, &c.*] *Seneca* (in his tragedy of *Hippolitus*), ſpeaking of diſſimulation, ſays,

O, life deceitful, ever in diſguiſe,
With a fair face thou hid'ſt a wicked heart;
Pretended modeſty is made a maſk
Of impudence: the daring and ambitious
Seems ſatisfy'd, and covetous of peace:
Guilt ſkulks beneath the cloak of piety:
The falſe and treach'rous ring the praiſe of truth;
And cowards counterfeit the bold and brave.

This laſt line is ſimilar to the following paſſage, Sc. 5.

(25) *Luxurious.*] i. e. Laſcivious. *Luxury* is the confeſſors' term for unlawful pleaſures of the ſex. *J.*

(26) *With words too large.*] So he uſes *large jeſts* in this play, for *licentious*, not reſtrained within due bounds. *I will write againſt it*, l. 5, *W.* would read *rate* againſt it; but *J.* well obſerves, that as to *ſubſcribe* to any thing, is to allow it, ſo to *write* againſt it, is to *diſallow*, or *decry*.

As chaſte as is the bud ere it be blown;
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than *Venus*, or thoſe pamper'd animals
That rage in ſavage ſenſuality.

An injured Lover's Abjuration of Love.

O *Hero!* what a hero had'ſt thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been plac'd
About thy thoughts, and counſels of thy heart!
But, fare thee well, moſt foul, moſt fair, farewell;
Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eyelids ſhall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never ſhall it more be gracious.

A Father lamenting his Daughter's Infamy.

Do not live, *Hero*; do not ope thine eyes;
For, did I think thou would'ſt not quickly die,
Thought I, thy ſpirits were ſtronger than thy ſhames,
Myſelf would, on the rear ward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life.—Griev'd I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?
(O, one too much by thee!) why had I one?
Why ever waſt thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not with charitable hand
Took up a beggar's iſſue at my gates?
Who ſmeared thus, and mir'd with infamy,
I might have ſaid "no part of it is mine;
This ſhame derives itſelf from unknown loins."
But mine, and mine (27) I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,
And mine that I was proud of, mine ſo much,
That I myſelf was to myſelf not mine,
Valuing of her; why ſhe———O ſhe is fallen,

Into

(27) *And mine.*] i. e. But *mine*, and *mine*, *that* I loved, &c. by a frequent ellipſis, perhaps too frequent, both in verſe and proſe. *J.*

Into a pit of ink, that the wide ſea
Hath drops too few to waſh her clean again:
And ſalt too little, which may ſeaſon give
To her foul tainted fleſh!

SCENE II. *Innocence diſcovered by Countenance.*

——I have (28) mark'd,
A thouſand bluſhing apparitions
To ſtart into her face; a thouſand innocent ſhames,
In angel whiteneſs bear away thoſe bluſhes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
To burn the errors that theſe princes hold,
Againſt her maiden truth. Call me a fool;
Truſt not my reading; (29) nor my obſervation,
Which with experimental ſeal doth warrant
The tenour of my book; truſt not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this ſweet lady lye not guiltleſs here
Under ſome biting error.

Reſolution.

I know not: if they ſpeak but truth of her,
Theſe hands ſhall tear her: if they wrong her honour,
The proudeſt of them ſhall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet ſo dry'd this blood of mine,
Nor age ſo eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made ſuch havoc of my means,

Nor

(28) *I have*, &c.] If he is falſe, let the ungrateful bleed!
But no ſuch ſymptoms in his face I read;
That noble ſpirit and that manly grace
Can never, ſure, belong to one that's baſe.
Ovid's Met. by *Tate.*

(29) *Truſt not my reading*, &c.] The meaning is, "Do not truſt either my reading or my obſervation—which *obſervation* contains my *reading*—what I have read in my *book*, has been confirmed by my obſervation and experience." See the note on the next paſſage but one.

Nor my bad life reft me ſo much of friends,
But they ſhall find awak'd, in ſuch a kind,
Both ſtrength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them thoroughly.

The Deſire of loved Objects heightened by their Loſs.

This, well carry'd, ſhall on her behalf
Change ſlander to remorſe; that is ſome good:
But not for that dream I on this ſtrange courſe,
But on this travail look for greater birth.
She dying, as it muſt be ſo maintain'd,
Upon the inſtant that ſhe was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pity'd and excus'd,
Of every hearer. For (30) it ſo falls out,
That what we have, we prize not to the worth
While we enjoy it; but being lack'd and loſt,
Why, then we rack (31) the value; then we find
The

(30) *For*, &c.] The univerſality and truth of this obſervation doubtleſs may incline us to believe, that *S.* owed it to no one writer in particular: but none who read it, can avoid recollecting a paſſage in *Horace* very ſimilar to it,

Virtutem incolumem odimus,
Sublatam ex oculis quærimus invidi. Od. 15, l. 3.

Though living virtue we deſpiſe,
We follow her when dead with envious eyes.

And one perhaps more ſo in *Plautus*.

Tum denique homines noſtra intelligimus bona,
Cum quæ in poteſtate habuimus, ea amiſimus.

Men prize not to the worth thoſe bleſſings they enjoy,
Till they have loſt them.——

Captiv. Act 1. Sc. 2, v. 39.

The reader will find this ſentiment frequently repeated in our author.

(31) *Rack.*] i. e. Overſtretch its value. So, we ſay, to *rack* a tenant, or *rack*-rent, &c. when it is ſtrained to the utmoſt. *Upton.*

The virtue that poſſeſſion wou'd not ſhew us
Whilſt it was ours; ſo will it fare with *Claudio*;
When he ſhall hear ſhe died upon his words,
Th' idea of her life ſhall ſweetly creep
Into his ſtudy of imagination,
And every lovely organ of her life,
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit;
More moving, delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and proſpect of his ſoul,
Than when ſhe liv'd indeed. Then ſhall he mourn
(If ever love had intereſt in his liver),
And wiſh'd he had not ſo accuſed her;
No, though he thought his accuſation true.
Let this be ſo, and doubt not but ſucceſs
Will faſhion the event in better ſhape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood,
But, if all aim but this be levell'd falſe,
The ſuppoſition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy:
And, if it fort not well, you may conceal her
(As beſt befits her wounded reputation)
In ſome recluſive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Leon. Being that, alas (32)!
I flow in grief, the ſmalleſt twine may lead me.

(32) *Being that alas*, &c.] It will be worth while to review and conſider the whole conduct of this affair: *Hero* being accuſed of diſloyalty, and *falſely* accuſed, the good friar, with that charity and humanity which ſo well become the ſacred office of prieſthood, and from that obſervation which his long experience in the buſineſs of *auricular confeſſion* had enabled him to form, ſtands forth an advocate for *Hero's* innocence, in the following poetical and philoſophical oration.

I have marked, &c.

A little after, this good caſuiſt aſks her ſuddenly this trying queſtion:

Lady, what man is he you are accuſed of?

Upon

Upon this paſſage *Warburton* makes the following judicious remark:

"The friar had juſt before boaſted his great ſkill in ſifting out the truth: and, indeed, he appears, in this inſtance, to have been no fool. He was by, all the while at the accuſation, and heard no names mentioned. Why, then, ſhould he aſk her what man ſhe was accuſed of? but in this lay the ſubtilty of his examination. For, had *Hero* been guilty, it was very probable that, in the hurry and confuſion of ſpirits into which the terrible inſult of her lover had thrown her, ſhe would never have obſerved that the man's name was not mentioned; and ſo, on this queſtion, might have betrayed herſelf, by naming the perſon ſhe was conſcious of an affair with. The friar obſerved this, and ſo concluded, that, were ſhe guilty, ſhe would probably have fallen into the trap that he had laid for her. I only take notice of this to ſhow how admirably well *S.* knew how to ſuſtain his characters."

But the noble defence, made by the friar for the unhappy *Hero*, not being ſufficient to obviate the ſtrong impreſſions of her guilt, which the father had conceived againſt her, the honeſt prieſt then goes on to propoſe a ſcheme of conduct to him, which might peradventure bring about ſome criſis or event, that would clear her innocence; at leaſt ſilence the infamy, and remove her from being any longer an object of obloquy. In this propoſal there is ſhewn a juſt knowledge of the world, and an intimate acquaintance with the ſecret movements of the human heart.

Friar. Pauſe, awhile,
And let my counſel ſway you in this caſe.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead;
Let her a while be ſecretly kept in;
And publiſh it that ſhe is ſo, indeed;
Maintain a mourning oſtentation,
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial. &c.

To this innocent deception the father at length conſents, expreſſing himſelf, at the ſame time, in a manner that every perſon's experience, who ever has had the misfortune to have been in ſuch ſituations, muſt have felt the juſtneſs of.

Leonat.

SCENE III. *Talking Braggarts.*

Is he not (33) approv'd in the height a villain, that hath ſlander'd, ſcorn'd, diſhonour'd my kinſwoman? O, that I were a man!—What, bear her in hand until they come to take hands; and then with publick accuſation, uncovered ſlander, unmitigated rancour, —O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market place!——O that I were a man for his ſake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my ſake! But (34) manhood is melted into courteſies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too; he is now as valiant

Leonat. Being that I flow in grief,
The ſmalleſt twine may lead me.

"This" (ſays *Johnſon*) "is one of our author's obſervations upon life. Men overpowered with diſtreſs, eagerly liſten to the firſt offers of relief, cloſe with every ſcheme, and believe every promiſe. He that has no longer any confidence in himſelf, is glad to repoſe his truſt in any other that will undertake to guide him.—It is obſervable that the plan propoſed to *Juliet*, is ſomething ſimilar to this, and made by a *friar* alſo. See *Romeo and Juliet*.

(33) *Is he not*, &c.] Mrs. *G.* obſerves, that "there is a generous warmth of indignation in this ſpeech, which muſt certainly impreſs a female reader with the ſame ſentiments upon ſuch an occaſion.—I believe there is nothing which a woman of virtue feels herſelf more offended at, than defamation or ſcandal, firſt againſt her own character, and proportionably when others are made the victims. There are women, indeed, who are fond of ſlander, as having an intereſt in depreciating an idea of chaſtity: but this is owing to their frailty, not their ſex; Vice is neither maſculine nor feminine: *'tis the common of two.*"

(34) *But*, &c.] *S.* has many ſevere paſſages on the manniſh cowards and idle boaſters of his own times: none of which exceed thoſe in the *Merchant of Venice*, Act 5. and *As you like it*, Act 1. which ſee, and compare with thoſe lines in Act 5. Sc. 2 of this play.

valiant as *Hercules*, that only tells a lie, and—ſwears it. I cannot be a man with wiſhing, therefore I'll die a woman with grieving.

ACT V. SCENE I.

(35) *Counſel of no Weight in Miſery.*

I pray thee, ceaſe thy counſel,
Which falls into my ears as profitleſs,
As water in a ſieve; give me not counſel,
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,

But

(35) This topic of patience under misfortunes, eaſier adviſed than maintained, is to be met with in almoſt all the tragic (and indeed many other) poets: but the preference ſeems due to *S.* on a compariſon with all the ſimilar paſſages I have met with. *Æſchylus ſays*,

'Tis eaſy to give counſel, and adviſe
Thoſe who are ſtruggling in diſtreſs, while free
From the like ills ourſelves. (*Prometheus.*)

And *Euripides*,

We are all ready to adviſe and counſel
Thoſe in diſtreſs, but when like them afflicted,
Apt to forget the counſel that we gave. *Alceſtes.*

And *Seneca*,

The grief is trifling, that can liſten to
The tongue of ſober counſel, and conceal
In the ſtill breaſt, its agony. *Medea.*

And *Terence*,

We all, when in health, very eaſily give good advice to thoſe who are ſick.—*Andria.*

which ſentence *Terence* tranſlated literally from the *Greek* of *Menander*.

Numbers of ſimilar paſſages might be produced, beſides theſe: the reader will find the ſame ſubject touched upon in the *Comedy of Errors*, and the *Merchant of Venice*.

But ſuch a one whoſe wrongs do ſuit with mine;
Bring me a father that ſo lov'd his child,
Whoſe joy of her is over-whelm'd like mine;
And bid him ſpeak of patience;
Meaſure his love the length and breath of mine;
And let it anſwer every ſtrain for ſtrain;
As thus for thus, and ſuch a grief for ſuch,
In every lineament, branch, ſhape, and form;
If ſuch a one will ſmile and ſtroke his beard,
Bid ſorrow wag: (36) cry, hem! when he ſhould groan;
Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune drunk
With candle-waſters; bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no ſuch man; for, brother, men
Can counſel, and give comfort to that grief
Which they themſelves not feel; but taſting it,
Their counſel turns to paſſion, which before
Would give preceptial medicine to rage;
Fetter ſtrong madneſs in a ſilken thread;
Charm ach with air, and agony with words.
No, no; 'tis all mens office to ſpeak patience
To thoſe that wring under the load of ſorrow;
But no man's virtue, nor ſufficiency,
To be ſo moral when he ſhall endure
The like himſelf; therefore give me no counſel;

My

(36) *Bid ſorrow wag.*] Thus *Capell* reads the paſſage: *W.* and *H.* read,

And ſorrow waive;

And *J.*

And, ſorrow-wag, cry:

i. e. cry, ſorrow wag, or be gone; which muſt be acknowledged to be very harſh. *Warton* propoſes

And ſorrowing, cry hem!

Sorrowing being a participle, he obſerves, is extremely common in our author's age.

My griefs cry louder than advertiſement. (37)
Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.
Leo. I pray (38) thee, peace—I will be fleſh and blood :
For there was never yet philoſopher,
That cou'd endure the tooth-ach patiently ;
However they have writ the ſtyle of Gods,
And made a piſh at change and ſufferance.

An aged Father's Reſentment of Scandal.

Tuſh, tuſh, man, never ſleer and jeſt at me ;
I ſpeak not like dotard, nor a fool ;
As under privilege of age to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do,
Were I not old : Know, *Claudio*, to thy head,
Thou haſt ſo wrong'd my innocent child, and me,
That I am forc'd to lay my rev'rence by ;
And, with gray hairs, and bruiſe of many days,
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.
I ſay thou haſt bely'd mine innocent child.
Thy ſlander hath gone through and through her heart.
And ſhe lies bury'd with her anceſtors :
O ! in a tomb where never ſcandal ſlept,
Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villainy.

SCENE

(37) *Advertiſement.*] i. e. *Admonition*, or *moral inſtruction.*

(38) *I pray*, &c.] In *Macbeth* we have a fine expreſſion like this ;

Diſpute it (ſays *Malcolm*) *like a man.*
Macd. I ſhall do ſo ;
But I muſt alſo feel it as a man.

Warburton obſerves, *the ſtyle of gods*, &c. alludes to the extravagant titles the ſtoics gave their wiſe men : *ſapiens ille cum diis ex pare vivit. Seneca.* And the laſt line to their famous *apathy.*

SCENE II. *Talking Braggarts.*

Cla. Away, I will not have not to do with you.
Leo. Can'ſt thou ſo daffe (39) me? Thou haſt kill'd my child,
If thou kill'ſt me, boy, thou ſhalt kill a man.
Ant. He ſhall kill two of us, and men indeed:
But that's no matter; let him kill one firſt,—
Win me, and wear me,—let him anſwer me:
Come, follow me, boy: come, Sir boy, follow me;
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foyning fence:
Nay, as I am a gentleman I will.
Leo. Brother,——
Ant. Content yourſelf: God knows, I lov'd my niece;
And ſhe is dead; ſlander'd to death by villains;
That dare as well anſwer a man indeed,
As I dare take a ſerpent by the tongue:
Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milk-ſops,——
Leo. Brother *Anthony*.
Ant. Hold you content; what, man! I know them; yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmoſt ſcruple:
Scambling, out-facing, faſhion-mongring boys,
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave and ſlander,

Go

(39) *Daffe*] or doffe is a word ſtill uſed in the country, and means *to put off*, and that with ſlight and neglect. *W.* obſerves, that *Brother Anthony* is the trueſt picture imaginable of human nature. He had aſſumed the character of a ſage, to comfort his brother overwhelmed with grief, for his only daughter's affront and diſhonour; and had ſeverely reproved him, for not commanding his paſſion better, on ſo trying an occaſion. Yet immediately after this, no ſooner does he begin to ſuſpect that his *age* and *valour* are ſlighted, but he falls into the moſt intemperate fit of rage himſelf (*He ſhall kill two of us*, &c.). This is copying nature with a penetration and exactneſs of judgment, peculiar to *S.* As to the expreſſion too of his paſſion, nothing can be more highly painted.

Go anticly, and ſhow an outward hideouſneſs,
And ſpeak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durſt;
And this is all.

No Valour in a bad Cauſe.

In a falſe quarrel there's no true valour.

Villain to be noted.

Which is the villain? let me ſee his eyes;
That when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him.

Benedick *in Love.*

But in loving,—*Leander* the good ſwimmer, *Troilus* the firſt employer of pandars, and a whole book full of theſe quondam carpet-mongers, whoſe names yet run ſmoothly in the even road of a blank verſe; why, they were never ſo truly turn'd over and over, as my poor ſelf in love.

Humorous Deſcription of Self-praiſe.

Ben. If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he ſhall live no longer in monument, than the bell rings, and the widow weeps.

Bea. And how long is that, think you?

Ben. Queſtion? Why an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum. Therefore it is moſt expedient for the wiſe (if Don worm, his conſcience, find no impediment to the contrary) to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myſelf.

SCENE

SCENE III. *Dirge on* Hero's *Death by Slander.*

Done to death by ſland'rous tongues
Was the *Hero* that here lies:
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies:
So the life that dy'd with ſhame,
Lives in death with glorious fame!

Day-break.

The wolves have prey'd; and, look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of *Phœbus* round about
Dapples the drowſy eaſt with ſpot of grey.

SCENE IV. *Time of Slander temporary Death.*

She dy'd, my lord, but while her ſlander liv'd.

General Obſervation.

" Timbree de Cardonne devient amoureux à Meſſine de *Fenicie Leonati*; et des diverſes & eſtranges accidens qui advindrent avant qui l' eſpouſaſt" is the title of a novel in *Belleforeſt's*, Tom. 3. Hiſt. 18. It is taken from one of *Bandello's*; which you may ſee in his firſt tome, at p. 150 of the *London* edition in quarto, a copy from that of *Lucca*, 1554. This *French* novel comes the neareſt to the fable of *Much ado about Nothing*, of any thing that has yet been diſcovered, and is, perhaps, the foundation of it. There is a ſtory ſomething like it, in the fifth book of *Orlando Furioſo* (v. Sir *J. Harrington's* tranſlation, b. 5.) and another in *Spenſer's Faery Queene*. *Capell.* This play, ſays *Steevens*, may be fairly ſaid to contain two of the moſt ſprightly characters *S.* ever drew. The wit, the humouriſt, the gentleman, and the ſoldier are all combined in *Benedick*. It is to be lamented indeed, that the firſt and moſt ſplendid of theſe diſtinctions, is diſgraced by unneceſſary prophaneneſs: for the goodneſs of his heart is hardly ſufficient to atone for the licence of his tongue. The innocent levity, which flaſhes out in the converſation of

Beatrice receives a ſanction from that ſteadineſs and ſpirit of friendſhip to her couſin, ſo apparent in her behaviour, when ſhe urges her lover to riſk his own life by a challenge to *Claudio*. In the conduct of the fable however there is an imperfection, ſimilar to that pointed out in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*; the ſecond contrivance is leſs ingenious than the firſt: or to ſpeak more plainly, the ſame incident is become ſtale by repetition. I wiſh ſome other method had been taken to entrap *Beatrice*, than the very ſtratagem, which had been ſucceſsfully practiſed on *Benedick*. This play formerly paſſed under the title of *Benedick and Beatrice*.——*Heming* the player received on the 20th of *May* 1613, the ſum of forty pounds, and twenty more as his majeſty's gratuity, for exhibiting ſix plays at *Hampton Court*, amongſt which this was one."

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